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CHARTERHOUSE

PRIZE EXERCISES.

ON THE MORALITY OF THE HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS.

"HUMAN nature," says Addison, "is a very deformed, or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed." If we consider it in its rude and uncultivated state, and again regard it as improved by science and philosophy, it seems to bear little resemblance to itself. It is not an unpleasing speculation to observe it in the former of these conditions, but it is far more interesting to consider it in the latter: it is not unpleasing to mark the wild and irregular virtues of the savage, but it is far more interesting to mark the chain or concatenation of virtues which distinguishes the philosopher, and to contemplate that science which has procured for the world the small remains of happiness which it enjoys. Little is that man to be envied, to whom it would give no pleasure to study with Zeno to subdue his passions, to learn with Socrates to know himself, or

> "To soar with Plato to th' empyrean sphere,
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair."

Man, in the state of nature, is a wretched and degraded

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being. His good qualities are always in danger of degenerating into the vices upon which they border. Seduced by his innate propensity to evil, misled by passions which he cannot conquer, and involved in ignorance, which he cannot pierce, he is little superior to the beasts, that perish. Destitute indeed must be the situation of man, until it is ameliorated by philosophy; and philosophy may be said remotely to have originated from this destitute situation. For the wants and necessities of man arouse him to invention: his restlessness and curiosity form the first rudiments of knowledge. He at length beholds the beauties of nature with a wish to comprehend them; he perceives his darkness with a desire to dispel it; he imbibes new feelings and new hopes. His reason opens, and light dawns upon it, and the sublimity of truth finds an entrance into his mind. In the same manner as the pursuit of happiness employs the active energies of man, the search after truth engages his intellectual faculties. Neither the one nor the other is altogether attainable by him; but as the one principle is the spring of exertion and perseverance, the other is the source of science and philosophy. For what is philosophy, rightly considered, but the love of truth and real wisdom? In this sense it is of all studies the most delightful in its practice, and the most beneficial in its results. Moral philosophy is certainly the most noble field in which the human intellect can exert itself. Natural philosophy is well calculated to delight and to instruct, to fill us with more sublime notions of the Deity, and a more humble opinion of ourselves. But ethics are of more importance towards the regulation of our lives; and an inquiry into them as much exceeds all other learning, as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature of right and wrong, than to compute the distance of the planets, or cal-

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culate the times of their circumvolution. Human nature, says an excellent author, is the most useful object of human reason: and it was because he applied himself to this study that the oracle declared Socrates the wisest of all men living. "Raphael," as Dr. Johnson remarks, "in return to Adam's questions about the courses of the stars, and the revolutions of the heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and detection of dangers, which must daily be incurred." Moral philosophy, among the ancients, was the chief method of promoting virtue and disseminating instruction; it softened and shaded off the roughness of their manners into urbanity and politeness; it went hand in hand with the laws and civil government, and corrected the absurdities of their religion. Moral philosophy dispels the gloom of human vanity and weakness, it brings with it civilization and order, and calls the scattered inhabitants of the earth to society and friendship with each other. Thus kingdoms and cities have been founded, and the arts and elegancies of life spring up and flourish. Man, under the influence of philosophy, assumes a new form; he increases his powers of reason and conscience, his capacity for happiness, and his ardour for enterprise. His ideas are enlarged and refined, his knowledge is extended and diversified, and his nature becomes more gentle and more amiable in proportion as it is more dignified. Cicero, in the rapture of his admiration, beautifully exclaims, "O vitæ philosophia dux! O virtutum indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! quid non modo nos, sed omnino vita hominum sine te esse potuisset?" From these considerations, then, it appears, that nothing is more clearly

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proved from the history and progress of mankind, than the general utility of philosophy, and particularly of that part of it which is distinguished by the appellation of ethics. It cannot, therefore, be an uninteresting speculation, to examine this branch with attention, to discover who among the ancients were its founders, what are its excellencies, and what its defects. For this purpose it may be of use, without entering upon the theoretical opinions of the heathen philosophers, to give some account of their practical maxims, as they regard the duty, happiness, and destination of man, first touching upon the tenets of the various sects, as taken separately, and afterwards deducing the general character and bias of their morality, as taken together.

In the heathen ages, all nations were pregnant with philosophers. They were perhaps more frequent in ancient times than in the present, nor is it wonderful, that, when truth was less ascertained, there should be more persons desirous of ascertaining it. Besides, times of ignorance and darkness naturally afford the most ample space for the speculations of a daring mind: as ardent and enterprising spirits find the greatest scope for their abilities in the dangers and revolutions of states. Scythia has produced its Anacharsis, China its Confucius, and Persia its Zoroaster. If we look back nearly three thousand years we behold philosophy in some degree of advancement among the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, and the Indians. It is true that their morality consisted rather in desultory maxims, than in a regular and settled code, that their learning was imbued with error, and their religion tinctured with superstition and idolatry. But it is true also, that when the task was entrusted to them of forming plans for the regulation of their countrymen, their systems were in many points agreeable

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to reason, nature, and experience. Zoroaster and his followers were worshipers of the sun; but they considered it rather as the emblem of the Deity, than the Deity himself, and perhaps human reason might naturally induce mankind to pay their adorations to that pervading light which sees, embellishes, and gives light to all. It is not necessary to search into the philosophy of these ancient sages, nor would the labour of any person be repaid, who should examine the maxims of Sanchoniathon, or the Gymnosophists. For the same reason we may pass over the tenets of the Egyptians, and come at once to the more perfect and systematic morality of the Greeks. The enlightened ages of Greece have, without controversy, given birth to wiser moralists and more virtuous men than any, or than all other nations, in the heathen world. There learning was encouraged and advanced; the arts and sciences were honoured and rewarded; and even the Sophists treated with regard and reverence. The seven sages are instances of the high state of literature in Greece at that early period.

Thales and Pythagoras were the two great founders of the Grecian philosophy, the one of the Ionian, the other of the Italian school. The Greeks in general seem to have borrowed as much from the Egyptians, as the Romans from them. It was customary among them to travel in various countries for the attainment of knowledge, and particularly in Egypt. From this source Thales and Pythagoras derived many of their theories and maxims; hence also arose many of their errors and superstitions. Hence Thales was enabled to predict an eclipse of the sun, and hence, or from the solitary retreats of the Brahmins, Pythagoras transferred his doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. There are some celebrated replies of Thales, which it may not be improper to insert, as they will both serve to give some idea

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of his morality, and to show with what precision the sages of that æra used to satisfy the questions that were proposed to them. "What is the most beautiful?"—"The universe, for it is the work of God." "What is the most capacious?"—"Space, for it contains all." "The most powerful?"—"Necessity, for it triumphs over all." "The most difficult?"—"To know one's self." "The most easy?"—"To give advice." "What is necessary to be virtuous?"—"To do nothing which we blame in others." "What is necessary to be happy?"—"A sound body, an easy fortune, an enlightened understanding, and a pious mind." Nothing is more celebrated than the name of Pythagoras, nothing less known than the incidents of his life. It appears that he was for some time a pupil of Thales, and that from his travels in Egypt and Upper Asia, he obtained some knowledge of the sciences, which were cultivated in those places. The profound mysteries of the Egyptian priests, the long meditations of the Oriental sages, offered as many attractions to his ardent imagination, as the severe regimen they had embraced held out to his intrepid character. Pythagoras is distinguished not only by the doctrine of the metempsychosis, but by the new system of education, which he introduced at Crotona. This system was in many respects excellent, and his own conduct was exemplary for prudence, and temperance, and sanctity. He wished to render the minds of youth capable of truth, by rendering them independent of the senses.

Upon the death of Thales and Pythagoras, both the Ionian and Italian schools produced some great natural and metaphysical philosophers, but ethics seem much to have degenerated in them until the time of Socrates. Socrates himself, in the early part of his life studied cosmogony and the properties of matter, and attended to the discourses of

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the Sophists, who descanted upon every subject of morality and policy, without explaining or enlightening any. But finding that the further he advanced in this career, the more he was involved in doubt, he afterwards devoted himself to ethics, and turned the stream of useless philosophy to its former and more advantageous channel. He may indeed be called the father of the Grecian morality, as he not only freed it from the incumbrances with which it had been clogged, but placed it upon a sure and steady basis. Socrates perfectly understood the various duties of man, and the relation in which he stands towards his God and his fellow-creatures; and his system of ethics, as it is to be found in the works of Plato and Xenophon, approaches as near to perfection as it was possible for a heathen to have made it. He left no compositions of his own, but a hymn in honour of Apollo, and some fables of Æsop, which he put into verse while he was in prison; but the purity of his life and conversation is a finer lesson of morality than any thing which he could have written. The philosophers who lived after him might almost have made the complaint of Alexander, that nothing was left for them to do.

After this short account of Thales, Pythagoras, and Socrates, it may not be improper to mention those sects which owe their origin to them, and which, as they were educated in their principles, and formed by their example, brought the philosophical morality of the ancients to its highest pitch. The principal of these were the Academy, the Peripatetics, the Stoics, and the Epicureans. There were three schools, which took the title of Academy; the first of which was founded by Plato. This great and wise man was versed in every branch of practical as well as speculative philosophy. The groundwork of his system was laid by Socrates and Pythagoras, and he raised upon it a beauti-

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ful superstructure of his own. His theory, with regard to the formation of man, was partly chimerical and partly sublime. According to the Platonic system, the universe was created from Chaos by a superior and independent being, who was the author of all good. The soul was an emanation from the Deity, pre-existent before the body, and self-existent after its dissolution. The passions were the sources of every species of evil. By their extermination, however, and by the practice of equity and virtue, the nature of man could attain to happiness and perfection. Plato lays it down as a principle, that whatever befalls a just man,—whether poverty, or sickness, or any of those incidents which appear to be evils,—shall either in life or death contribute to his advantage. Of all the systems of the various sects the Platonic has the noblest conceptions of the Deity, and the finest precepts of morality. Arcesilaus and Carneades, the founders of the second and third Academies, trod in the steps of Plato, and differed little from his precepts.

Aristotle, the founder of the Peripatetic school, is known rather as a natural than moral philosopher. Indeed as a disciple of Plato he may be said not to have invented any new system of ethics, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his master with order, method, and a stricter mode of reasoning. He however formed and adhered to some peculiar doctrines. The opinions of the Peripatetics on theological subjects were vague and contradictory: they considered the chief excellence of man to consist in the right use of his reason. Aristotle wished rather to moderate the passions than to extinguish them, as he conceived them necessary to repel injuries and give energy and life to virtue. The sect of the Stoics took its origin from Zeno. This school of philosophy is tinctured with a shade of melancholy and austerity, from the dispo-

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sition and habits of its founder. Zeno, who, as well as Aristotle, was educated in the principles of Platonism, chiefly differed from his master in the comparative estimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinsically good but virtue, nothing intrinsically bad but vice, and considering all other things in themselves neutral. His character was gloomy and almost unamiable; he looked down with contempt upon the pleasures of the world, and wished to extirpate all sensibility from the mind of man. The Stoic was taught to view with indifference health or sickness, riches or poverty, pain or pleasure, and to suffer no external circumstances to disturb the serenity of his mind. The Stoics even denied pain to be an evil, and maintained, that the wise man may be happy in the midst of torture, because virtue itself is happiness. Zeno acknowledged but one God, the soul and governor of the universe. There was a great similarity in some points between the Stoics and the Indian Gymnosophists: both evinced much fortitude and intrepidity, and the strongest disgust for every species of amusement, and certainly no Stoic would have thought the death of Calanus a disgrace to their sect.

The doctrines of the Epicureans were in every respect opposite to those of the Stoics. Epicurus recommended the indulgence of harmless gratification, and reprobated that forbidding morality, which would deprive man of those delights, for which nature seems peculiarly to have fitted him, and which soften the bitterness of life. With regard to the supreme being and the passions, he had the same ideas as Aristotle. It has been allowed by the most inveterate enemies of Epicurus, by those persons who have stated his principles to have been erroneous and even bad, that there never was a man more gentle and humane, more beloved by his friends or more cordially attached to them in affectionate

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esteem. The truth is, that the tenets of Epicurus were pure and rational in their original state, but they were soon vitiated among his disciples: the gratifications of sense were substituted for the enjoyments of the mind, and the modesty and sobriety of Epicurus were disgraced by the licentiousness of the persons who professed themselves his pupils. This vitiated system was rapidly disseminated through the world, and particularly at Rome. Fabricius, indeed, when he heard of it, entreated the gods that all the enemies of the republic might become its votaries, but this was the last effort of virtue. The chief men of the city rendered it fashionable by their example, the poets beautified it by the smoothness of their numbers, and the degeneracy of the age confirmed it in its prevalence. Marks of it are everywhere to be found in the writings of Lucretius and Horace.

Besides the four schools which have been mentioned, there was another in Greece, of which the followers were denominated Cynics. This sect of philosophers (if indeed they can be called philosophers) was distinguished rather by asperity than wisdom, and celebrated rather for their hatred of mankind than their love of virtue. The Cynics despised wealth and honours, but their magnanimity seems often to have proceeded from vanity and ostentation. They railed against the follies of the world without endeavouring to reform them, and could not resist the allurements of vice with more resolution than other men, without having the same temptations to indulge in them. We may conclude this notice of the different sects by their various opinions on the supreme good. The Academician made it consist in withdrawing from material and external objects, and in the attainment of mental excellence; the Peripatetic, in the due exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties; the Stoic, in

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the practice of the most rigid virtue; the Epicurean, in innocent pleasure; and the Cynic, in apathy and contempt for the world, and in reducing our necessities to the smallest compass.

Having thus touched upon the founders of the Grecian morality and the principal sects which followed them, we may proceed to the philosophy of the Romans. First, however, we may observe, that there were many sages of Greece who have been left unnoticed, as it would be useless barely to enumerate them, and tedious to examine their tenets with minuteness. It would not throw a stronger light upon the general morality of the ancients, to say that Anaxagoras, Anaximander, Anaximenes, and Archelaus, were the pupils and successors of Thales, or to mention many other philosophers, who maintained the reputation of the sects in their original splendour, but of whom little is known with certainty except the date of their birth and death.

> "Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;
> Proved by the ends of being to have been."

We may also pass over the schools of Alexandria and Cyrene, as their ethics were borrowed from the different sects of Greece. Rome, from a variety of causes, was not so fertile in philosophers as Greece. Of this assertion a greater proof cannot be given, than that the young nobility were sent to study it at Athens. Italy has produced no sages of particular note, if we except Cicero and Seneca. An enthusiastic admirer of the Latin authors has boldly declared, that Cicero was all the Greek orators and philosophers in one; but he seems rather to have been contented with ethics in the state in which he found them, than to have formed any hypothesis peculiar to himself. It must be owned at the same time, that the philosophical treatises of Cicero are replete with excellent and judicious maxims, and contain most of the

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sentiments of the Grecian sages. Seneca is the only Roman philosopher who can lay claim to originality of excellence, but he is suspected of having taken many of his precepts from the Christian code.

From a retrospection upon the various denominations of philosophers, three corollaries may be drawn; 1st, That the heathen morality attained its highest excellence in Greece. 2dly, That the Socratic or Platonic system of ethics was the most perfect. 3dly, That there was not so much real difference in their systems, as the first view might lead us to imagine. For although in their speculative doctrines they maintained opposite opinions, in their practical morality they were generally agreed. Indeed all the civilized nations of the world concur in the great points of right and wrong. Morality is that science which regards the conduct and happiness of man; and as human nature is nearly alike in all countries, the manner of regulating it will also be similar. The same rules of action were observed, the same end was kept in view by Plato or Aristotle, Zeno or Epicurus, Democritus or Heraclitus. It will not therefore be difficult to discover the general tenour and character of the heathen system of ethics, and to mark some of the precepts of it which were common to all its founders.

In examining the morality of former ages, the first point which presents itself is their religious sentiments and habits. For without religion, what is morality? on what foundation can it stand? or by what principles can it be guided? The religion of the heathen philosophers may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what they believed, the latter what they practised. On the former of these heads, their notions were vague and various, and the longer they were employed in reflecting upon it, the more they were involved in doubt. It is well known that one of

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their philosophers, on being asked what God was, desired a day for meditation; but when the question was repeated on the morrow, he required two days, and continued doubling the time, until he confessed that the point was too difficult for the intellect and comprehension of man. Protagoras and a few others denied the existence of a God, and the Epicureans seem to have made him an inactive and sedentary being who saw whatever was passing in the world with absolute unconcern, "almost a cypher in the great account." Nothing however is more certain, than that the greater part of the philosophers were disgusted with the monstrous system of polytheism, which then prevailed in Greece, and had some imperfect idea of a superior and independent being, whom it was the chief duty of mankind to love and reverence. This being was represented as the framer of the universe, the grand source of life and light, and the origin of everything great, beautiful, or desirable. Their reason fully convinced them that a sovereign being could be no other than a sovereign good. Plato gives us a sublime description of the Deity, when he says that truth is his body, and light his shadow; but many of the attributes which he, and the most virtuous of the philosophers have given him, are rather fanciful than true. Nor is it wonderful, that the heathens should have no distinct notions of the Deity; for (to make use of an old but beautiful remark) is not man finite? is not God infinite?—how shall the finite comprehend the infinite? It was the opinion of Mr. Dryden, that all the religious knowledge which has ever been in the world was extracted from revelation. "We have not," said he, "lifted ourselves up to God by the weak pinions of human reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato wrote, and the rest of the philosophers of various nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation

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after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah." The most part of the ancient sages, as they could not reduce their opinions to any definite shape, rather chose to acquiesce publicly in the established religion of their country, than disturb it with theories, which did not entirely satisfy their own minds. Socrates denied, at his trial, that he had wished to estrange the youth of Athens from their gods, and at his death ordered his disciples to make the customary sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius. The nature of the soul was understood by the philosophers as little, or even less, than that of the Deity. Some denied its immateriality, and its existence in a state of separation from the body; others considered it as a part of the Deity, which returned to him upon the death of the person in which it had resided. But of their various opinions, that of Pythagoras is the most remarkable. Pythagoras believed that the soul was not annihilated together with the body, but was immediately transferred to some other person or animal, and continued its transmigrations until it was absorbed in the parent substance.

"Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster."

He declared himself to have been Euphorbus in the Trojan war, and many other characters before his soul animated the son of Mnesarchus. This notion, chimerical as it must now appear, was very generally received in the heathen world. The doctrine of the metempsychosis reached even into Gaul, as appears from the following passage of Cæsar: "Druidæ in primis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios, metu mortis neglecto." Socrates and Plato, however, with many of the philosophers of Rome, conceived the human soul to be immortal,

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and capable of full happiness and perfection in a future state. Cicero says on this subject, "nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus, quasi sæculorum quoddam augurium futurorum, idque in summis ingeniis, altissimisque animis, et existit maxime, et apparet facillime." But after all, this conviction had not sufficient force to become with them a principle of action: it was rather an object of hope than certainty, rather expected as probable, than pronounced as real. Thus Cyrus is represented by Xenophon as saying to his sons, "I know not how to persuade myself, that the soul lives in this mortal body, and ceases to be when it expires; I am rather inclined to think that it acquires after death more penetration and more purity." Socrates says to his judges; "and now we are going, I to suffer death, and you to the affairs of life; God only knows which is the best; no mortal can discover." Cicero, speaking on this momentous question, thus expresses himself: "I do not pretend to say, that what I affirm is as infallible as the Pythian oracle; I only speak from conjecture." The philosophers too had no certain knowledge of rewards and punishments hereafter, although in all civilized countries such an idea is prevalent. Epicurus gives it as his opinion, that man has nothing to hope or fear beyond the grave. Socrates speaks doubtfully; but Plato gives a more decided judgement in favour of their reality. He conceived that the happiness of the good would be a nearer approximation and union with the divine nature, and that the punishment of the wicked would consist in their retaining, after death, all the vicious habits and propensities, which they had indulged in life, without any opportunity of exercising the one or gratifying the other. Cicero also denounces against Catiline and his associates eternal punishments both when living and when dead. With respect to the second or practical part of their religion, the heathen

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philosophers are seen in a most conspicuous light. Erroneous and confined as were their notions of the Deity, they were sensible that some religion was necessary, and they adored their imaginary God with sincerity and zeal. Many of their prayers are fraught with fervent and rational piety. Two only need be mentioned, which Socrates recommended to Alcibiades, and which give a true idea of the spirit, which breathed in them in general. The one is; "Oh God, give us all good things, though we neglect to ask them; remove from us all evil things, though we should desire and pray for them." In the other they requested the favour of the Gods, as long as they were virtuous.

The next point worthy of consideration is their conduct towards mankind. It may be remarked in the first place that they were strict observers of the laws of their country: they were sensible that it was better to conform to institutions, which they could not altogether approve, than, by a rash and violent opposition, to destroy that reverence for them, which is their best and only support. Socrates has fully exemplified this maxim by refusing to escape from the prison, in which malevolence and injustice had confined him. The philosophers considered it praise-worthy to die for their country, and we find Socrates fighting with energy and valour against the enemies of Athens, and saving the lives of Alcibiades and Xenophon. They were likewise very instrumental in promoting the education of youth. Without mentioning the story of Xenocrates and Polemon, we may observe, that Socrates at Athens, and Pythagoras at Crotona, made a beneficial change in the morals of the inhabitants. So great was the influence of the Samian sage, that the women of the latter place, moved by the sweetness of his eloquence, and the gravity of his character, made a voluntary consecration of their ornaments in the temples of the

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Gods. The philosopher among his pupils was as a father in his family, conducting them to wisdom and piety, studious of their happiness, forming their reason by his precepts, and training them by his example to be good legislators, good subjects, and good men. The philosophers knew it to be necessary to instil good principles early into the mind, both to fit it for the impression of virtue, and to close it against the entrance of vice. Justice, of all the virtues, seems to have been the one, which they most valued and cultivated, as they considered it the most useful among mankind, and that, which most nearly allies us to the divine nature. "Δικαιοσύνην ἄσκει ἔργῳ τε λόγῳ τε." They were supporters of order and regularity, benevolence and charity, and were eminently capable of bearing insults and forgiving injuries. Phocion, who was no less a philosopher than a soldier, has afforded a noble instance of this kind of magnanimity; for when asked before his death if he had any advice to give his son, "Tell him," said he, "to forget the injustice and ingratitude of the Athenians." It was their wish to eradicate revenge and anger from the human breast, and to restore in the world that harmony and peace, which suffer so many shocks from the vulgar, the ambitious, and the proud. All the reciprocal and endearing duties of life, such as the ties of relation, friendship, citizenship, and all the links of that vast chain, which connects man to man, were perfectly understood and observed by them. Indeed, however we view the morality of the heathen philosophers, as it related to the human species, we must allow that their precepts were excellent, and that their practice did not disgrace them.

We proceed to consider in the third place the morality of the heathens, as it respected themselves. The great point, at which they laboured, was the government of the passions.

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This was a subject well worthy their attention, as the passions are the chief sources either of vice and misery, or of virtue and happiness in the world. On this subject the philosophers had some difference of opinion, as the Platonist and Stoic desired their entire suppression, the Peripatetic and Epicurean wished them rather to be moderated and circumscribed. The latter notion is perhaps the more reasonable, as the passions are in some degree necessary to the support of virtue, or, as the expression is to be found in one of our own poets, "the passions are the elements of life." As without the benefit of tempestuous winds both air and ocean would corrupt and stagnate, so without the benefit of the passions, such virtue, as is merely the effect of those passions, would be an insipid calm, an apathy which contracts the disposition, and deadens the faculties. The passions may also be compared to the elephants in an army; while they can be well managed and directed, they are useful and conducive to the victory, and it is only when they can no longer be restrained that they are destructive to the forces, which employ them. But on the other hand, as negative virtue is preferable to actual vice, the calmness and insensibility of the Stoic is far preferable to the ungovernable passions and appetites of the multitude. The ancient philosophers were enemies to luxury and excess, and possessed the greatest love for temperance and sobriety. It has been justly attributed to this cause, that Plato was not infected with the plague, which, while he was residing at Athens, carried off so many of the Athenians. The longevity to which they almost all attained is a convincing proof of their regularity and abstemiousness. For "if we compare the life of a philosopher with that of any other man, they seem to be of a different species." The latter is a prey to a horrid catalogue of diseases, which equally debilitate the mind and

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body; the former often escapes without sickness of any kind: he retains his faculties to the last, and death comes upon him as a long and tranquil sleep. Even Epicurus was very moderate in his diet, although a contrary supposition has prevailed, because his disciples did not conform themselves to his example. Another remarkable trait in the ethics of the heathen sages was their contempt for the advantages and gratifications, which the world holds out to its votaries. Far from contending for superiority in wealth or power, they only sought for that quiet and repose, which might afford them opportunities for study. Wisdom and truth were the objects of their desires, and "they left all meaner things, to low ambition and the pride of kings." The same poet, who is here quoted, exactly gives their opinion when he says,

> "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence."

These sentiments and these principles qualified them for the endurance of every trial and adversity with patience and even cheerfulness. And if we look upon the last scene of their existence, there appears in them no want of consistency and magnanimity. They regarded death rather as an object of contempt, than terror, and sometimes "as a consummation devoutly to be wished." Generally however they lived in that state, which Martial considers as peculiarly happy, neither wishing nor fearing it. This tranquillity originated in some of the philosophers from their hopes of immortality, in others from their mean opinion of the pleasures of the world, in others from their total indifference about everything which concerned them, and in others from all these causes combined. Whatever was the cause, the effect is certain: the philosophers viewed death as a journey to an undiscovered country, or a repose from which they would not wish to be

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awakened. Socrates, in his speech before his judges, reasons as follows: "Death must be one of two things; it must either be a total extinction of all sensation, or a passage from this world to a better. If it is the former of these things, if it is a perpetual sleep, an undisturbed tranquillity, ye gods, what pleasure it is to die! who can be happier than myself? But if the latter of these opinions is true, if death is a migration to those blissful seats, which the pious and the just inhabit, if it is a conveyance to those regions, where the heroes, the sages, and the poets of former ages, live for ever, my lot is still more enviable, my happiness is still more complete." In the last place it is worthy of observation, that the morality of the heathens was not only theoretical, but practical, and that the persons who professed it, have afforded many instances of wisdom and virtue. In Socrates, not to mention many others, were incorporated almost all the qualities which could adorn a person born under the influence of a better religion. The early part of his life was employed in eradicating his evil propensities, which were peculiarly strong, and in cultivating his own talents, that he might be more fit for the instruction of others. This was afterwards the favourite occupation of his life, and in his death there appears something more than the philosopher. In his last moments he showed himself superior to all the envy and calumny which had aspersed him; he discussed his usual topics with his usual spirit and fascination; he consoled his friends with kindness, and even pleasantry; and if he shed a tear himself, it was a sympathy with the slave who presented him the poison.

Having thus considered the general morality of the heathens, as it related to the gods, the human species, and themselves, it may be proper to mention some of the miscellaneous precepts which cannot be reduced to any of these

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heads. As virtue, in the general acceptation of the word, was the chief object of their desires, they had innumerable maxims to show the beauty and loveliness of it, and recommend it before the possession of all temporal advantages. The Stoics went so far as to maintain that none but a virtuous man could be handsome, none but a virtuous man could attain any excellence in person and mind. Another remarkable opinion of the Stoics on the subject of virtue was, that all transgressions from it were equally culpable, or, to use the illustration of Cicero, that if a man passed the bounds of virtue, it mattered not how far he went beyond them. There is nothing which the heathen morality more frequently or more strongly condemns, than idleness or insignificant pursuits. Besides the memorable apophthegm of Socrates, there were many others dispersed through all the treatises, which the philosophers have written. It follows of course that nothing was more earnestly recommended than industry and the acquisition of knowledge. Nothing was thought so high as to be above the comprehension of a philosopher, nothing so low as to be unworthy his attention. But of all the branches of science, the most useful and necessary was considered to be self-examination, or self-knowledge. Pythagoras enjoined his disciples never to take their rest at night, before they had reviewed the occurrences and actions of the day; and "γνῶθί σεαυτὸν," although originally the maxim of Thales, was admitted to the system of every sect. No persons were greater economists of time, or had more regular plans for filling it with advantage. The wise man in the heathen morality was the happiest of mortals; he alone was enviable; he alone was free. All other persons were the slaves of their passions, or of pleasure, or of ambition; but he enjoyed a liberty within himself, over which external circumstances had no power. All of the philosophers, who believed in a future state, de-

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clared, "that our happiness in this world consists in the suppression of our desires, in the next world in the gratification of them." Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα θεῶν. Protagoras, and the Atheistical philosophers, held that thought was only sense, and that every imagination of every man was true. Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. Carneades on the contrary, and many other philosophers, adopted an universal suspension of belief, and contended that nothing in this life can by possibility be certain. Because Socrates doubted some things, they doubted all: "Every thing," said they, "is uncertain; we are not sure of our own existence; the distinction between just and unjust, virtue and vice, is fanciful, and has no foundation in the nature of things." The ancient sages thought some attention necessary not only to the mind but the body.

> "Οὐδ' ὑγιείης τῆς περὶ σῶμ' ἀμέλειαν ἔχειν χρή·
> Ἀλλὰ ποτοῦ τε μέτρον, καὶ σίτου, γυμνασίων τε
> Ποιεῖσθαι· μέτρον δὲ λέγω τόδ' ὃ μὴ σ' ἀνιήσει."

In every thing there was to be moderation, μέτρον δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν ἄριστον. Habits of reverence and obedience towards parents, rulers, and superiors in every respect, were much inculcated by the philosophers, while any opposition to their will met with just censure and rebuke. It has been given as a remark of Plato, that man had two ears and one mouth, to signify, that we ought to listen much, and speak little. Pythagoras also is well known to have imposed upon his disciples a silence of five years during their noviciate, that they might imbibe early principles of fidelity, and be accustomed "λογίσασθαι πρὸ ἔργου." Discretion or prudence was considered not only as one of the highest of the virtues, but that, in which all the others were comprised. There is an excellent maxim attributed to Pythagoras, which is, "Choose that kind of life which is the best; for custom will

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make it the most pleasant." Every man, according to the ancient morality, was to keep his end continually in view: the old man was to remember, that he had not long to live; the young man was to remember, that he must one day become old; "*Μέμνησο νέος ὢν, ὡς γέρων ἔσει ποτέ.*" Solon, and many of the philosophers, thought, that no man could be esteemed happy, until death had put its seal to his happiness. This indeed is a sentiment, that pervades the writings of all the Greek sages, poets, and dramatic writers. In short, the compositions of several of the heathen philosophers, such as the institutes of Pythagoras, and the works of Plato, Xenophon, Epictetus, and Cicero, are fraught with valuable maxims, or rather contain rules of conduct for every situation of life. They had various and almost universal knowledge, and had no Rosicrucian principles to prevent their communicating it. It has been said of Euripides, that every line was a precept; and it may be said of the philosophers, that they had precepts for every thing. It must therefore be impracticable to collect their apophthegms, and, even were this not the case, it would be impossible to transplant them without weakening or deforming them.

The last thing, which was proposed in examining the heathen morality, was to point out those defects in it which are most obvious and striking. Nothing is more necessary, than to discover wherein any system of philosophy, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, we are often so dazzled with its general lustre, as to confound its beauties with its blemishes, and look even upon the faulty parts with an eye of admiration. The heathen morality certainly possessed defects, as was naturally to be expected from a variety of circumstances. The disadvantages under which the philosophers laboured with respect to their religion, as they are blemishes in

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themselves, so are they the causes of many others. Another reason for the imperfection of the ancient morality was, that the founders of it were exposed to the ridicule and hatred of their contemporaries. Socrates, it is well known, was made the mark of public derision in the theatre. In consequence of this odium, the philosophers were compelled to inculcate some of their precepts with little energy, and perhaps to omit others entirely. A third reason is, the peculiar difficulty of the study of morality. In all other sciences, the understanding is unchecked and uncontrolled by any opposite principle:

> "But when our own great work is once begun,
> What reason weaves by passion is undone."

The incomparable Newton, although he penetrated so far beyond others into the works of God, fell short in the knowledge of his own nature. Locke has indeed given it as his opinion, that morality is as capable of demonstration as mathematics; but it is not human reason which can demonstrate it, or form a complete model of perfect truth.

The first and most radical defect in the heathen morality, is its being raised on principles, which are not self-evident, and very often hardly so much as true. It is an observation of Locke, that "it is not unusual to see men rest their opinions on foundations that have no more certainty and solidity, than the propositions which are raised upon them, and embraced for their sake." Thus the ancient moralists grounded their opinions upon false notions of the Deity, and too high an idea of human reason, and were consequently bewildered with doubts and lost in incongruities. With respect, however, to their high opinion of human reason, it may be objected, that Socrates and Arcesilaus confessed that the summit of man's knowledge, was to be sensible, that he knew nothing. Even allowing this statement to be

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true, it is to be feared that they gave this as their opinion with more affectation than sincerity. Besides, Plato declares in his Republic, that man by a proper exertion of his faculties, and suppression of his passions, can without doubt attain to perfection in wisdom, virtue, and happiness. He has described in that work a species of being which can exist only in imagination, and in no country, and under no government in the world. The second defect which may be mentioned is, that their opinions are a composition of truth and error. Many of the most sublime speculations in the heathen moralists are polluted with idle superstitions, and end in extravagant conclusions. There was not a single philosopher who did not adopt some absurdity or other, and communicate it to his disciples. Thus one thought the soul a vapour, which passed from one body to another, expiating in the form of a beast, the sins which were committed in that of a man; and never touched the flesh of an animal, for fear of eating any thing in which a human soul had resided: one thought the world a prodigious body, of which God was the soul; and another recommended virtue, less for the sake of virtue than of pleasure. There was some degree of pride and self-sufficiency in the philosophers, and much pedantry and affectation in their ethics, which constitute a third defect. We read of no persons in history more arrogant and presumptuous than the ancient Sophists of Greece, who pretended to answer every question, solve every doubt, and explain every difficulty in every science. Socrates, it must be owned, was very successful in exploding this absurd vanity, but in the sages after him much of the old spirit seems to have revived. They accustomed themselves for instance to argue on both sides of any question; a practice which Carneades employed to astonish and perplex the Roman Senate. "The enthusiastic virtue of

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the Stoics pretended to an exemption from the sensibilities of unenlightened mortals, and to be above the reach of those miseries which embitter life to the rest of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loss of friends, exile, and violent death from the catalogue of evils, and forbade them to be counted any more among the objects of terror and anxiety, or to give any disturbance to the tranquillity of the wise man." Posidonius, when tortured by a violent distemper, cried out, that "let pain harass him to the utmost, he would never consider it but as indifferent and neutral." All however had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses; for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed in the anguish of an acute disorder, that he now found pain to be an evil. Addison remarks, that the contempt of pleasure is a certain preparative for the contempt of pain, and that it is necessary to attain and exercise both; but certainly much regard is not due to a sect of philosophers, who divested themselves of humanity, in order to acquire tranquillity of mind, and eradicated the very principles of action, because it is possible that they may produce ill effects. Nothing can show greater vanity and less sense than to deny those things to be good or bad, which the natural sense of mankind must know and feel to be such. Nor can the Stoics be reckoned among the teachers of patience; for as they denied pain to be an evil, they asserted by implication that all rules for bearing it are nugatory and superfluous. "But such inconsistencies," says Johnson, "are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity, and employ their strength in establishing opinions contrary to nature." It is not quite certain whether all the philosophers can be acquitted of hypocrisy: perhaps, too, their contempt for riches and pleasure was not always so great as they pretended, and as

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it would appear at the first view. No wise man would think poverty an inconvenience, if the rich and powerful were his disciples; nor was Diogenes, as has been well remarked, much mortified by his residence in his tub, where he was honoured by the visit of Alexander the Great. The Greek moralists were many of them mistaken in their notions of happiness. Some placed it in pleasure Ἡδονή, such as the Epicurean, and the Cyrenaic sect, which was on that account called the Hedonic: some placed it in mere calmness and hilarity of mind, which they called Εὐθυμία, such as the pupils of Democritus. The Platonic morality is exceptionable for a certain elegant relaxation, which is the more dangerous, as it is the more refined. In love, and in many other things, he seems to have allowed a freedom and remissness, which is often pernicious to strong minds, and always seduces weaker intellects to libidinism and vicious indulgence. That maxim of Pythagoras is rather to be approved, in which he says, that love, like most other things, is best learnt late, and practised with caution. One of the most striking blemishes in the heathen system of ethics, is, that the virtues, which it inculcated, were not carried to a sufficient extent. Many of its maxims, admirable as far as they went, might have been carried further with addition to their excellence. Thus, although they professed universal benevolence, their charity was generally confined to their friends and countrymen, and their affection to their disciples and fellow-sectaries. It may be said in the last place, that they made too great allowances for particular crimes. Suicide, among others, was not considered so heinous an offence as it is now admitted, but was thought in some cases to evince a contempt of death and magnanimity of spirit. The Stoics were completely ignorant of the dastardly frame of mind by which self-murder is dictated, and the injustice

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and ingratitude which it displays towards the Deity. The defects of the heathen morality will appear in a more conspicuous light if we contrast it with our own system. By our own system, is not meant that modern philosophy which is now in vogue, and which, far from enlightening or reforming the world, seeks to darken and corrupt it. Modern philosophy has no real title to its name; and as the ancient was a star to guide the traveller in safety through the journey of life, the modern is a meteor, which dances delusively before him and leads him to a precipice. Rather let the heathen system be compared with that code, which followed and fulfilled the Mosaic. Our fortune is peculiarly enviable, in having a code of such purity and perfection as to become a standard by which all others may be tried. If our own system and the heathen morality agree, we may be certain that both are right; if there is any difference between them, we must be sensible where the deficiency exists. In some points, the Pagan and Christian ethics undoubtedly agree. Both recommend a meek and humble character before a popular and ambitious one; both enjoin us to extinguish the irascible passions, to exercise self-denial and temperance; to bear afflictions without murmuring, and to despise death. But how infinitely more excellent is the latter! In truth the two systems will no more endure a comparison, than the characters of the founders will bear a parallel. Socrates was but the best of the heathens; Jesus was more than that imaginary just man whom Plato's ardent imagination has formed, as covered with all the ignominy of crime, but deserving all the rewards of virtue. Socrates has put into precepts the lessons which others had before practised; Jesus produced his system in the midst of ignorance and superstition. It has been said of Socrates, that he brought down philosophy from heaven, but Jesus did so in

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reality; what was said of the one metaphorically, may be applied to the other literally. The death of Socrates was unmerited, but tranquil; the death of Jesus was painful and ignominious: the one was attended by his friends, the other was encircled by his enemies: Socrates consoled the slave, who pitied him; Jesus prayed for the persecutors, who reviled him. "Truly," cries even a modern philosopher, "if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." The system of Socrates teaches us not to commit sin; the system of Jesus not to think of it: the one teaches us to love our friends; the other to bless our enemies: the one not to revenge an injury; the other not to resist it: the one to exercise virtue from the love of virtue; the other to practise it from the love of God. The one, in the time of trouble and at the hour of death, offers us the suggestions of reason; the other holds forth the consolations of religion. The one morality could impart no certain knowledge of the duty, the obligations, and the duration of man; the other accounts for them all by the doctrine of the fall of man, and the consequent wreck of humanity. The one had not ascertained beyond a doubt the immortality of the soul, or a future state of rewards and punishments, but leaves these important points undecided and obscure; the other removes every difficulty, and puts an end to all suspense. The principles of the one are not comprised in any one body of truth, but are dispersed in the compositions of different persons; the other is contained in a single volume, and preserves perfect symmetry both in the whole, and in all its parts. What was most rational in the Pagan philosophy was obscured by fancies and dreams; the Christian code has nothing false, nothing mean, nothing chimerical: it is light without darkness, wisdom without error, loveliness without stain. The precepts of the one are

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often abstruse, complicated, and difficult; the maxims of the other are plain, easy, and concise: the precepts of the one are neat and ingenious; the maxims of the other are grand and affecting. The diction of the one is elegant and ornamented; the style of the other is simple and sublime. The treatises of the philosophers enlighten the understanding; the writings of the evangelists speak to the heart: in short, the one scheme of morality has some beauties and some blemishes; the other is absolute purity and perfection: the one is as the heavens with some clouds overshadowing it; the other is as the sun without a spot resting upon it. To sum up all in a word, the one is human, the other is divine. Three things may be learnt by a comparison between the two moralities. It shows in the first place in what points the heathen code was deficient; it demonstrates in the second, not only what it was, but what it ought to have been; it proves in the third place, that the principles contained in the Scriptures form not merely the best scheme of religion in the world, but the finest system of moral philosophy. It is as much superior to the heathen system, as St. Paul excelled his opponents in eloquence and wisdom, when he poured forth the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of Pagan philosophers. What have Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras, and Socrates,—what have the Porch, the Academy, and the Lyceum, to offer or to promise equal to the Gospel?

As a human institution, the morality of the heathens deserves much commendation; but it may reasonably be doubted whether a strict adherence to any of their systems could have made a truly good man. Their virtue was rather negative than positive, rather passive than active, and there was some indolence and want of energy in it. A truly good man must have less licence and more austerity than an Epi-

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curean; less affectation and more sensibility than a Stoic; less singularity and more gentleness than a Cynic; less presumption and more piety than a Peripatetic; less self-deceit and more modesty than a Platonist.

Having thus gone through the various branches of the ancient system of ethics, and the subjects connected with it, all that now remains is to make some few conclusions from what has been advanced, and to give the sum of it in a few words. The ancient morality, then, contains many admirable precepts; there is more in it to approve than to condemn; much to pity, but little to despise. Its chief excellence lies in the government of the passions, and its four cardinal virtues are prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude. The philosophers themselves have confirmed their precepts by their examples, and given many noble instances of every species of virtue. As patriots we must admire them, for they loved their country; as inferior beings we must admire them, for they honoured the supreme being; as men we must admire them, for they improved the condition of man. Their morality, however, had some defects, as was naturally to be expected from a variety of causes. But if the beauties are weighed with the blemishes, the latter will fly upwards in the balance. From the contemplation of the ancient philosophy the following corollary may be deduced. Human ingenuity can attain to almost everything by perseverance in useful study and meditation; it may soar to the heavens; it may explore the deep; it may pierce the hidden mysteries of science; it may even obtain no inconsiderable insight into its own nature. But as human reason is not infallible, so neither can any system which is formed upon it be totally free from error and deformity. The heathen philosophy, therefore, is a strong argument for the utility of revelation. For if, after the greatest

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efforts of human reason, after the longest contemplation, and most mature reflection of man, there still remained many deficiencies to be supplied, many vacancies to be filled, there was clearly a necessity for some divine teacher, who might come into the world with more sublime conceptions and more perfect wisdom: there was a necessity for some faultless moralist, who might separate the dross from every former system, and refine the ore, who might introduce into the world a new scheme, not only of religion, but of ethics; and enlighten the intellectual darkness by the steady rays of truth.

JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE, 1814.

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NILUS.

Scilicet Aonios fontes, aut dulcia Pimplæ
Murmura, vel latices Aganippidos Hippocrenes,
Foverunt Musæ, sacri cecinere Poetæ:
Scilicet auratam volvit Pactolus arenam;
Et sudat molles electri in margine guttas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus: te, scilicet, orbis
Pars major, fluvii majore, Columbia, lapsu
Irrorant; te quippe rigant undantia Platæ
Agmina; quippe tuis ingens in finibus urguet
Orellana vias; et præcipitis Niagaræ
Littora longa fremunt, dum sidera verberat humor,
Datque impacatum rupi de rupe sonorem.
Esto: ego lymphatam rapior dulcedine mentem,
Naiadas Nili Nymphas, septemflua Nili
Ostia, et occulta fusos ab origine rivos
Concelebrans. Ille arva beat longinqua tumendo,
Ille papyriferas herboso tramite ripas,
Ægypti decus omne, salus sitientibus Indis,
Solamen pecudum, gratus pastoribus amnis.
Aurea libertas animi, vivata voluptas
Phantasiæ, blandi genitrix in corde tumultus,
Ad mea vota veni! Tecum per opaca viarum
It vates; tecum palanti lumine terras,
Aeraque, et glaucam complectitur Amphitriten,

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Elysias valles, Acherusiaque ostia Ditis.
Ergo Threicii duris nunc cotibus Hæmi
Fertur, odoratæ nunc inter thura Sabææ;
Aut Gangen bibit, aut pertentat frigora Cauri
Sub terris qua parte Lares fodere Geloni;
Aut lucos subit Idalios, aut Thessala Tempe;
Visit oloriferi ridentia prata Caystri,
Arvaque Panchæos spirantia semper odores.
Me, Dea, quærentem Nili recludere fontes
Pone sub Assoæ nemora; et qua gurgite primo
Muscosos inter decurrunt flumina clivos:
Pone supercilio riparum, undasque loquaces
Propter, ubi Æthiopes multo libamine Nilum,
Et multis picti coluerunt ritibus Indi.

Jamque per anfractus curvos gelidasque latebras
Ire mihi videor: dignus viret amne recessus;
Apparent nudæ propius magalia gentis,
Et Sacalas ornant Pæstana rosaria valles.
Hic, grandæve pater, Garamas tibi rusticus aram
Fecit, et indigeti fontis data victima Divo
Purpureo nascens infuscat sanguine flumen.
Hinc ducit latices triplici de fonte salubres
Nilus, et infantes volvit per gramina lapsus;

34. The Nile rises in the plain of Assoa; and on the east, says Mr. Bruce, the ground ascends with a very gentle slope from the large village of Sacala, which gives its name to the territory.

43. The first fountain of the Nile is artificial, and around it is a trench firmly built of sods brought from the sides, and kept in constant repair by the Agows, who worship the river, and perform their religious ceremonies upon this as an altar.—*Bruce.*

44. Thousands of cattle have been offered and still are offered, to the spirit supposed to reside at the source.—*Guthrie.*

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Dembæamque lacum citiori dividit unda,
Integer usque trahens vivi discrimina cursus.
Non aliter quam vir justus, nullaque renidens
Fraude, neque incerto fluitans errore viai,
Carpit iter; fugit humanæ contagia vitæ,
Et delirantem sceleris caligine mundum.
Ast illic Nilus crescit, fruiturque juventa
Naiadum tutela chori; dum margine florum
Spirat odor, necnon æterni conscia veris
Interfusa frequens media jacet insula lympha.
Inde viam vi majori maturior amnis
Elicit; inde suis gaudet miscerier undis
Collectum humorem cœli, nec vilia dona
Multorum fluviorum; inde agmina non sine multa
Majestate movet, præceps labyrinthus aquarum.
Jam spectat nemora Æthiopum, lanasque virentis
Luxuriam, et frondes graviter spirantis amomi,
Et caligantes immundo pulvere cœlos.
Jamque videt Blemyasque feros, atramque Syenen,
Cyrrheös, Garamantas, et extremos Nasamones,
Insignes ramis ebeni, sectoque elephanto.
Jam felix inter virides immurmurat herbas;
Jam per Abyssiniæ nigras vix fertur arenas
Errabundus, iners; donec deserta relinquens
Avia, qua vastas attollit Nubia rupes,
Fœcunda super Ægyptum diffunditur urna,
Et lætos populos, et magnas alluit urbes.

48. .....He through the lucid lake
Of fair Dembæa rolls his infant stream.
There by the Naiads nursed he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around.—*Thomson from Pliny.*

67. 68. Vide Claudian. Epist. de Nilo.

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Sic inter ripas et floriferas convalles
Ignotam rapit amnis aquam: non incola Nili,
Non, Meroë, quos tu vidisti docta Platones,
Non dux Pellæus (demens quo tempore fastus
Duxit ad Ammonis Libyci Garamantica templa)
Non Cæsar, soboles Veneris; non ipse Sesostris
Invenit, cursus quæ sit natura, vel unde
Indeprensa trahat longo vestigia lapsu.
Scilicet at tempus venit, cum missus ab oris
Hesperiis, fontes Sapiens aspexit apricos,
Intimaque occulti pandit mysteria Nili.
His animadversis, cœli quo sidere Nilus
Exit, sollennesque movet quæ causa tumores,
Expediam. Cum rubra premit Sol brachia Cancri,
Necnon Erigonen transit, Chelasque sequentes,
Labitur effusi limosa licentia Nili.
Haud equidem credo, quod Etesia flabra fluentum
Impediunt, ingensque simul congestus arenæ:
Haud credo, quod aquas Isis tumefecit, ademptum
Insatiabiliter deflens per sæcla maritum.
Verum ubi Sol Indis adversa luce coruscans
Torrida solstitia invexit, legitque vapores
Undique; tum præceps cœlo ruit agmen aquarum,

92. 93. Vide Lucret. l. 6. v. 712.

94. 95. Vide Plut. de Isid. et Osirid.

96. In April, all the rivers in Amhara, Begemder, and Lasta, are first discoloured, and then, beginning to swell with the constant rains, join the Nile in the several parts of its course nearest them: the river then, from the height of its angle of inclination, forces itself through the stagnant lake without mixing with it. In the beginning of May, hundreds of streams pour themselves from Gojam, Maitsha, Damot and Dembæa into the lake Tzana, which had become low by intense evaporation, but now fills insensibly and contributes a large quantity of water to the Nile.—*Bruce.*

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Rumpit inexhaustis sese de nubibus humor;
Fluminaque aeriis circum turgentia massis
In Nilum genitorem omni se gurgite volvunt.
Adde tot Æthiopum penitus de montibus altis
Tabifico solis resolutas lumine ningues;
Rivos Gojami, rivos nigrantis Amharæ,
Cæruleos Tzanæ fluctus, et murmura Lastæ,
Dembæaeque lacus largissima dona ferentes.
Actum est: huc illuc extenditur amnis abundans:
Et jam cum grege dumivago petit ardua pastor,
Lymphaï cernit largos albescere tractus,
Et mersos miratur agros et non sua prata;
Et jam terra latet; quippe arvis incola Nilus
Incubat, et vasto nitet unda simillima ponto.
Et si non alium daret ori lympha saporem,
Si non stagnanti Nilo minor afforet æstus,
Pontus erat: tantum in spatium diffunditur æquor,
Tam late campi sese emisere liquentes.
Ast exstant inter liquidam castella paludem,
Sylvarumque apices, positæque in collibus urbes.
Non aliter surgunt in Neptuno Ægeo
Cyclades; aut nocturna Pharos stat littore curvo
Clarior, et gratam nautæ de vertice lucem
Dejicit: ille truces detorquet lampade navem
Per scopulos, tutoque tenet portum anchora morsu.
Ergo rite sui Nilo dicuntur honores.
Nam cum prima tumet, tenuesque canalibus undas
Insinuat per agros; Pharii tum flumine longo
Purpureos spargunt flores; fusisque capillis,
Aut cincti roseis ridentia tempora vittis,

107. At the height of the flood nothing is to be seen in the plains of the Lower Egypt, but the tops of forests and fruit-trees; their towns and villages being built on eminences natural or artificial.—*Guthrie.*

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Dant incompositos in molli margine motus:
Tum nigras mactant pecudes, tum carmina dicunt,
Tum Nilo dant vota; Deus, Deus ille videtur,
Et septemgeminos a cœlo ducere rivos.
Et merito: infelix, si Nilo, Ægypte, carebis,
Semper eris: semper pinguissima proxima Nilo.
Sic nocte incerta liquido nans aëre nubes
Adversus si forte vagetur cornua lunæ,
Apparet pars illa modis pellucida miris
Proxima: mox anceps dubio cum lumine certat
Caligo: tegitur nigris extrema tenebris.
Quin totum perhibent æstivo munere Delta
Exstruxisse luti Nilum; nam stare paludis
Illuviem, mollisque soli concrescere crustas.
Paullatim terræ collecto corpore pondus
Constitit; atque dedit magnis fundamina limus
Urbibus; et læta risit Ptolemaïs arena.
At quondam Nilus sese piger extulit alveo,
Flumina languidiora trahens; curvoque manebat
Littore: jam flammis ardescit perdita tellus;
Pulvereique globi, tempestatesque volantes
Involvunt convexa; neque his toleranda diebus
Vis Phœbea venit, neque habent sua frigora noctes.
Tempore non alio terra optat nubila; et errans

129. When the river is at its proper height, the inhabitants celebrate a kind of jubilee, with all sorts of festivity.—*Guthrie.*

131. The Agows and original Egyptians call the Nile "Everlasting God," "Light of the World," "Eye of the World," "God of Peace," "their Saviour," and "Father of the human race."—*Bruce.*

140. It has been said by some that the whole land of Egypt has been produced by the quantity of mud which the Nile brings with it from Ethiopia: that such was the formation of the Delta, is affirmed by M. Volney.

151. At this time the air is inflamed, the sky sparkling, and the heat insupportable.—*Volney.*

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Bucula nequicquam captavit naribus imbrem,
Aërisque grues cœlum aspexere serenum.
Nonne vides? tristis deserti flamina cladem
Usque movent: agros implent balatibus agni
Luctisonis: nimio cedunt armenta calori,
Et duplicem sensere necem fervore fameque.
Nonne vides? tosta fruges moriuntur arista,
Horreaque Ægypto messes Romana dederunt.
Quinetiam plures justo si assurgit in ulnas
Nilus, fert similem violentia lata ruinam.
Contemplator enim decursus inter aquaï
Fragmina sylvarum, atque insano vortice raptas
Pastorum pecorumque domos; pontesque valentes,
Turrigerasque urbes passas contagia lymphæ.
Contemplator aquæ rabiem, vastataque circum
Omnia, et in latis armenta natantia rivis,
Objectaque vias prohibentem mole colonum:
Præterea, e putri limo satus, asper asilus
Floribus insidit; perque aëris intervallum
Obscuram jam jamque trahi mirabere nubem,
Culta venenato vastantem tristia morsu.
Esto: cur tumidi verbis incommoda Nili
Prosequar? aut viridi fusum crocodilon in ulva,
Et præsaga viatori suspiria mortis?
Quid? quod alit Nilus, necnon Gangetides undæ,
Monstrum immane, ferox; patiens cui pellis aquarum,
Crura bovis, dentes apri; cui maxima terga;
Et juba luxurians cervice recumbit equina.

155. When the winds arise which the natives call "poisonous winds," or the "hot winds of the Desert," they are of such extreme heat and aridity, that no animated body can withstand their fatal influence.—*Guthrie.*

160. Vide Plin. Sec. in Panegyr.

177. Hippopotami are numerous in the Nile, but are not seen beyond the cataract of Alata.—*Guthrie.*

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Tale quidem strato nonnunquam flumina trunco
Ima colit; ceu Thebarum sub mœnibus altis
Effossas habitant integra cadavera terras;
Nonnunquam, opposita duræ formidine costæ,
Evertitque ratem, et mortalia corpora passim
Disjicit: illa modis lympham pulsantia multis
Nequicquam dant vota, secundoque amne feruntur.
Cur versu strepitus loquar impendentis Alatæ
Horrisonos? cur præcipitis fremitus Catadupæ,
Et jacta late albescens aspergine cœlum?
Cur loquar, ut penitus spumans exæstuat humor,
Insanasque inter scopulos intervomit undas:
Fluminaque adversus currentia flumina currunt?
Heu nullæ adsunt deliciæ mortalibus ægris
Munere concessæ Divûm, ni flore sub ipso
Serpat amari aliquid; ni vexet spina legentem.
Quod fit, ne curæ immemores obitusque propinqui
Humanæ nimium vitæ raptemur amore.
  Quod superest, tandem cœpit decedere Nilus
Et molli retrahit redeuntia flumina lapsu
In gremium; nam per centum noctesque diesque
Intumuit, totidemque suo se condidit alveo.
  Continuo properant anni spem credere terræ
Niligenæ; et nigros felici uligine limi
Agricola incurvo campos molitur aratro.
Nec mora: triticei fœtus, et læta virescunt
Gramina: per cœlum volvit se fluctus odorum;

188. The great cataract of Alata, Mr. Bruce tells us, was the most magnificent sight he ever beheld. The river fell in one sheet of water without any interval, above half an English mile in breadth.

189. Vide Cic. Somn. Scip. c. 5.

206. After the Nile has retired, nothing can be more charming than the face which Egypt presents in rising corn, vegetables, and verdure of all sorts. Oranges, lemons, and fruits perfume the air: grapes, figs, and palm-trees, of which wine is made, are here plentiful.—*Guthrie.*

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Et qua jam celabat agros incursus aquaï,
Luxuries illic segetum, pomaria, flores,
Magnaque ab exiguo surgit tritura labore.
Arboreæ veniunt frondes, et flumina late
Curva tenent; lactens ficus, generosaque vitis,
Palmaque Idumæis Bacchi dant pocula ramis.
Aspice! quot magnum stipant animalia Nilum;
Quot summa gaudent in aqua colludere pisces;
Quot volucres largos humeris infundere rores,
Mox auras petere, et splendere natantibus alis!
Ecce! vagæ alcyones, et amantes littora mergi;
Ecce! sibi indulgent fulicæ; notosque Penates
Ibis inaccessa circumvolat ardua penna.
Bos etiam in ripis pallentes ruminat herbas
Et fessus grex haurit aquas: stant cespite vivo
Miranturque suas vaccæ sub gurgite formas,
Aut levi speculo credentes mollia membra
Immensum desiderium sensere bibendi.
Adde tot in thalamo Nili miracula rerum;
Venas argenti, venas non secius auri;
Crystalli radios, pendentia pumice tecta,
Tritonasque cavis spirantes carmina conchis.
Haudquaquam ergo hyemis Phariis in vallibus horret
Tempestas; quoniam posses tum florea rura,
Tum fortunati messes spectare Canopi.
Haudquaquam ergo æstas, ubi jam Gangisque vel Indi
Nonnullam opposito partem sol detrahit æstu,
Epotusque fugit radiis ardentibus humor;
Aut Nilum coquit, aut campos indurat hiulcos.
Felicem Ægyptum! primas ibi Græcia luces
Sumit: ibi stringit reges ad lora Sesostris,

230. 236. Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.

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Victoresque duos dulci Cleopatra catena
Implicat, et roseæ mollis violentia formæ.
Felicem Ægyptum! non illi fata negarunt
Serta coloratæ gremium pingentia terræ.
Illa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga cœli,
Floret: non illo liquidis flent littore guttis
Imbres perpetui, nec roris gemmeus humor;
At Phœbi usque jubar, semperque innubilus aër
Emicat, et large diffuso lumine ridet.
Quapropter serus Phàriis decedit in oris,
Et vespertina accendit Sol lumina tæda,
Frigidiora quidem; at radiis potiora diei.
Illic non adsunt dubiæ confinia noctis;
At fulgens polus, et tellus, et cærulus aër,
Puniceosque super viridis bibit unda colores.
Nox ruit interea: placidusque extenditur infra
Oceanus Nili; placidumque et pensile supra
Cœlum marmor erat, lunæ si lampas abesset,
Sideraque immensos circumvolventia gyros.
Ergo importunæ carpens oblivia curæ
Pasto; rubi longæ crescunt in collibus umbræ;
Summaque purpureis figens Sol oscula labris
Nili virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem;
Aut ubi per lympham lunæ spatiatur imago,
Undæ dat tremulam taciturna lampade lucem,
Ipsa repercutitur tremula non secius unda;
Tum pastor picto fertur per rura phaselo,
Et ducit remos illic ubi nuper ararat;
Seu Memphis nitet inter aquas, monumentaque regum,
Vanaque Pyramidum surgens ad sidera moles,
Et Labyrinthæi fulgens fallacia tecti.

243. 247. Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.
265. Vide Virg. Georg. 4. 288.

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Sive, ubi se Nilus per septem dimovet ora
Et pater Oceanus septeno gurgite turget,
Incipit apparere procul Meroëque Pharosque;
Exstat Alexandri portus; divesque Canopus
Et Pelusiacæ tollunt capita ardua turres.
Ergo it noctivaga per prata liquentia cymba:
It felix: oculis tantum diffusa feruntur
Flumina: tantum ictus remorum verberat aures,
Blandaque arundineas lambentia murmura ripas.
At vix præteriit tempus, cum finibus illis
Audiit horrisoni fumosa tonitrua belli
Agricola: aspexit Gallorum naufraga in undis
Corpora, et humano spumantem sanguine Nilum.
Heu! matutinus quantas sol ille carinas
Viderat, et proprios pandentia vela colores!
Heu! cum sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper,
Quot captas videt, aut submersas æquore in alto,
Aut passas in aqua flammæ contagia puppes!
Tempore namque illo venit de gente Britanna
Nelsonus; Pharioque gerens certamina cœlo,
Victrices posuit navali ex ære columnas.
Ergo, dum tenui fontes humore liquescent,
Dum virides inter manabunt agmina ripas;
Illum Ægyptiaci stantes in margine toto,
Illum ambæ extollent utroque ab littore gentes.
Tu præter solitum dulcedine, Nile, ciebis
Murmura, quum illius præterlabere tropæum:
Me, captum studiis non illætabilis otî,
Te cecinisse juvat: placet, æternumque placebit,
Egregios tecum patriæ cecinisse triumphos.

JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE, 1816.

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XERXES.

Ζεύς τοι κολαστὴς τῶν ὑπερκόπων ἄγαν
Φρονημάτων ἔπεστιν, εὔθυνος βαρύς.
ÆSCH. PERS.

HELLADA belligeris quæ vastavere catervis,
Et quæ Cecropias inimico funditus arces
Prostravere igni, dum gens invicta manebat,
Bella cano. Innumeras frustra Vir Persicus olim
Fudit in Europen adverso a littore turbas,
Nequicquam currus celeres, et dira paravit
Arma, ferasque equitum turmas, minitatus Achivis
Exitium immotis, quos bello vivida virtus
Ad mortem patriæ pro libertate vocavit.
Alma Jovis soboles! adsis mihi, Phœbe, volenti
Dicere quæ strages Stygium detrusit ad Orcum
Crudeles Persas, quæque ipse miserrima in hostem
Funera misisti, tua qui penetralia jussit
Impius, et flammis incendi Delphica templa.
Et vos O Musæ! seu nunc Aganippidos undas,
Ut quondam, curare juvat, seu lata tenetis
Jam Pindi nemora, atque Helicon queis cingitur, umbras,
Sive ex antiquâ depulsæ sede, quietâ
Hospitium colitis regione benignius orbis,
Omnis adeste cohors! vestras namque agmina valles
Pierias violare truci sunt ausa tumultu,
Arvaque crudeli natalia perdere ferro.

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Sed ne tantus amor stragis, tot inulta manerent
Crimina, neve viros parvo rexisse Sorores,
Atque viderentur parvo Dî numine terras,
Nulli, qui Medo comitem se junxerat, arva
Rursus amœna datum et, patrios neque adire Penates,
Vix fugere e tantâ potuit Rex ipse ruinâ.
  Jam ferus Ægypti dulces devicerat armis
Fœcundæ Xerxes agros, Thebasque rebelles
Junxerat imperio, numeroso milite fretus:
Nunc petere Europen bello et nova regna volebat.
Sed non jam belli studium, neque gloria pugnæ
Sola movet stimulos, iræ sævique dolores
Rursus in arma vocant, atque altâ mente repostæ
Sardes incensæ, magnæque injuria Matris,
Et strages Marathonis atrox, quæ sanguine rivos
Medo contiguos, atque Attica tinxerat arva.
His Rex accensus, parat agmen ducere in oras
Ex Asiâ Argolicas vastum, quod sumere pœnas
Terribiles possit, namque hic vult stultus Achivos
(Quod voluit frustra genitor) contundere bello.
Nunc jubet armari classes, simul inclyta naves
Instruit æratas Tyrus, et Sidonia tellus,
Et portus Cilicum, Cythereiaque insula Cyprus.
Et ne forte rates jactent commota procellis
Æquora, vel laceret rupes occulta carinas,
Scinditur altus Athos; mons terræ ubi jungitur isthmo
Vicinæ, magno maria inter bina labore
Incipit hic aperire viam, qua navita possit
Evitare hyemes, tutamque impellere navem.
  Agmina vere novo misit sua quisque parata
Princeps, et bellum Reges iniere, Pelasgas
Crudelem laturi ignem, stragemque per urbes.
Inclyta qui tenuit Thebarum regna, cohortes

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Duxit terrificas, numerumque Ægyptia Memphis
Addidit ingentem; incessit Babylonia linquens
Mœnia Rex tandem, variæ sine fine secutæ
Arma viri campos complerunt undique gentes.
Ipse sedens curru Xerxes, quo pulcrior alter
Non fuit, egregio superavit corpore turbam.
Et molle auxilio venit cum curribus agmen
Lydorum multis, et qua ditissimus auri
Rumpitur umbroso Pactolus fonte, daturus
Gaudia per valles; tu lectam, Tmole, catervam
Si qua fata hosti posses celerare, dedisti.
Jam Phrygiæ implentur late crudelibus agri
Agminibus, turmæque equitum, peditumque cohortes
Littora longa premunt, auditur buccina voce
Rauca viros stimulans, nunc exercere videntur
Undique se juvenes, juvat arva patentia circum
Flectere equos curru, et frænis domitare lupatis.
Umbones poliunt alii, recoquuntque secures.
Prælia qua quondam fortis commisit Achilles,
Hector et Idomeneus, et tot certamina Teucri
Videre impavidi, turbis nunc arva replentur
Fœmineis, Tyriisque ornatis vestibus auro.
Jusserat insanum Princeps super Hellespontum
Molirique viam, et tuto conjungere terræ
Threiciæ servos Asiatica littora ponte;
Sed tempestates, pulsique ex æquore ventis
Obruerant undis pontem spumantibus æstus.
Hoc super iratus, jacit alto vincula ponto,
Et mare castigat, quia junctas lædere naves
Ausum atque ingenti retinacula rumpere fluctu,
Nec sceleri timuit violento obstare Tyranni.
Nunc quassas reparant puppes, pontemque reponunt.
Adcingunt omnes operi, pars culmina montis

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Idæ summa petit, nodosaque robora cædit,
Pars parat intortos funes, quibus ordine longo
Conjungit naves, alii dant scrupea saxa,
Atque via impositâ solidatur denique terrâ.
Mane Vir ingenti comitante ad littoris oram
Persicus adgreditur turbâ, sacrisque Magorum
Agminibus, ducibusque; in aquam libamina fundens
Prosequitur Superos, atque hæc Rex addit in hostem.
"Di quibus imperium curæ est, nomenque tueri
Ingens Persarum, tuque O, qui cuncta pererrans
Lumine Sol lustras, vobis hæc munera dono;
Quid mihi turritas Asiæ regnare per urbes?
Quidve pharetratâ prodest superâsse catervâ
Ægypti proles? dum gens hæc sæpius agros
Vastare, atque audet magnum me spernere Regem.
Este duces, quacumque via est, votivaque templa
Instituam vobis, gentes si vincere detur,
Et Thracas sceptro, et superatos addere Graios."
Protinus incipiunt Divis hoc munere pontem
Perfecto transire acies: exercitus omnis,
Haud mora, subsequitur, terræ non ante propinquat
Oppositæ postrema manus, quam clarus ab undis
Bis quater Oceani nitidum Sol extulit orbem,
Bis quater aspexit gradientes Luna catervas.
Jamque per arva ruunt vernantia Bisaltarum,
Undique complentur turbis pugnacibus agri.
Non aliter quam contracto qua Bosporus alveo,
Aut Hellespontus cursum frænavit aquarum,
Æstuat unda fretis, et circumclusa laborat
Fluctibus, inde patens præceps petit æquor, et albens
Jam properat lapsu late diffusa per altum.
Nulla manus Persis audax venientibus obstat,
Nulla viam prohibet, portis munimen apertis

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Quodque patet, saxis defendunt mœnia nulli.
Omnia consumunt hostes, vix horrea tantis
Ut perhibent alimenta dare, aut cita flumina possunt
Innumeris turbis, et equis sitientibus undam.
Interea Graiis mentes timor occupat omnes,
Auditur luctus resonans, ululatibus implet
Templa genus querulis muliebre sacrata Deorum,
Imploratque Deos, tollitque ad sidera voces.
Omnes armantur subito, quæ forte paratæ
Conripiunt naves, et linquunt Palladis urbem,
Hostilemque petunt in aperto marmore classem.
Tunc etiam a clarâ Princeps Lacedæmone ducit
Nobilis exiguam patriæ mandata facessens
Duræ sacra manum; quamvis spes nulla manebat
Felicis reditus, pueros non ulla videndi
Prædulces iterum, aut uxores, ocyus omnes
Imperio læti parent, ac jussa sequuntur.
Est locus excelsis ubi præceps montibus Œta
Thessaliæ imponit finem, protendit in æquor
Mons latus abruptum, scopulisque minacibus unda
Frangitur, hinc aditus rabie munitus aquarum,
Hinc rupe impendente, simul duo volvere plaustra
Vix sinit, aut spatio dat equis convertere currum.
Hanc Spartana viam pubes defendit ab hoste
Immiti, atque diu Medi dedit agmina letho,
Et ni quis fallax duxisset devia montis
Per loca clam Persas, tumidus depellere Princeps
Speraret frustra vel tanto milite Graios,
Aut tentare viam, aut veteres invisere Athenas.
Quid sceleris, fraudisve? auri quæ crimina linquit
Intentata fames? patriæ namque ille salutem
Prodidit, et fortis claro cum rege caterva
(Infandum) periit, sævis circumdata Persis.

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Hercule digne atavo, te, Princeps inclyte! sanctus
Jussit amor patriæ, Danaum sacra regna tuentem
Te jussere mori Phœbeæ verba Sibyllæ.
Persicus incedens campos exercitus igni
Fœcundos vastat, nec Divûm incendere parcit
Templa, neque antiquas urbes: init hostis Athenas,
Atque domos vacuas, desertaque mœnia complet,
Namque timens populus Medum, Salaminis ad oras
Trajiciens, muros charamque reliquerat urbem.
Freta tamen dubiis oracli vocibus arcem
Turba senilis habet, longo truncisque serisque
Tempore defendens sese, castella sed hostis
Cingens oppugnat, captosque interficit omnes,
Et totam flammis urit crepitantibus urbem.
Interea Eubœam linquens Salamina recessit
Argivum Classis; congressi littore ab omni
Consedere duces, et surgunt prælia linguæ.
At sævis inter sese dum litibus ipsi
Decertant, subito collectis navibus hostes
Præclusere aditus, neque jam fuga restat Achivis.
Tum sese ad pugnam Divis ultoribus aptant
Pocula libantes; versos meminisse Penates,
Et captas urbes, dat sævam cordibus iram.
Ipse Asiæ Princeps circumdatus agmine Regum
Atque ducum, celebri solio sedet altus, et ambas
Jam classes de monte videt certare paratas.
Dumque suas cernit naves splendore micantes,
Auroque et signis, (sed enim latuere tyrannum
Cecropidum fraudes) felicis mente triumphi
Concipit augurium; optatas jam sumere pœnas
Audet ovans animo, victisque illudere Graiis.
Qualis sacra Jovi volucris rapido impete fertur,
Aspiciens nitidi squamas et terga draconis:

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Ast ipsam mors certa manet, tamen inscia fati
Præpes in horribilem se protinus injicit hostem.
Haud aliter contra Danaos cum navibus ibant
Innumeris Persæ, et secum traxere ruinam.
Nec quicquam auxilio miseris prodesse Tyrannus
Ipse potest, tingi videt undas sanguine fuso;
Undique Medorum spargi super æquora classem,
Remosque, et laceras jactari in gurgite puppes.
Tum rate si fractâ, si mille pericula passus,
Forte quis ad terram fugiens, Salamina natando
Jam tangit, Graii vel saxis eminus urgent
Littora prensantem manibus, vel multa precantis
Incassum duro pectus mucrone recludunt.
Quæ mala tunc passi Persæ, quos læsa dolores
Numina miserunt, testes Rhodopeiæ arces,
Altaque Pangæa, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus.
Hinc irati hostes, illinc misera agmina vexat
Importuna fames, hyemisque procella minacis,
Et Boreale gelu; perculsaque turba timore
Nunc precibus Solem insuetis implorat: at ille
Aversus faciem tenebras obducit, et atra
Celatus nebula non vult audire precantes.
Agmina deseruit trepidus formidine Princeps,
Littoraque Europæ nullo comitante reliquit.

THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1817.

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IGNIS.

Qualis Hyperboreis ubi bruma ignava pruinis
Incubat, et gelidos constringit fontibus amnes,
Vix Hyperionius pallentes discutit umbras,
Aut valet obscuræ currus dare lumina terræ:
Sic, quum naturæ varios ediscere vultus
Gestit, et ignota insequitur vestigia rerum,
Mens hominum incertâ palans regione laborum
Nequicquam miras exquirit Numinis artes.
Nam simul immensum meditans prospexit in orbem,
Undique quot dubium rapiunt miracula visum,
Quâ super expansum cœlum fulgoribus ardet,
Atque volant mediæ liquidum super æthera nubes?
Quâ mare sub vinclis fremit, atque in carcere pisces
Nutrit et æquoream volvit sub marmore gentem,
Quâve novos tellus summittit dædala flores?
Attamen hæc quamvis oculis sublata feruntur,
Et cæcum fallunt pectus, divina potestas
Hinc magis elata et manifesta in luce refulget:
Discimus hinc operis præsens agnoscere Numen.
Namque illud referunt terræ, campique liquentes
Aërque et volucrum genus atque animalia mundi;
Atque agitat totum divinus spiritus orbem.
Præcipue vero divinæ munera flammæ,
Æthere seu liquido, seu fibris abdita terræ,
Cœlestem ostendunt ortum, Regemque fatentur.
Tuque, o, qui nitidam suspendens lampada cœlo,

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Sol, toties lucem peragis, totiesque tenebras,
A quo demissi terrestria damna calores
Continuo reparant, moderanturque aëra cursu;
Ad quem cœruleo perfundens lumine plumas
Exultans aquila irriguas super ardua nubes
Involat, Eoâque dies invitat ab aulâ;
Tu veluti sponsus lætans, similisque giganti
Robora, mira equitans diffundis gaudia curru;
Ore tuo æternæ referuntur luminis arces.
Ergo, omni sive in vivorum corpore regnat,
Seu silicis venas abstrusus pascitur ignis,
Sive super volitans undantes temperat auras,
Illi fons sol est ipse et cœlestis origo.
Atque ubi terrestres jam ver geniale per oras
Purpuream spirat lucem, renovatque calores,
Tunc gremio lætus cœlestem concipit ignem
Campus, et assiduo depromit munera vultu;
Tunc cito mitescunt quas humida bruma pruinas
Infudit, gramenque novâ viret usque juventâ.
Post, ubi sole ardet rubro violentior æstas,
Arvaque jam rectis radiis tepefacta coquuntur,
Plenior incubuit terræ calor, omniaque in se
Stagna haurit, succosque æstu sustollit inertes;
Hinc avidis arbor potans radicibus undam
Truncumque et ramis perfundit poma liquore;
Hinc et aromaticas fundens ex cortice guttas
Galbaneos Oriens in sylvis flavit odores;
Discit et hinc nitidis ornari Persia gazis

52. The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat.
BLACKMORE's Creation, II. 245.

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Et lapides haurit radianti luce decoros;
Unde apices regum referunt cœlestia signa
Cœruleâ sapphiro, et flammam imitante pyropo,
Quæque die præstant adamantina sidera fontes.
Post, ubi jam brevior lux est, et mollior æstus,
Auctumnusque fovens terras incumbit ab alto,
Occulti fruges flavescunt viribus ignis,
Mitis et aprico ridet vindemia colli.
Denique, quum campos constringit bruma pruinis,
Obscurumque premunt pallentes aëra nubes,
Amplius haud vario diffulget terra colore,
Sed campum horrentem glebis glacieque peresum
Plorat, et amissum sulcis lacrymantibus ignem.
Attamen immiti quamvis hiberna potestas
Carcere frenat agros, atque abripit arbore frondes,
Sævior ex nimio pestis metuenda calore.
Nam qua zona rubens fuscos devexa per Indos
Tollitur, et recto vexat sole improba terram,
Nulla jugis herba est, nulla haurit flumina campus,
Et quâ florerent melius Cerealia dona,
Arenti steriles arvo dominantur arenæ.
Quinetiam propius cum flammæ viribus æquor
Obstrepit, et calidos proturbat materiaï
Crateras, terræ miratus murmura pastor
Horret, et inclusum plenis fornacibus ignem.
Littore Trinacrio mons hinc erectus ad astra
Fumat mole novâ, fuscansque vaporibus auras

55. Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone
Imparting radiant lustre like his own;
He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.
BLACKMORE's Creation, II. 249.

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Ingemit, et rapidas torquens furit Ætna ruinas.
Nec minus interea cœlum ventosque fugaces
Inspirat flamma, et vario se sustinet æstu,
Et si jam graviore premit ros pondere nubes,
Aut æther domitus mœret pluvialibus austris,
Dispellit tempestatis vis viva furores,
Quæque modo in tenebris fuerant densata, relaxat.
Ast ubi per pinguem volitat nigra aura paludem
Atque odor ex madidis insurgit fœtidus ulvis,
Hic, ubi jam noctis sectantur sidera currum,
Sæpius apparet visu mirabile lumen;
Namque pigro clausæ dum certant aëre flammæ,
Scintillæ extusæ fulgent, bibulique vapores
Pallentem assiduo conquassant lampada motu;
Heu male tum solis noctu palatur in agris,
Ignotosque audet tractus tentare viator.
Præterea, Italiæ quamvis ver mite per oras
Usque nitet, cœlumque et terras temperat aurâ,
Non raro incumbens rapidis vis ignea ventis
Sævit et horribili convolvit nubila cursu;
Unde oritur turbo, qui cum regionibus æthræ
Infert se, subito vires hominumque ferarumque
Infecit, mirâ corrumpens debilitate;
Tempore non alio infaustâ composta quiete
Membra jacent, breviterque domantur pectoris iræ,
Et pavor, et rabies; dolor, hortatorque cupido.
At non, Ægypti atque Arabum quâ longa sine ullis
Hospitiis deserta jacent; nam vividus ignis

102. The sirocc, or south-east wind, is described by Brydone as bringing on such a degree of lassitude, that neither body nor mind can perform their usual functions.—*Vide* Tour through Sicily and Malta.

109. The simoom blew as if it came from an oven. Our eyes were dim, our lips cracked, our knees tottering, our throats perfectly dry, and no relief was found from drinking an immoderate quantity of water.—BRUCE.

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Dum reboat, piceasque attollens flamine nubes
Proruit ardentes altum super æthera arenas;
In terram præceps magno stridore volucris
Decidit, aut patulis si captat naribus auram
Bucula, jam mortis stupor artus urget inertes;
Intereuntque tigres sylvis, fulvique leones.
Quod nisi et assiduis manibus præfixerit ora,
Et vento pastor vultus averterit, ægris
Continuo membris tempestas ignea mortem
Afferat et saniem salientem exhauriat æstu.
Dicendum et, quali vivorum fusa per artus
Flamma cruore fluens animalia sustinet arte,
Quæ renovans tepidas geniali robore venas
Continuo nutrit currentia flumina cursu.
Hac quoque diversos deducit origine pectus
Affectus animi et mentis discrimina tanta;
Hinc pecudes lætæ degustant gaudia veris;
Hinc et amor domini canibus curæque fideles;
Prædarique lupi discunt, rugire leones.
Præterea, quia præstantes præstantior ignis
Materias habitat, varia hinc mendacia vulgo
Deduxere ortum, et concepit fabula vires.
Nam neque Echioniâ terrâ nec Colchidos oris
Effudere unquam tauri de faucibus ignem,
Sed, quia vis innata bovis, velut ignea cœli
Tela, aut præcipiti reboantia fulgura cursu,
Implacidas tollitque minas, et provocat iram,
Talia Grajugenum vani finxere poetæ.
Nonne vides etiam, pecori quæ robora equino,

138. Hast thou with strength endued the generous horse,
His neck with thunder arm'd, his breast with force?
Him canst thou as a grasshopper affright,
Who from his nostrils throws a dreadful light,

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Utque armet tonitru cervicem, pectora vires;
Dumque, metu ignoto, lux naribus æstuat irâ
Et micat ardentis turbatus fulgor ocelli,
Irruit, oppositasque ardet superare cohortes,
Indomitoque vorat campum pede, nec simul audit
Clangorem litui, at pugnæ si sentit odorem
Hinnitus, veluti coopertæ murmura flammæ
Tollit, et exhaurit morientum e voce vigorem.—
Hinc igitur Glauci quæ membra edere quadrigæ,
Et Diomedis equi spirantes naribus ignem.
Quinetiam blandi divinum munus amoris
Dicitur hinc validâ deducere robora flammâ,
Dicitur immenso fervescens ore poeta.
Et quia per versus cœlestis spiritus ac vis
Instans eximium perfudit luce Britannum,
Divinis referunt vectum super æthera pennis
Exsuperasse alti flammantia mœnia mundi,
Donec tandem adiit vivâ loca cœrula luce,

Breaks through the order'd ranks with eyes that burn,
Nor from the battle-axe or sword will turn.

* * * * * * *

With rage and fierceness he devours the ground;
Nor in his fury hears the trumpet sound;
But smells the fight from far, like thunder neighs,
Loud shouts and dying groans his courage raise.

SANDYS. Paraphr. Job.

153. Milton.

154. Nor second He that rode sublime
On seraph-wings of ecstasy;
The secrets of the abyss to spy;
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time.
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw.....

GRAY. Progress of Poesy.

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Ora Dei, et veras æterni luminis arces.
  Esto: at nequidquam distinguere somnia vero
Hæc juvat, erroresque vago percurrere versu;
Nunc silicis venis extusam dicere flammam
Est opus, et varios hominum memorare labores.
  Nam primùm, ante animis vanas rerum rationes
Quam tulit, atque nova obtinuit sapientia vires,
Tunc campis hirtas homines mulxere capellas,
Lanigerique gregis foverunt vellera læti.
Tunc suasere leves redeuntia sidera somnos
Gramineisque toris primo egit lumine Titan.
Post autem flammâ generis rudis altera proles
Inventâ est imitata diem, docuitque bitumen
Scintillare, oleumque, et pingues unguine ceras;
Et suspensa focis durescere robora fumo,
Inscia adhuc belli, fractasque invertere glebas:
Mox curvæ in rigidos falces conflarier enses
Cœpere; irrumpi montes, et ferrea terræ
Viscera, et armatus Mavors regnare per orbem.
Tempore at hoc etiam nitri ignis, vivaque sulfura,
Innocuoque viris quercus arsere calore.
Quamvis Trinacrias radios Titanis in oras
Exhaurire vitro potuit faber, et gravis artem
Lumine Romanas cœlesti exurere classes.
  At nunc particulis diris concocta, furores
Flamma novos spirat, globulusque explosus in auras
Suscitat indomitum volitans sublime sonorem.
Hic nova imago instat leti, breviorque rapacis
Mortis aperta via est; neque enim tot funera volgo

169. In urns the bees' delicious dews he laid,
  Whose kindling wax invented day display'd.
  BLACKMORE. Creation, III. 14.

179. Archimedes.

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Sæva fames dederat, pestisve, aut æquoris iræ.
Quid memorem ut, lætæ quum implerunt horrea messes,
Callidus explorat naso canis arva sagaci,
Exceptatque leves auras, notusque ubi prædam
Monstrat odor, summam succumbens fovit arenam.
Jam stridunt alis volucres; procul intonat echo,
Fulmineoque affert mortem tubus igneus ictu?
Prœlia quid memorem, flammasque et fulgura belli
Innumerasque hominum stratas uno impete turmas,
Murmuraque, atque actos excelsa in sidera montes?
Hæc mihi sufficiant. Aliis memoranda relinquo
Ut Satanas olim cœlestia regna lacessit,
Attollitque rotis pinus atque æra cavata,
Iliceasque trabes, quarum flammata coruscis
Viscera collectos evolvunt faucibus ignes,
Impiaque æternas invadunt Tartara sedes.

EDWARD CHURTON. 1818.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."—Act II. Scene 3.

ADAM. ORLANDO.

ΑΔ. Μή μοι σύ· τοῦτό γ' οὐ γενήσεταί ποτε.
'Αλλ' ἔστι μοι γὰρ ἑκατὸν ὧδε χρυσία,
Ἃ μοι πατὴρ σὸς μισθὸν ὥπασεν πάλαι·
Καὶ δὴ σεσωσμέν' εἶχον, ὡς, ὅτ' εἰς πόνους
Παλαιὰ τἀμὰ μήκετ' ἰσχύοι μέλη,
Κάρα τε πολιὸν εἰς ἀτιμίαν πέσοι,
Φίλος γ' ἂν εἴη μοί ποθεν γηροτρόφος·
Ταῦτ' οὖν δέχου σύ· χὠ κόρακας αὔξων βορᾷ
Καὶ πρευμενὴς στρούθοις ὁ πορσύνων τροφὴν
'Εμὲ γηροβοσκοῖ· χρυσὸς ὅδε πάρεστί σοι.
'Ανθ' ὧν γενέσθαι πρόσπολόν μ' ἔα σέθεν.
Εἰ γὰρ γέρων μέν εἰμι προσβλέπειν, ὅμως
'Ισχυρός εἰμι, κἄτι σώματι σθένω.
Οὐ γάρ ποτ' οἴνου ποικίλων πηγῆς κακῶν
Πλησθεὶς, διέφθειρ' ἀγνὸν αἵματος ῥοόν·
Οὐδ' εἰς ἀσώτους ἡδονῆς τρυφὰς πεσὼν
'Ρώμην ἀναιδὴς καὶ βίον διώλεσα.
Τοιγάρ με γῆρας, ὥσπερ ἔγκαιρος πάχνη
Ψυχρὸν μὲν, εὐμενὲς δ' ὅμως ἐφιζάνει.
Δέξαι μ' ὀπαδὸν οὖν, νεωτέρου δ' ἐγὼ
'Ανδρὸς παρέξω τοῦργον ἐν δυσπραγίαις
Ταῖς σαῖς ἁπάσαις, ξυμφόραις θ' ὑπηρέτης.

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ΟΡ. Βέλτιστε πρεσβὺ, πῶς παλαιῶν σοι βροτῶν
Σπουδή τ' ἔνεστι, καὶ τὸ πιστὸν ἐμφανές;
Οὐ γὰρ σὺ τῶν γε νῦν ἔφυς τρόπων, γέρον,
Οἳ χρήματ' ἐκζητοῦσι καὶ κέρδος μόνον,
Καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχοντες ἐκτελευτῶσιν πόνους.
Ἀλλ' ὡς σαθρόν τις ἀμπελουργήσας φυτὸν,
Τὸ μηδὲ βλαστὸν ἀντ' ἐπιμελείας φέρον,
Ταύτην σὺ δώσεις τῷδ' ἀμηχάνῳ χάριν·
Ἀλλ' ἄγε, πορευώμεσθα, καὶ τὰ χρήματα
Μισθὸν πόνων σῶν εἰς ἀγρῶν ἐρημίαν
Φέροντες, ὠνώμεσθα ποιμνίων νομὰς,
Καὶ μέτριον ἐκτρίψοντες ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν βίον.
ΑΔ. Ἀλλ' οὖν πορεύου, δέσποτ', εἰς τέλος δ' ἐγὼ
Σοὶ ξυμπορεύεσθαί τε καὶ μίμνειν θέλω.
Ὅτε μὲν δόμους εἰς τούσδε πρῶτον εἰσέβην
Εἰκοστὸν οὔπω τἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἔτος παρῆν.
Νῦν δ', ὀγδοηκοστὸν τόδε βλέψας θέρος,
Ἐκ τῶνδ' ἄπειμι, κεἰς δόμους ἄλλους περῶ.
Νέοις μὲν οὖν τὰ τῆς τύχης ζητεῖν ἔφυ
Πρέπον, γέροντι δ' ἐστ' ἄκαιρος ὁ χρόνος.
Ἀλλ' ἀντιδοῦναί μοι δύναιτ' ἂν ἡ τύχη
Οὐκ ἄλλο γ' οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον, ἢ καλῶς ἐμὲ
Θνήσκειν, ἐμοὺς δὲ δεσπότας ἀντωφελεῖν.

EDWARD CHURTON. 1818.

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TRANSLATION.

SONG, BY COLLINS:—"*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb.*"

FRIGORA quum Zephyri minuunt, brumâque peracta
Amplius haud condit nix hyemalis humum:
Tum pueri teneris conjuncti, Delia, nymphis
Flores purpureos ad tua busta ferent.
Non aderunt umbræ, gelidisve excita sepulcris
Inviset sanctum mortis imago locum.
Huc venient juvenes, timidumque agnoscet amorem
Ingenuas Virgo fusa rubore genas.
Non Saga errabit passis insana capillis,
Nec spectra in tenebris irrequieta gement.
At faciles Nymphæ semper Dryadesque puellæ
Mane novo dulci rore sepulcra tegent.
Sæpius huc veniet, tenuique Rubecula rostro
Exiguam, ut poterit, subpeditabit opem;
Muscoque albenti, et decerptis floribus ultro
Ornabit tumulum, quâ tua membra jacent.
Seu nigris pluvii erumpunt de nubibus imbres,
Sævaque tempestas per nemus omne ruit,
Seu canis intrepidus sequitur vestigia cervæ,
Te recolet memori pectore fidus amor.
Te sylvas inter discent memorare coloni,
Et cadet in cineres debita gutta tuos.
Delia amanda jaces, vitæ dum gratia restat,
Flendaque, dum Pietas ipsa dolere potest.

JOHN CECIL HALL. 1818.

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AD PAUPERTATEM.

O QUÆ minaci sceptra gerens manu
Terrore sævo corda virum domas,
O nota Paupertas severâ
Fronte, supercilioque torvo.
Quamvis neque ingens surgit honoribus
Templum superbis, nec tibi victima
Devota sacras tingit aras;
Si neque Parrhasius colore,
Scopasve saxo duxit imaginem,
Aut fabulosis Pontificum chori
Te thure votivo receptam
Ordinibus coluere Divom:
At omne regnum tu propriâ potens
Formâ frequentas, et populos tuum
Impellit in veros timores
Sceptrum; at Hyperborea sub Arcto
Videris, et qua Sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, aut jubare igneo
Exsiccat arentes arenas,
Et sterilem tenet Afer agrum.
Quis non catenas odit, et imperî
Durum recusat ferre jugum tui?
Captiva non luctatur æque
Cerva plagis caput expedire.
Te nauta solers indocilis pati

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Solvit carinas, et mare navigat
Tumultuosum, te perhorrens
Durus Iber fodit e cavernis
Terræ metalli pondera, et Æthiops
Malas viatori insidias struit.
Nil pauper intactum relinquit
Ut fugiat tua sæva vincla.
Sed qua remoto stratus in angulo,
Squallore fœdus languet humi miser,
Et fractus immani laborum
Duritia miseroque casu;
Audire fletus, et videor preces,
At rupibus tu surdior Icari
Nec temperas vultus rigorem,
Nec misero removes catenas,
Fameque morbique incutiens minas;
Geluque puri pectoris impetum
Constringis, instigasque versam
In scelerum genus omne mentem.
Quo me evagantem Musa procax rapis
Cursu? nefandis desine questibus
Sententiam culpare Divom;
Ac potius nemorosa Tempe
Spectemus, aut per gramina Mincium
Immurmurantem, aut impositi Alpibus
De monte contemplemur agrum
Fertilis Hesperiæ patentem.
Hic hospitali quod satis est manu
Dat læta tellus, hic levioribus
Somnis fatigatus labore
Pastor inops fruitur per herbam,
Quam qui sub ostro stratus, et aureis
Dat membra lectis. O quater et nimis

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Felix agrestis, si Deorum
Muneribus bene norit uti!
Illum neque ardor, nec populi levis
Fasces superbi sollicitant procul;
Non livor, horrendumque virus
Invidiæ, per opaca semper
Vitæ vagantem; sed pecudes juvat
Curare, et ulmos jungere vitibus,
Nec frigidi fontes, neque ingens
Lucus abest, aviumque cantus.
Quod si Deorum, Pauperies, tibi
Cohors agrestum serviat, et Pales,
Si Faunus, et Nymphæ sorores,
Si nemorum Dea te sequatur,
Tecum in remoto tum libeat loco
Parvo morari sub lare, dum mihi
Benigna mirantes Camænæ
Ante oculos Helicona pandat.

THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1818.

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CARAMANIA.

Præclaras Asiæ priscis annalibus urbes,
Quæque per illustres fastos loca tradidit ætas,
Exequor, et veterum spectacula grandia rerum :
Magnus ubi excelsum Taurus protendere culmen
Incipit, ingentique australes terminat oras
Mole tuens : ubi tot disjecta in margine fluctus
Oppidaque et portus ferit et monumenta virorum :
Tot varias Natura ostendit dædala formas,
Sublimes scopulos, atque umbriferas convalles,
Et patulis tectos silvarum frondibus amnes.
Illic Palladia quamvis non amplius arte
Aurati surgunt postes, spirantiaque æra,
Nec jam flava Ceres ignavis præsidet arvis :
Suave autem tristes inter lustrare ruinas,
Ultima quæ cedens virtus vestigia fecit :
Suave renascentes heroum iterare triumphos,
Et gestos pulchrâ pro libertate labores :
Nec non suave etiam tanto discrimine versas
Sæclorum spectare vices, animoque sub alto
Volventem humanos miserari discere casus.
  Primum per Lycios fines, uberrima quondam
Arva, feror, veteresque habitus cultusque locorum
Agnosco, extremâ recolens ab origine famam.
  Aspera telluris facies : tenet æquora longè
Immanis cautes, præruptisque ardua saxis.

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Protinus e summo tollens se gurgitis æstu
Stat Cragus, et densâ circumdat desuper umbrâ
Horrentes Triviæ viridi sub vertice lucos.
Tunc inter riguas latè currentia valles
Multivago Xanthus volvit sua flumina lapsu,
Saltusque et nemorum sacro lavit amne recessus.
Apparent propius Patarææ limina portæ,
Multis olim opibus, multâque insignia laude:
Quæ loca formosus mutans perhibetur Apollo
Ante suos coluisse hiberno tempore Delphos,
Aut Claron, aut Tenedon, maternaque littora Deli.
Hic, Deus O venerande, tuos pia sæcula ritus
Fanaque sacrarant; centum tibi thure Sabæo,
Fumabant aræ, et penetralia mystica vatum.
Hic si dilapsas digneris nunc quoque sedes,
Si veteres curare focos, votisque vocari;
Dexter ades, Thymbræe, tuæque haud immemor artis:
Et dubium per iter mecum, ambagesque viaï
Præsens ingredere, et primi lege littoris oram.
Est prope pendentis dumosa cacumina clivi
Sub terrâ fossum specus ingens; oraque circum
Horrendâ penitus formidine nigra dehiscunt.
Unde arcana movens fatorum, numine Phœbus
Lymphatam inflabat mentem, et divina sacerdos
Consultus responsa dabat. Stant mole vetustâ
Templa dei, vel humo latè traxere ruinam.
Namque illic tectas horrentibus undique dumis
Effigies fractas et vulgo strata videre
Marmora picta licet, pluviarum ævique rapacis

50. Captain Beaufort describes a deep circular pit of singular appearance, on the side of a hill within the walls of Patara, whence he thinks it probable that the oracular answers were given.

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Relliquias; aramque Dei jam contegit herba
Relligione loci multos venerata per annos.
Hic quondam æratis surgebant alta columnis
Atria, regalesque domus: hic rupe cavatâ
Sublimis situs, et moles operosa theatri,
Splendidaque antiquus proscenia ludus inibat.
Hic amplo laterum flexu curvatus in arcum
Portus erat, pontoque hinc illinc claustra frementi
Addita: nunc lapsum exuperans munimen aquæ vis
Evertitque fretis, atque aggere cinxit arenæ.
Murorum quoque compages tutamen in hostem;
Turritæque arces et tecta minantia cœlo,
Nunc summo sua vix fundamina pulvere signant.
Nulla aditus servat patulos custodia; nullus
Incola jam totâ desertos urbe Penates.
Ni qua forte dedit sordes congesta lacertis
Hospitium: ni qua veteris super imbrice tecti
Sola sedens, seros exercet noctua cantus.
Quinetiam tellus Lyciorum obducta veterno
Torpet tota gravi, populusque, et gloria rerum:
Nec non et campi virides, collesque supini
Littoreique sinus passim, et quæ sparsa per undas
Plurima Neptuni medio jacet insula fluctu,
Degenerata ferunt insignia laudis avitæ.
Nam gens illa vetus, dum res et regna manebant,
Egregiâ virtute et moribus inclyta fertur,
Nec belli studio, nec sumptis tarda pharetris.

55. "Within the walls," says Captain Beaufort, "temples, altars, pedestals, and fragments of sculpture appear in profusion, but ruined and mutilated."

65. The situation of the harbour is still apparent, but at present it is a swamp choked up with sand and bushes;—and all communication with the sea is cut off by a straight beach through which there is no opening.

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Flamma jugis procul in summis (mirabile visu)
Cernitur, ex modico quæ missa foramine terræ
Ardet nocte dieque; locum tamen aspera silva
Et frondens oleaster, et ilicis umbra coronat.
Votivo pecore atque epulis venerantur agrestes.
Montibus his perhibent anno vergente timendos
Audiri gemitus, veluti cùm fulmine misso,
Terra tremit, cœlumque gravi tonat omne fragore.
Hinc olim flammas eructans ore Chimæra
Scilicet, atque feræ species horrenda triformis,
Et quæ Graiorum finxerunt monstra poëtæ.
Haud procul hinc, Lelegum qua quondam incerta tenebant
Regna leves populi fixa et sine sede Penates;
Post Mausolei stabant monumenta sepulchri
Structa Asiæ gazis: non tali Ægyptia tellus,
Et quæ Pyramidum jactat miracula Memphis,
Extinctos reges sumptu decorasse feruntur.
Nec tamen aut opus, aut operis vestigia tanti
Certa manent; ipsumque locum jam barbara moles

92. A Yanar, or volcanic flame, is seen on the coast of Lycia, which is approached through a thickly wooded glen. In the inner corner of a ruined building, the wall is undermined so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven: from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall. Trees, brushwood, and weeds grow close round this little crater. From the neighbouring mountain of Taktalu, a mighty groan is said to be heard every autumn, louder than the report of any cannon.

95. Captain Beaufort supposes that the present fortress of Boodroom, the ancient Halicarnassus, occupies the place where the Mausoleum had been erected; and the numerous pieces of exquisite sculpture inserted in the walls of the castle, may perhaps add some weight to this conjecture: they represent funeral processions and combats between clothed and naked figures.

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Occupat. Apparent per muros quippe recentes
Arte laboratæ tabulæ, cœlataque passim
Saxa, et adhuc inter turpes insignia massas
Fragmenta antiquam testantia nobilitatem.
Haud aliter quam congeries ubi cruda metalli
Effoditur terris, facieque ostendit in aspra
Venas argenti, aut auro maculata coruscat.
En hic marmoreo mœrens in fragmine pompas
Ordine sollennes ducit regina per urbem,
Annuaque ad bustum persolvit vota mariti:
Hic juvenes vario exercent certamine ludos
Nudati, aut lectas mactant de more bidentes.
Castellum antiquum nec quondam ignobile bello
Erigitur juxta, clivosaque saxa coronat,
Infamis quorum erumpens radicibus imis
Salmacis obliquat cursum, decoratque virentes
Muscosis herbis et vivo cespite ripas.
Hic, vetus ut fama est, fessus si forte viator
Fonte sitim liquido explerit, vel languida membra
Merserit, extemplo robur speciemque virilem
Amisit, tactâque fuit mollitus in undâ.
Quin etiam, rapidus torret quum Sirius agros
Languentique cadit pecori jam gratior umbra,
Tum gelidas inter colludunt agmina lymphas

123. When the heat becomes oppressive in the summer months, the inhabitants of Caramania abandon the villages on the shore, and retire to the mountains, taking with them their baggage, furniture, women, children, and cattle. Captain Beaufort describes their habits at this season. "In fine weather the men live under the shade of a tree; to the branches are suspended their hammocks, and their little utensils; on the ground they spread carpets, upon which the day is chiefly spent in smoking; a mountain stream, near which they always choose this umbrageous abode, serves for their ablutions and their beverage; and the rich clusters of grapes which hang from every branch of the tree, invite them to the ready repast."

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Naiadum, et thalamos per molles otia suadent.
Tum quoque deserto linquens in littore sedes
Incola pauper agit secum tectumque Laremque
Irriguosque petit saltus. Ibi lentus in herbâ,
Muscus ubi, et tenuis decurrens montibus humor,
Sub dio carpit somnos, noctemque serenam
Arva per instrato requiescit læta cubili;
Luce jubar prohibent ramorum tegmina solis,
Pendentesque ultro victum fert uva racemos.
Jamque adeo videor festinans parva per altum
Vela dare, et studio visendi longius errans
Ambiguam hinc urgere viam. Juvat ire, remotosque
Explorare locos, et claras ordine gentes.
Terra procul sese bimaris protendit in æquor
Et medius sectam gemino laterum objice frangit
Isthmus aquam. Innumeris tenuerunt classibus olim
Sidetæ; portusque amplos, et mœnia circum,
Marmoreosque gradus, et clara theatra locarunt.
Sæpe in deserta latitans statione, rapaces
Dum latro insidias ratibus molitur onustis,
Hic cæcum hospitium reperit, cymbâque refectâ
Prædam, et mœsta parat per latos funera fluctus.
Protinus inflexum multo sinuamine littus
Porrigitur, versasque urbes et tristia regna
Ostendit longè, aut structis in margine summo
Passim crebra notat functorum tecta sepulchris.
Jam summa apparet surgens Coracesium ab undâ
Sydrææque arces; jam cautibus ardua celsis
Magnificâ attollit se majestate Selinus
Ostentans titulos monumentaque ditia regum.
Hinc in conspectu Cilicum jacet undique tellus

155. The evening was clear, and this spot afforded a beautiful prospect; we could trace the coast that had been already explored to an immense

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Urbesque, et toto numerantur littore portus.
Hinc etiam ante oculos longe Cythereia Cyprus
Cernitur exoriens, faciemque simillima peltæ,
Aut qualis placido suspendens marmore nidos
Alcyone Thetidis summæ levis innatat undæ.
Quid referam insignem tortis Sarpedona saxis,
Quoque modo bibulam assiduè Calycadnus arenam
Deducens, sólido frænaverit aggere pontum?
Quid croceos fœtus, et quæ vernantia semper
Corycii montis penitus virgulta sub antro
Frondent, æstivo nunquam tepefacta calore:
Quid furtim occultos rapientia flumina cursus
Expediam, segnesque moras per dædala rerum
Moliar? Ecce procul Pompeia mœnia surgunt,
Marmoreæque nitent arces, et porticus ingens
Bis centum apparet celsis innixa columnis.
Tu quoque clara virum genitrix, celeberrima Tarsus,
Haud fueris merito nostris indicta Camœnis.
Hanc superasse olim vix artibus Hellada doctis
Cecropiosque ferunt hortos: hinc Paule, trahentem
Prima rudimenta, et primi te luminis auras
Egregius pietatis amor, divinaque jussit
Relligio per tot, per tantos ire labores,
Et pontum et totas Asiæ percurrere terras.
Quod superest, ubi lapsa fluit prope mœnia Cydnus,
Montanasque nives gelido sub vortice torquet,
Insolitas olim senserunt flumina pompas.
Nam fortunati tum linquens arva Canopi,

distance; the plain, with its winding rivers and ruins, was spread out like a map at our feet. We had also a distinct view of the island of Cyprus, rising from the southern horizon, though more than sixty-five geographical miles distant.

165. *Vide* Strabo, lib. xiv.

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Magnifico fastu Cydni Cleopatra petebat
Ostia, solvebatque alto super amne carinam.
Aurea puppis erat, nitor aureus antennarum:
Altaque odorato fluitabant carbasa vento;
Ecce! tapes rutilans regalem accedere pinum
Indicat, inque modos pulsantes æquora remi.
Ipsa toro incumbens picto, Venerisque marinæ
Instar, stipari Nymphis regina videtur
Nereidumque choris. Mirati in margine cives
Conclamant: resonat tanti procul aura triumphi
Conscia, et innumero geminati ex agmine plausus
Per longas toto referuntur flumine ripas.
At non fœmineos cultus, neque mollia tantum
Luxuriæ refert sectari munera versu.
Hæc etiam Martis stridentia classica tellus
Audiit, et sævas acies aspexit, et arma,
Magnanimosque duces; et læto in rure coloni
Horrentes ferro passim stupuere catervas.
Hæc in longinquas laturum prœlia gentes
Pellæum regem, Cyreiaque agmina vidit.
Bisque cruentatos immensâ cæde virorum
Extentos Issi late pinguescere campos,
Bisque in discrimen rerum moderamina mitti.
Quantos, heu, gemitus illic miserabilis egit
Persarum princeps! vel quæ tum visa per agros
Funera! ab Europâ venit quo tempore vibrans
Magnus Alexander funesti fulmina belli,
Raptaque constituit superato ex hoste tropæa.
Illic civilis quoque vis certamine diro
Impulit inter se pugnas miscere Quirites,
Terrarum dominos et dantes jura per orbem.
Ergo tantarum famâ Caramania rerum
Inclyta, rite suos quondam jactavit honores.

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Scilicet et tempus veniet, ni fata resistant,
Has etiam quum prisca accendet adorea terras,
Fortiaque annales decorabunt facta futuros:
Scilicet hic olim auspiciis melioribus ætas
Exorietur, et in cultum virtutis avitæ
Concita, decutiet generoso vincula collo.
Alter ferratos ibit tum Glaucus in hostes,
Tum Danaos iterum Sarpedonis arma refringent.
Sin dulci fallax illudat imagine rapto
Musa, neque Indigetes patria de sede fugati
Amplius everso curent succurrere sæclo;
Tum vero saltem titulos meminisse priores,
Et decus, ac clarâ functos virtute juvabit
Heroas canere, et notis quæ condita fastis
Tempora jamdudum inclusit veneranda vetustas.
Saltem præteritas illorum fama locorum
Immortalis agens æterna in sæcula laudes,
Supremâ semper cum posteritate vigebit.

JOSEPH WILLIAM ALLAN. 1819.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."—Act II. Scene 2.

TITANIA.

Ἐξ οὗ μεσοῦντος ἦκεν ἡ θέρους ἀκμὴ,
οὔτ' ἐν νάπαισιν, οὔτε λειμώνων γύαις,
οὔτ' ὄρεσιν, οὐ βήσσαισιν, οὐδὲ πρός τινι
κρήνῃ, βαθυσχοίνου τε νάματος ῥοαῖς,
οὔτ' οὖν ἑκήλοις ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι
παρῆν ἀγείρεσθαί ποθ', ὡς λιγυστόμοις
πνοαῖς κύκλους ἂν ἀρτισαίμεθ'· ἀλλ' ἀεὶ
κακορρόθων σὺ χορὸν ἐνώχλησας βοαῖς.
ἀνθ' ὧν τοσοῦτον ἄνεμος αὐλήσας μάτην,
ὡς ἂν δι' ὀργῆς, λοιμίκ' ἐκ πόντου νέφη
ἀπερρόφηκεν· ἀ'πὶ γῆς πεσόντα δὴ
οὕτως ἅπαν τι σμικρὸν ἐξώγκωκ' ἄγαν
ῥευμάτιον, ὄχθας ὥσθ' ὑπερβεβηκέναι.
ἄλλως μὲν οὖν ἄροτρον εἵρυσαν βόες,
ἄλλως δὲ μοχθῶν ἀγρότης ἵδρωσ' ἀνήρ·
κριθὴ δὲ χλωρίζουσα, πρὶν ἀθέρος τυχεῖν,
ἄπωγον ὥσπερ παιδίον, διεφθάρη.
ὕδατι δὲ πεδίου παντὸς ἐπικεκλυσμένου
σηκὸς κενοῦται, ποίμνιον δ' ἐφθαρμένον
παρέχει κόραξι δαῖθ'· ὅπου δ' ἀγὼν τὸ πρὶν,
εὕτρητον οὖδος βορβόρῳ καλύπτεται·
κἀν ταῖς ἀλωαῖς κάμψιν αἰόλην στίβων,
ἄστειπτον οὖσαν, οὐκ ἔτι γνῶναι πάρα.

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κρύους δὲ θνητῶν ἐνθάδ' ἑστερημένων,
οὐ νύξ ποθ' ὕμνων εὐλογουμένη κλύει.
ἀνθ' ὧν χολωθεῖσ', ἡ κρατοῦσα ῥευμάτων,
οἶμον σελήνη πᾶσαν αἰθέρος βρέχει,
φέρουσ' ἐπ' ἄρθρα πλῆθος ἀλγεινῶν νόσων.
καὶ μὴν παρούσης τῆσδ' ἀκαιρίας ὕπο
στοῖχον μεταλλαχθέντα τῶν ὡρῶν βλέπεις·
πολυῤῥόδου μὲν οὖν νεάζοντος χρόνου,
πολιαῖς πάχναισι φύλλ' ἐρυθρὰ πήγνυται·
χειμὼν δὲ, πρέσβυς ὡς, ἐν ἐμπαιγμοῦ μέρει,
γένυν τε κορυφήν τ' ἀμφὶ κρυσταλλουμένην,
ἀρωματῶδες στέμμ' ἔχει ξὺν ἀνθινοῖς
πεπλεγμένον βλαστοῖσιν. ἦρ τε καὶ θέρος
γόνιμός τ' ὀπώρα χεῖμά τ' ἄγριον τρόπους
μεταστρέφει δὴ πάντα τοὺς εἰωθότας·
ὥστ' ἐκπλαγεῖσι μηδὲν ἀνθρώποις τέκμαρ
πάρεστ' ἐκείνων ξυνταραχθέντων τὰ νῦν.
καὶ δὴ τοσαύτης πημάτων τρικυμίας
νῷν ἐστὶ νεῖκος, νῷν ἔρισμ' ἐπαίτιον·
νῷ ταῦτ' ἐγεινάμεσθα, κἀνεθρέψαμεν.

JOSEPH WILLIAM ALLAN. 1819.

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LOO-CHOO.

(*See Capt. B. Hall's Account of the Island.*)

Non semper placuit gentes iterare feroces,
Non semper celebrare duces, et bella per orbem
Gesta diu, versasque acies, Martisque labores;
Olim grata quies, atque aurea munera vitæ,
Et tellus semota procul furialibus armis
Cantanti arridet Musæ; sic inclytus arcum
Depositâ mutare lyrâ perhibetur Apollo.
Partibus Eois felix jacet insula, famæ
Nota parum, neque adhuc sacris memorata Camœnis,
Quamvis non aliâ agricolæ tellure videtur
Tantus honos, tanta aut facundi gloria campi.
Dum procul horribilem exercet discordia cædem,
Atque inimica parat miseris mortalibus arma;
Sanguine dum spumant segetes, et prata colonus
Tectaque respiciens regnis excedit avitis;
Hic homines sævo ignari deperdere ferro
Otia agunt, nullis unquam vexata querelis,
Nec tuba raucisono ad bellum movet agmina cantu.
Hæc loca non duræ premit inclementia brumæ,
Nec nimia ardescens radiis ferventibus æstas;
At morbi tristes absunt, atque horrida, febres,
Agmina, nec miseros Auster depascitur artus:
Tam procul hinc macies, et pallida mortis imago,
Tam dolor humanæque ægra infortunia vitæ;
Ut credas iterum in terris Saturnia regna

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Surgere, et ex auro rursùs revirescere sæclum.
Nequicquam croceos Tmolus devolvit odores,
Gargara mirantur messes, sua thura Sabæi:
Hic proprio quodam naturæ munere surgit,
Quicquid quæque suum regio sibi vindicet una;
Hic variæ fruges non ulla lege videntur
Crescere, et æternum mirari Copia regnum.
Finibus his nuper, (famæ si credere dignum est)
Agrestem vixisse ferunt; cui barba per annos
Plurima jam longos cecidit, variæque verendam
Impressere cutem rugæ, tristisque senectus.
Ille casâ angustâ princeps degebat, et almo
Decedente die, ad magalia sera revertens,
Prædives, cœnabat inops: illi Indica farra,
Et curare fuit milium, vel cædere ramos
Ingenti, a pinu, vel olentia carpere poma.
Fortunate senex! semper tua poma virescent,
Purpureæ semper messes, robustaque farra,
Nec devastabit patrias has miles aristas.
Fortunate senex! hìc certo tempore menses
Deponent fœtus, nec non, tua cura, palumbes
Aeriæ placido suadebunt murmure somnum.
Ergò hìc seu raris cui sparsa mapalia tectis
Surgunt, ruricolamque dedit Parca aurea vitam,
Seu modicis habitat civis sub legibus urbes,
Felicem rapit hora diem; sol pulcrior ardet,
Et damna occultæ reparant cœlestia lunæ.
Non ulli exercent hìc regna infida tyranni,
Non luxus malesanus adest, aut improba Siren
Desidia; at juvenum mollis violentia robur
Instruit, et pecudes nutrit, Cerealiaque arva,
Aut piscator adit rivos, aut flumina lembo
Explorat, justumque æquor, quà tempore nullo

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Cessant squamigeræ distendere retia gentes.
Hîc tellus Medorum, et fertilis Africa ridet,
Hîc dulces rami, densæque in montibus umbræ,
At rabidæ nusquam tigres, et sæva luporum
Agmina, nec pedibus pernicibus urget arenam
Iratusque leo, et fulvâ cervice leæna.
Ergò impunè vagæ, nullo custode, per agros
Gramine lætantur pecudes, dumetaque tondent.
Præsertim, cùm tempestas arridet, et anni
Pars prima invitat, Zephyrique tepentibus auris,
Undique collecti indigenæ per prata vagantur
Scilicet, et spissâ dapibus potiuntur in herbâ;
Agmine tum facto, inter se festiva coronant,
Grandævique patres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Atque incompositos dant molli in cespite motus.
Ore tubi fumum eliciunt, gratosque liquores
Delibant alii, et fœcundæ munera terræ.
Nec desunt tuti portus, et claustra carinis,
Fluminaque umbrosas præterlabentia ripas;
Hic ducas tenerâ dulces ab arundine succos;
Sæpius et ramo pomum et flos lætus eodem
Consociant regnum. Irruptam tenet aura quietem,
Ni quà lætæ iterant cantus per rura volucres,
Ni quà languentes levis erigit imber aristas,
Grataque flabra beant, glaucoque a marmore surgens
Millia fert Zephyrus dispansis gaudia pennis.
Salve! magna parens frugum, ditissima tellus!
Insula, præclaro Elysii vel digna virentis
Nomine, vel quarum Graii meminere poetæ,
Sedibus haud impar, fruitur queis turba piorum!
Hic neque bacchantur venti, neque flamina mœstis
Imbribus, at soles, semperque innubilus aer
Panditur, et largè diffuso lumine ridet.

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At vix præteriit tempus, quo missa per æquor
Velivolum excessit navis de gente Britannâ,
Quæsivitque alio terras sub sole jacentes.
Illa frequens variis jamdudum agitata procellis,
Multa mari subiit, luctantibus æquore ventis,
Multa adeò nautæ passi, dum salsa tenebant;
Tædia quos morbi, quos undæ exercuit ira,
Et duræ duris habitatæ gentibus oræ:
Quid referam immanes fluctus clamore volutos,
Et caligantem dira formidine pontum?
Quid memorem Syrtes, brevibusque coralla sub undis,
Insidiasque maris, vel qua tenet Insula marmor,
Asperaque ostendit pallentes sulphure campos,
Et longè extentas per ferrea littora rupes?
Jamque dies aderat, posito cum fine laborum
Optatam læti terram tetigere Britanni.
Continuo cunctos subit admiratio rerum,
Hospitium ut pandi fessis, dextramque fidemque
Cognovere virum, nec non mollissima corda:
Ut Cererem, lectumque pecus, generosaque vina,
Videre assiduo deferri munera sumtu.
Præterea, si quos sævæ violentia febris
Vexavit tacita depascens corpora flamma,
Ultro oblata levat miseros medicina dolores.
Tum, credo, immani qui fractus membra labore,
Ingemuit victusque animi, qui nocte silenti
Demergi audivit socios comitesque viarum
Æquore, nec jam aliud potuit sperare sepulchrum,
Ille inter gelida extremæ suspiria mortis
Vix tollit duro languentia lumina lecto,
Ad lenes si quando dapes, ad pocula quando
Hospitis arrexit vox leni audita susurro.

103. Sulphur Island. 116. *Vide* Thomson's Summer, 1045.

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Ecce! autem affulsit cum spes accensa salutis,
Et venit reserata dies, quam sæpe, coloni,
Vos renovata beat lingua, et lacrymantia cordis
Gaudia, et ad cœlum profusa è pectore vota.
At tu præcipue, cui nescia fallere vita,
Grataque simplicitas fuit, et mitissima virtus,
Cui pietas et prisca fides per sæcula nullum
Invenient ventura parem, tu gloria gentis,
Tu Marcellus eris; tua nec sanctissima quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.
Te memores recolent Britones, tua barbara nautæ
Nomina servabunt, atque ultima verba querentis,
Dum discessuram mœres in littore navem.
" Ergone cum terris primo surrexerit ortu
Crastina lux, læti vos hinc dare vela paratis
Angligenæ, et nostro certum est decedere portu?
At quam triste mihi veniet jubar illud, ut errans
Nequicquam in solâ mecum spatiabor arenâ.
Ah! quoties vestræ quem vela abeuntia navis
Signabunt cœli tractum, mea lumina in illum
Intendam tacitus; tum si quos inde videbo
Majori in littus volvi cum murmure fluctus,
Ipse salutabo, et demens responsa requiram,
An patria Angliaci remearint littora nautæ.
Forsan et, illius cum scandens culmina montis
Carbasa prospiciam ventis distantia pandi,
Vos iterum amplexus nostros atque hospita regna
Quærere, et hæc ultro delabi ad marmora dicam
Credulus, et studio procurram in littus inani.
At tu dona cape hæc nostra, et cum tempore certo
Luna oriens plenos terris ostenderit orbes,
Tum forsàn memori tibi nostra incedat imago,

128. Maddera.

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Atque tuis illum dicas, quem barbara tellus
Nutriit, at ritus non dedignata fidei.
I memor, i terræ, quæ vos amplexa quieto est
Læta sinu; memores nostri, mihi crede, tuorum
Dilectas voces et nomina mente tenebunt.
Sic, te felicem, vadas quocunque, per altum
Impellant faciles auræ, tibi concidat unda,
Tranquillumque paret cursum; ventique secundent,
Dum tempestates et flamina carmine mulcens,
Incubat halcyone placidis in marmore pennis."

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE."—Act IV. Scene 1.

PORTIA.

'Αλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔλεος ἔρχεται φρενῶν βίᾳ,
"Ομβρου δ' ὅμοιος πρευμενοῦς σταλάγμασιν
'Εκὼν ἐκούσῃ καρδίᾳ προσίπταται·
Δὶς ὄλβιος μὲν αὐτὸς, ὄλβιοι δ' ὁμοῦ·
Ταύτην ὁ δούς τε, χὠ λαβὼν τὴν δωρεάν·
Κάρτιστος οὖν ἐν τοῖσι καρτίστοις ἔφυ,
Αὐτῷ τ' ἄνακτι κόσμος εὐπρεπέστατος
'Επέχευε κρείσσω τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν·
Καὶ γὰρ τύραννα σκῆπτρ', ὑπέρκοπον γέρας,
'Αρχὴν βρότειον, κοιράνων φόβον, τρέφει·
Οὗτος δ', ὕπερθε τῆς πολυζήλου χλιδῆς,
'Εν ταῖς τυράννων καρδίαις ἔχει θρόνον
Αὐτοῦ μεγίστου γέρας ὑπέρτατον θεοῦ·
Θεῖον γάρ ἐστι καὶ κράτος βροτῶν, ὅταν
"Ελεος δικαίων προστατῇ βουλευμάτων.

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

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PINDAR.

PYTHIAN ODE XII.

O TU beatis dives honoribus
Suprema et urbes inter amabiles!
  Quam furva Plutonis marita
    Ante alias coluisse fertur;
Regno relicto visere gestiens
Præclara priscis mœnia turribus,
  Camposque nativosque colles,
    Et Siculas Agragantis oras;
Quà mille ripis gramineis oves
Errare gaudent: accipe Pythiam,
  Regina, victoris perito
    Impositam capiti coronam.
Ipsumque lætis auspiciis Midan
Et cum tuorum laudibus excipe,
  Qui nuper Hellenas canendi
    Egregia superavit arte;
Quam læta pugnis, ut perhibent, Dea,
Minerva quondam provida repperit,
  Et flebili cantu sororum
    Gorgoneos imitata planctus.
Quando draconum terribili sono
Fudere tristes carmina virgines,
  Fatale plorantes Medusæ
    Exitium, validumque Persen:
Ille et sorores anguicomas metu
Prostravit, illum et letiferum sibi,
  Regumque conspexit suorum
    Cæde trucem Seriphos marina:

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Phorcique proles corruit inclyta:
Tum victor acrem raptus in impetum
  Infausta turbavit tyranni
    Pocula, conjugioque matrem
Solvit coacto; tempore quo caput
Lethale monstrans armiger adstitit
  Quem fama fert auro latentem
    Deciduo genuisse Divum.
Sed cum Medusam vicerat integer
Perseus Minervæ præsidio ferox,
  Tum Diva finxit tibiarum
    Triste melos referens rapaci
Ex ore fusos Euryales modos:
Hinc alma munus gentibus addidit
  Cœleste concentus sonorum
    Multiplices strepitumque dulcem:
Hinc appetentes laudis in arduos
Acris labores tibia concitat,
  Per æra dum spirat canorum
    Juncta melos calamosque, quales
Cephissi amantes flumina, quem locum
Læto tuentur lumine Gratiæ,
  Testantur in pratis choreas
    Urbe sacros celebrante ludos.
Laboris expers nil homini dedit
Deus beato; serius, ocius
  Certamen inceptum secundat,
    Et meritam tribuit coronam.
Vitanda nulli fata; sed irrita
Spes sæpe vitæ fallitur aurea,
  Et surgit insperata quondam
    Lux mediis oriens tenebris.

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

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CORIOLANUS.

Usque avidum vindictæ odium mistique tumultus
Impune audebunt diro increbrescere motu,
Et rapere oblatæ ridentia munera pacis?
Effera plebs, meriti virtute et fortibus armis,
Ibit dejectum decoris monimenta vetusti?
At cohibe audaces animos, tutela Deorum;
Tolle iras: neque enim patriis excedet inultus
Sedibus, externisque errabit Marcius agris.
Tuque adeo, complexa orbem, cœlo auspice, victum,
Altum iter ingressos aquilæ tenuare triumphos,
Roma, fuge: impatiens inhonesti nominis, ausis
Obnixa infandis propera lenire furores,
Nec gremii hospitiis ingratior ejice natum.
Non ita: nec rerum columen jam respicis agmen
Heroum, illustresque animos bellique potentes:
Atqui illud teneris spes plurima foverat annis,
Fracturum oppositas victrici ardore catervas.
Demens! quippe illum jussisti excedere regnis,
Quem revocare voles. Domitæ miserabere gentis:
Ausoniæ humescent effuso sanguine campi,
Molibus et stragis Tiberina fluenta quiescent
Obstructa injectis; flebunt castella Lavini,
Fœdaque barbarico Trebiæ vicinia gressu.
  Vespere tranquillo sensim per aperta natantes
Mille trahi formis cœli mirabere nubes:

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Qualis et ipsa Iris tractu spatiata corusco
Erubuit, pictumque arcu suffudit amictum:
Sic vitæ ostentat variatos scena colores.
Ducere non dabitur curarum oblivia: mortis
Improvisa dies placidâ sub imagine ludit.
Nunc hos, nunc illos fortuna alterna revisit,
Et fluit et refluit ventis exercitus amnis.
Fronde triumphali vinctus meritâque coronâ
Victor ab hoste redit, spoliisque incedit onustus.
Stipat turba frequens: vires, si mœnia possit
Scandere, certatim ingeminat visura juventus:
Concava dum plausu cœlorum offensa reclamant.
Ecce autem invidiæ stimulis mutabile vulgus
Sævit, et e solido fatis excussus iniquis
Idem aliis errans vestigia ponit arenis.
Heu male! Romano populari creditur auræ.
  Ergo cognati nemora inter conscia luctûs
Extimulat Romæ infensos discordia cives.
Ergo te, Marci, furor intestinus ab aris
Expulit ejectum patriis, et debita natis,
Debita nequicquam, vetuit dare pignora amoris.
Ipsa adeo tua fida uxor colloque pependit
Et cassas queritur spes infaustosque Hymenæos,
Non audituros frustra testata Penates.
Nullus honor votis: gestarum gloria rerum
Occidit, et meritum mersêre oblivia nomen.
Longe alios quondam corda exultantia motus
Senserunt, quum vincta sacrâ tua tempora lauro
Serta coronabant, Capitoliaque alta petebas.
Tum tibi festa dies. Jaculatus fulmina belli,
Mœnibus egressos tuus ensis reppulit hostes:
Inde, patens qua porta dedit, diro impete cædis
Molirique viam, et miscere incendia tectis—

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Dein te cernere erat totâ dominarier urbe.
Nec requies: neque enim spolia oblatæque rapinæ
Mentem flexit amor: quatiebat anhelitus artus;
Sudore immixtus manabat corpore sanguis;
Et vindex specieque ferox, in bella ruentes
Parte aliâ parvo fregisti milite Volscos.
Felix tu, Marci, felix, si prælia tantum
Extera movisses, qualem te Sequana vidit
Sanguineo exsuperans ripæ fastigia fluctu.
Itur in exilium: victi circum undique Patres
Agmina mœsta trahunt: oculos pudor urget inertes,
Pallidaque ora ferunt tacito signata dolore.
Has inter lacrymas unum vehementior ira
Solvier in questus prohibet, nam corde sub alto
Vindictæ exercet sitis irrequieta furores,
Mox cladem motura gravem. Sic æstuat ignis
Exitio fœtus clausis fornacibus Ætnæ,
Qui tandem erumpet, liquefactaque viscera montis
Sursum eructando volvet super arva ruinam.
Vivida vis animi incessu divinitus ardet,
Et præsens firmat virtus: sedet ore verenda
Majestas, fremitus vulgi aspernata sequentis.
Dimovet obstantes socios: circum oscula proles
Fusa, magis magis extremis amplexibus hæret,
Dum præsaga mali trepidant suspiria matris.
E portâ egressus morientia murmura cœlo
Aure bibit, restatque simul: memor omnia versat,
Atque recedentis videt incunabula terræ.
At vidisse pudet: stimulis furialibus actus,
Impius indicit patriæ lacrymabile bellum:
Ipse canit signum, coëuntque in prælia Volsci.
En insurgit hyems glomerata Australibus oris,
Et spissos ruit horrores; extraque tumescunt

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Littora nota amnes funesta in bella voluti,
Silvifragisque Austri flabris tremit excita pinus.
Nox loca veste tegit furvâ, nî quà seges æris
Splendescat, lucemque arma albescentia jactent.
Tempore non alio spargens sol mœstior ignes
Insolitum erubuit, monuitque instare ruinam.
Tempore non alio visæ concurrere turmæ
Armisonæ, et cœlo minitantia fulgura pasci:
Arctius et rapuit puerum ad præcordia mater.
Ultor adest! galeam videas nutare comantem,
Ferratosque duces latis ardescere campis.
Conjurata cohors Volscorum accendere Martem
Gestit, et exsecrans miseræ infortunia vitæ
Gens operum patiens defixa relinquit aratra,
Et sumptis jaculis irasci in prælia discit;
Dum recolit campum amissum, dum florea rura,
Lætitiasque loci, caræque umbracula sylvæ.
Ergo etiam agricolæ non ullo exercita cultu,
Nondum induta comas, Cerealia munera marcent.
Terra ignava jacet; desertum extenditur æquor,
Atque solo fumat domus exæquata coloni.
Jam propius propius magno immiscerier æstu
Undantes populi, fremitusque ad bella vocantum.
Voce alacri tollit sacrum Pæana juventus,
Et cantu reboat montis nemus Appennini.
Accipis et tu, Roma, sonos? cur agmina cessant,
Agmina lecta virûm totiesque potita triumpho,
Fervere, et hostiles ultro compescere motus?
Surge age, et instantes, solitum tibi, rumpe catenas.
Quidve moraris iners? nunc tempus poscere currum,
Nunc conferre manus. Sedesne exosa reliquit
Libertas? neque enim sequitur, quà gloria monstrat,
Desidiisque oppressa timet Romana propago

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Exspectare acies, et aperto credere campo.
Sanguis hebet: torpent contracto in corpore vires:
Exagitat miseranda fames, ægrosque per artus
Ardorem exsiccant inopi jejunia victu,
Frigidaque in pugnam ponit manus irrita ferrum.
Interea ingratis Vestæ penetralia votis
Nequicquam sonuêre: tremunt genua ipsa precanti,
Mœniaque illudunt turritâ mole querelas.
Obsidione tenent urbem, invaduntque coronis,
Et vasto exsurgit, fabricata in mœnia, dorso
Vinea; quassatæ resonant crebro ariete turres.
At subito exarsit per propugnacula clamor,
Marcius obsessis ut sese ostenderit: exspes
Roma videt, visuque exterrita fugit in arcem.
Olli torva tuens oculus, præsentiaque iris
Emicat ignescens; violatæ injuria famæ
Urget; et huc illuc raptim se turbidus infert,
Signa Jovis Capitolini devellere fanis
Sperans, sacrâratque manum, et nudaverat ensem.
Jamque ibant (ea sola salus) longo ordine matres
Quæsitum optatam, dederint modo numina, pacem.
Pectora tunsa sonant palmis, dejectaque colla:
Crebra rigat passos lacryma interfusa capillos.
Totum funereis nigrescit vestibus agmen,
Næniaque auditur muliebri concita questu.
Mœstitiâ insignis per castra inimica, per arma
Ducit iter conjux geminaque Veturia prole.
Utque suum agnovit media inter corpora natum,
Procumbitque genu posito, indulgetque querelis
Suppliciter tristis, moveat si pectora, mater.
" Si taceam, mœsta hæc vestis fusique capilli,
Qui tantus laniguentem animum depascitur angor,
Ostendent satis. Ah miseri! queis irrita vota,

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Nec sperare datur fractis solatia rebus.
Pacem te petimus: terrâ sparsa ossa recenti
Funeraque ante diem multâ grassantia cæde
Vidimus: has fletu satis est novisse ruinas.
Ast ego quid referam?—neque enim facundia linguæ
Illaque canities capitis non digna ferentis
Aversum movêre animum. Me plurima jussit
Per somnum apparens umbra exturbata parentum
Exire e tectis in castra ardentia ferro,
Si mater possim nati exsuperare furores.
Væ mihi! solabar falsa inter gaudia curas,
Quando omni studio cunabula amata fovebam.
Tune inopem, immitis! potuisti linquere matrem,
Tu vitæ spes sola? ergo labor ille parentis
Effusus, tristemque traham sine honore senectam.
Nec mihi natus erit, quum mors induxerit umbras,
Frigida qui placido componat membra sepulcro.
Has per te lacrymas oro, per jura parentis,
Respice res lapsas patriæ, atque hanc exue mentem,
Sæclaque compositæ carpant læta otia pacis.
Sic tibi sancta fides, memorum sic corda nepotum
Persolvent meritos ævi venerantis honores.
Sin autem obtusas immobilis obstruis aures,
Si tibi pulsus amor nostri, nec cura precantis,
I, pete regna hostis, cape tela, incendia misce,
Et rabiem saturent disjecta palatia Romæ.
Ipsa operi accingor; mihi tu jam funeris auctor,
Ante tuam matrem aspicies abrumpere vitam,
Quâm patrios inter cineres spatiabere victor."
Hôc fletu infractæ vires: dolor acrior ardet:
Voceque maternâ pariter lacrymisque movetur
Marcius, et rabidas jamdudum avertitur iras.
Cedere jam certus, quæ cura exæstuat intus,

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Dissimulare nequit: terræ natalis imago
Pulchrior exoritur, notâque in sede reponit
Mitescentem animum: formæ nascuntur amatæ,
Et dilecta domus sopitos excitat ignes.
Deficit, et mediis vox illi faucibus hæret
Multa reluctanti, lacrymarumque imbribus ora
Humescunt largis: gemitu dehinc talia reddit:
" Cedo equidem, mater, cedo: quæ dura petîsti,
Exsequar." Hæc tantum effatur, labefactaque amore
Corda iterum languent. Fatalis nescius horæ
Spe meliora fovet, dulcique errore tenetur.
Inde reclinatus materno in pectore colla,
Accipit et reddit duri solamina casûs.
Castra movent Volsci: et Romæ fortuna renatæ
Fœmineis precibus victo dominatur in orbe.
Ast ibi qui fremitus? quæ tanta insania Volscos
Occupat? heu quianam stricti fragor horridus ensis
Ingruit, et cæde infectas bacchata per ædes
Rupta Fides stragem ferrique incendia miscet?
Hospitii eversas temerato numine leges
Conqueror, ut Marcî laceros crudeliter artus
Aspicio, ruptumque inhonesto vulnere pectus.
Parce oculis: toto trepidat mens corpore: victi
Franguntur sensus: quippe olli vivida virtus,
Labe carens animus, nî cæcis excitus iris
In patriam armatæ torsisset fulmina dextræ.

WILLIAM PENRICE BORRETT. 1821.

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VIRGIL.

Æn. XI. 343.

Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτα, ἄναξ, κατὰ κόσμον, ἅτ' εἴδομεν αὐτοὶ,
Φράζεαι, οὐδὲ τὰ νῦν βουλῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἡμέων.
Γνωτὸν γὰρ πάντεσσιν, ὅπως τάδ' ἀμείνονά κ' εἴη,
'Αλλ' ἐρέειν ὀκνοῦσ', αὖτως δ' ἔζονται ἕκηλοι.
Τοῦ δ' ὑπερηφανίη πικροῦ ἐξῆρχεν Ἄρηος,
Οὗτος ἐπιτρεπέτω εἰπεῖν, τοῦ εἵνεκ' ὀρῶμεν
(Οὐδ' ἐμέ γ' οὖν ἐπέων παύσει θανάτοιο φόβος τις,
Εἴπερ ἀπειλήσῃσι κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος ἀνὴρ,)
Τόσσους ἥρωας πεδίῳ σὺν ὄχεσφι πεσόντας
Θρηνοῦσάν τε πόλιν· τόφρ' αὐτὸς ποσσὶ πεποιθὼς
Τρώων πειρᾶται, νῦν δ' ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.
'Αλλ' ἐπὶ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἃ πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ κελεύεις,
Φίλτατ' ἄναξ, λαὸν δόμεναι Τρώεσσι φορῆναι,
Ἕν γ' ἐπίθες δῶρον, μετὰ δ' ἔστω καὶ πάϊς αὐτή·
Μὴ οὗτος ῥίπτῃσι μένος θυμοῖο βιαίου,
'Αλλὰ σὺ ὥστε πατὴρ, γαμβρῷ ἐρικυδέϊ παῖδα
Δὸς πρόφρων, δαῖσόν τε γάμους, ὡς ἄξιον ἔσται,
Ὅφρ' ὦδ' ὅρκια πιστὰ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάμωμεν.
Εἰ δὲ τόσον δέος ἐν στήθεσσιν ἱκάνει ἕκαστον,
Καὶ δὴ τόνδ' ἀγανοῖσι παρατρωπῶμεν ἔπεσσι
Λισσόμενοι βασιλῆ αἰδεῖσθαι πατρίδι τ' εἴκειν.
Τίπτε σὺ, οὕνεκ' ὄρωρε κακὰ στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο,
Τοσσάκι κινδύνονδ' ἁλίαστον ἴμεν πολίτας
Ὀτρύνεις δειλούς; πόλεμος δ' ὀλοώτατός ἐστιν.
Τοῦρνε, σὲ δ' αἰτοῦμεν πάντες κούρην ἀποδοῦναι,
Τῆς ἄτερ ἄκρητοι σπονδαὶ, φιλότης τ' ἀτέλεστος.

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Πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἥκω γουνούμενος, (εὖ δέ σε οἶδα,
Ὡς στυγέεις μ', οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,
Σοὺς δὲ φίλους ἐλέαιρε, μετάλληξόν τε χόλοιο,
Ἄψ δ' ἀναχώρησον νικηθείς· ἦ ῥα δαμέντες
Ὤλεσαμεν ἄλις ἄνδρας, ἐρήμωθεν δὲ καὶ ἀγροί.
Ἢ εἰ τέτληκας θυμῷ, εἰ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
Εἴ σοι ὀπυιέμεναι δώσειν βασιλῆα θύγατρα
Ἔλπεαι, ἐμμεμαὼς τόλμα πρόμος ἔμμεναι ἐχθροῖς.
Ἢ μάλα χρεὼ, ἵν' ἔχῃ νύμφην βασιληΐδα Τυῦρνος,
Ἐν κονίῃ πεσέεσθαι ἀδακρύτους καὶ ἀθάπτους
Ἡμέας, οὐτιδανοὺς ψυχάς· ἀλλ' εἴ τί τοι ἦτορ,
Εἴ τι μένος πατρῷον, ὅ σε προκαλέσσατο χάρμῃ,
Τοῦδε, κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν, μὴ τάρβει στήμεναι ἄντα.

WILLIAM PENRICE BORRETT. 1821.

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MORS.

Audire suave est, ut fidium arbiter
Ictu canoro sollicitat lyram,
Et mente curis expeditâ
Threïciam moderatur artem
Eheu! sepulcrorum immemor et rogi;
Ut excitatâ fervet imagine,
Qui destinatam nil valebit
Voce piâ revocare sortem.
Audire suave est: sed tremulo pede
Raptisque vitæ deliciis feror,
Quâ luce pallescunt carentûm
Mersa Erebi simulacra nocte.
Obliviosis cincta paludibus
Fati superbit vasta situ domus,
Taxisque funebres cupressi
Consociant nemorum tenebras.
Regnatur umbris Cimmeriis: sedet
Effultus Hades rupe adamantinâ:
Et corpore informi laborat
Prodiga Tisiphone flagelli,
Horretque nodo vipereum caput.
Circum Senectus, et Dolor, et Fames,
Et dira Cædes, Febriumque
Omne genus posuit cubile.

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Quin, sive cinctus littora milite
Volvatur Hebrus turbine Martio;
Sive Auster indignantis undas
Cogitet Oceani movere,
Et nuda pinus remigio cadat,
Quam vis procellarum impulit in latus;
Mors ridet, expansisque pennis
Inferias sibi vindicavit.
Quod si per orbem paciferæ arboris
Astræa tendet munera, nec tubæ
Clangore bellantes ciebunt;
Si dederit galeatus Heros
Pœnas, et otî jam studiosior
Dediscet ætas Martis opus grave;
Mors numen abreptum queretur?
Fila cadent revoluta Parcis?
En pacis almæ quà gremio incubat,
Et feriatis insidias struit;
Dum falsa Lenæos Voluptas
Noctem epulis agit inter haustus.
Vides moveri per Gothicas domos
Sonante mœstum funera nænia?
Videsque nocturnis in auris
Flebiliter glomerare pompam?
Ah! lacrymarum fonte rigat genas,
Ut Forma busto marmoreo imminet,
Experta consortem fidelem
Auspiciis melioris horæ.
Imbutus atro sanguine muneris
Implevit Œten questibus Hercules
Et corpus accendit Leandri
Exanimum moritura virgo.

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Ergo, dies quum venerit ultima,
Claustris solutus corporis exeat,
Sedesque cognatas revisat
Impatiens animus sepulcri
Lethoque major. Sic Jovis armiger
Ales serenum surgit in æthera,
Si forte tempestas ruinam
Deciduis meditetur iris;
Obducta terris nubila dimovet,
Solique pennas improbus explicat,
Et noctis intactâ tenebris
Alta petens fruitur quiete.

W. P. BORRETT. 1821.

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CONSTANTINUS.

Præclaros fines peragro, et bene cognita famæ
Littora, promeritâque eversas strage Deorum
Effigies; juvat ambiguæ nova mœnia Romæ
Dicere, et herois partas Christo auspice lauros.
Jamdudum immissis velârat nubibus orbem
Cæca Superstitio veterum, gentesque furoris
Insani accensæ stimulis, et sæva moventes
Orgia, solvebant falsis vota irrita Divis,
Pinguiaque humano fœdabant templa cruore.
Scilicet insontis, primævo in flore juventæ,
Ductores inter patrios, ante ora parentis,
Iphianassäi divolsi virginis artus.
Sæpe etiam inclusæ monstro, cui forma rudisque
Frons hominis, teneræ morti occubuere puellæ
Et pueri simul, irritatis munera Divis.
Stant circum insani Druidæ, flammasque cruentas
Subjiciunt; ater vacuas it fumus ad auras,
Floridaque infandâ dispergitur herba favillâ.
Lætior at rerum facies et blanda salutat
Relligio; jam nunc terris exterrita fugit
Vana superstitio, jam pro mortalibus ægris
Tu, suprema Dei soboles, spes optima patris,
Dignatus superas sedes soliumque paternum
Linquere, et obductam terris dispellere noctem.
Salve! sancte puer, magnum patris incrementum!

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Teque tuumque decus celebrent cœlestia vatum
Agmina, sidereique chori; mihi carmine fas sit
Humanum memorare ducem, qui sacra per orbem
Signa crucis victor tulit, et simulacra Deorum
Stravit humi veterum, atque madentia sanguine templa.
Ille triumphatas Susæ expugnaverat arces
Victor, et Alpinos montes fluviosque nivales
Transierat; jam Veronæ sub mœnibus altis
Dulces propter aquas Athesis, densata ruentem
Per tela, et socios revocantem in bella trementes,
Miserat ense gravi sub Tartara Pompeianum.
Posthac (ardet enim populum renovare labantem,
Et miseram sarcire urbem, invisique Tyranni
Diruere imperium) turmis victricibus arces
Oppugnare parat turritaque mœnia Romæ.
Nequicquam abrupti nebulosa cacumina montes
Rupibus oppositis tollunt, fluviique tumentes
Montanis nivibus pulsant spumantia saxa.
Rumpit iter tamen impavidus, per saxa, per hostes,
Impatiensque moræ; Eridani turbata fluenta
Transit, et aërii celsum caput Appennini.
Nubibus en! liquidis solitam medio æthere sedem
Occupat, ac secum deducens mille tenebras
Occiduus placidum circumdat Vesper Olympum:
Jamque ille ante alios formâque insignis et armis
(Ardua enim frons et sublimia lumina latum
Imperium ostentant majestatemque verendam)
Ingreditur, veterum volvens discrimina regum
Incertasque vices, cùm scissis nubibus æther
Fulgenti erubuit flammâ, cœloque micans crux
Visa novos superans radios lucemque Diei,
Primus ubi Eöos montes illuminat aureo
Incumbens curru: tanto obstupuere catervæ

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Prodigio, et tristes iras metuere Deorum.
At vero ille novis ardescens lumina flammis
Clamat ovans: "Deus, ecce Deus! Cœlestia signa
Nosco, atque insolitas duco ex hoc omine vires.
Cernite enim quà se roseis e nubibus ignis
Explicuit, fulsitque notis ubi conscius æther,
HOC. SIGNO. VINCES. Roma indignata Tyrannum,
Impatiensque jugi, libertatemque priorem
Exoptans, nostra arma vocat." Sic fatus, et idem
Omnes ardor habet; juvat omnes horrida inire
Prælia, et oppressæ auxilio succurrere genti.
Est locus, exiguas ubi pleno Tibridis alveo
Jungit aquas tenuis Cremera; hunc labentibus annis
Ter centum heroes præclarâ morte sacrarunt.
Hic olim Fabii, genus immortale, decorum
Certamen patriâ pro libertate gerentes,
Pulchra immaturo clauserunt lumina somno.
Hic ubi purpurei flores et olentia latè
Serpylla, et tenero circum viridantia musco
Saxa, fuit bustum: salices mœstæque cupressi
Frigida per sacram tendunt umbracula sedem.
Ossa super Parium marmor, memoresque columnæ
Deficiunt; sed sacratum veneratur agrestis
Cespitem, et heroas tenui meditatur avenâ.
Hic constricta acies; hic funera mutua Mavors
Æquat, et effuso conspergit sanguine rivos.
At medias inter cædes, mediosque per hostes,
Constantinus equo vehitur spumante, minaturque
Omnibus exitium, dextrâque hostilia rumpit
Agmina: quem simul atque incenso Marte furentem
Conspicit, oppressus trepidâ formidine campos
Linquit, et ad rapidum fugiens Maxentius amnem
Præcipiti cursu, magnâ stipante catervâ,

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Se ponti dedit invalido, qui pondere victus
Frangitur: insolito commotus turbine fluctus
Sustulit indignans amnis, rapidoque tumescens
Vortice corripuit regem misitque sub undas.
Quid lætos Romæ cives gratumque Senatum
Prosequar! et fractas gentes, quas effera bello
Terra fovet, Rhenusque pater Mæoticaque unda!
Usque adeo adversis gaudens Mars impius armis
Sæviit; et tandem populi sua membra labore
Fessa gravi recreant; at Constantinus inertis
Otia fastidit pacis partosque triumphos.
Quinetiam Licinî vitia et longæva senectus
Exstimulant animum, et facilis spes certa triumphi.
Nequicquam ille senex crebras in bella cohortes
Ducit ovans, gaudetque novis accingier armis.
Ceu quando bellator equus gravitate senili
Confectus, si forte sonet tuba rauca per agros,
Calcat putre solum elatâ cervice superbus,
Exultans validæ pugnas meminisse juventæ.
Volvit ubi volucres undas Œagrius Hebrus,
Hebrus notus aquis aureis Orpheoque perempto,
Constantinus agit trepidos dextrâ horridus hostes,
Longævumque ducem media inter funera et inter
Funestas cædes ardens exposcit; at ille
Sternitur, et regnum infelix deplorat ademptum.
Has vero laudes inter tantosque triumphos
Aspera fata vocant Musam: flos ille juventæ,
Cui decus egregium testantur mille carinæ
Fractæ, ubi se volvit Leandrius Hellespontus,
Decidit infandæ irretitus fraude novercæ.
Qualis in umbrosâ sylvâ, pinguisque virensque
Frondibus, in Zephyros spirantes tollit oliva
Floriferum caput, et late diffundit odorem;

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Cùm subito immissus violento turbine ventus
Sternit humi; jacet illa ferâ divolsa ruinâ.
Spretus amor tanti sceleris ruptæque fidei
Caussa fuit; neque enim cohibet fera pectora virtus,
Fœmineusve pudor; scelerato cedit amori;
Atque novercali cadit insons victima dextrâ.
Scilicet at tempus veniet, male perfida, cùm tu
Impia promerito solves perjuria letho.
Crudeles urbis luctus mœstasque sepulcri
Exsequias linquam, lamentaque Constantini:
Nam plectrum majora vocant: nova regna per undas
Constituit petere, atque novis dare nomina muris.
Finibus Europæ extremis, ubi littora Thraces
Alluit angustus refluenti Bosporus undâ,
Objicit in fluctus latera, et projecta quietum
Terra facit portum; nullis agitata procellis
Unda tacet; fessis statio tutissima nautis.
Hinc virides ripas nemorosaque littora circum
Centum ædes, centum votiva altaria cernas:
Hinc quoque Cyaneas rupes, quæ per freta quondam,
Ut perhibent, nautis crudelia monstra, vagantes
Horrifico tandem cum murmure concurrebant.
Hic mortem insidiis tu, rex infide, repertis
Bebrycias inter sylvas, nemorumque recessus,
Cæsus Amyclæi cæstu Pollucis obibas.
Illic Tartareæ, si vera est fama, volucres
Idææ scelus et sponsi delicta prementes
Fœdabant avido Phinæa palatia tactu.
Hæc auræ perflant liquidæ ditissima frugum
Littora; flava Ceres optatas præbet aristas;
Purpurei gravidâ pendent de vite racemi.
Fortunata nimis regio! quæ dona recusat
Ferre solum, pacata vehent per marmora classes.

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Thuris odoriferi lacrymas Nabathæa remittent
Arva tibi, mellis fragrantis nectar Hymettus,
Et Surrentinus mollissima vina Falernus.
Non tibi frugiferas segetes fœcunda negabit
Ægyptos; non aurifluus Pactolus arenas;
India præbebit gemmas solidumque elephantum.
Fortunata nimis regio! tua littora sedes
Urbis erunt: latos ornabunt mœnia campos,
Et septemgeminos excelsa palatia colles.
Quanta tibi (haud incerta cano) tecta alta domosque
Cernere erit! quantâ tollent se mole superba
Mœnia, et aëriis munitæ turribus arces!
At tu, Roma ferox, multos dominata per annos,
Nequicquam amissum decus imperiumque dolebis,
Desertasque domos, quando æmula mœnia cernis
Atque immortalem populi surgentis honorem.

JOHN GRIFFITH COLE. 1822.

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TRANSLATION.

Shakspeare's "Henry the Fourth."—Act IV. Scene 4.

Prince Henry.

Ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιὲ, τήνδ' ἐμὴν ἁμαρτίαν
Ξύγγνωθί μοι· τοὐμὸν γὰρ, εἰ τοιάδε μὴ
Ὑγρῶν ἐπεῖχε δακρύων πηγὴ στόμα,
Φίλων ὀνείδη τοιάδ' ἔφθασ' ἂν λόγων,
Πρὶν ἢ τὸ ῥῆμα σοὶ μὲν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἔβη,
Ἐγὼ δ' ἐπήκουσ'· ἔνθα δὴ πάρεστί σοι
Ὁ στέφανος, ὃν Θεὸς ὁ τὸν ἄφθιτον φορῶν
Ἔχειν ἄνακτι σοὶ πολὺν χρόνον διδοῖ.
Εἰ τοῦδε μᾶλλον τοῦ προσήκοντος, πάτερ,
Ταῖς σαῖσι τιμαῖς, ἔλδομαι, σῇ τ' ἀξίᾳ,
Μὴ δῆτ' ἀνισταίμην ἔτ', ἀλλ', ὅπερ σαφὲς
Ψυχῆς ἔσωθεν γνησίας ἔξω τέκμαρ,
Ἀεὶ μένοιμι γονυπετής σε προσκυνῶν.
Δεῦρ' ὡς ἐσῆλθον, μάρτυρας καλῶ θεοὺς,
Καί σοι τὸ πνεῦμ' ἔθ' εὗρον οὐκ ἐνὸν, κρύος
Ὅσον παρῆλθ' ἐς κῆρ ἐμόν· κ' εἰ τοῦτ' ἔχω
Πλάσας, θάνοιμι δῆτ' ἐγὼ νεανίας,
Πρὶν ἢ νέους, οὓς ἐννοῶ, παρ' ἔλπιδα
Μεθαρμόσας βροτοῖσιν ἐκφήνω τρόπους.
Ἐλθὼν μὲν ὡς νεκρόν σε τοῦ βλέπειν χάριν,
Καὶ μὴν νομίζων αὐτὸς ἦν σχεδὸν νεκρὸς,
Τὸν στέφανον ὡς προσεῖπον, ὡς ἔχοντα νοῦν,

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Ἐμεμφόμην δ'· ἤ σοι προσημένη πάλαι
Τοῦ 'μοῦ πατρὸς μέριμνα σῶμ' ἐνείματο·
Χρύσ' οὖν ἄριστε, τυγχάνεις κάκιστος ὤν.
Ἄλλος μὲν ἐντιμότερος, οὐκ ἴσως καλὸς,
Θνητῶν ποτοῖσι φαρμάκοις τηρεῖ βίον,
Σὺ δ' αὖτε κάλλιστός τε καὶγλαώτατος
Ἔχεις βεβρωκὼς τὸν φοροῦντά σ'· ὡς, ἄναξ,
Λέγων ἐνεθέμην, ὡσπερεὶ τοῦ 'μοῦ πατρὸς,
Παρὼν ἀληθὴς κληρονόμος, οὕτω θέλων
Ὑπερμάχεσθαι πάντα πρὸς τόνδ' εὐκρατῶς.
Εἰ δ' αἷμ' ἔπλησεν ἡδονῇ τοὐμόν τινι,
Ἤ τόνδε νοῦν ἐπῆρεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
Ὁ στέφανος, εἰ κεναῖσιν ἐλπίσιν μάτην
Ἀνεπτερώθην, ἢ φρένες νεανικαὶ
Ποιεῖσθ' ἔπεισαν τόνδε πλείονος πέρι,
Ἀπονοσφίσαι τόνδ' οὖν Θεὸς τοὐμὸν κάρα,
Εἴην δ' ἐς αἰῶν', ὥς τίς ἐστιν οἰκότριψ,
Ὅς γούνασιν δούλοισι προσκυνεῖ σέβων.

ROBERT COLLYER. 1822.

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LEAR.

" Anguibus intorto Nemesis succincta flagello
Desere Cimmerias fauces noctemque profundam:
Vosque, O Eumenides, vestro si numine pœnas
Læsa subit Pietas, spretique injuria patris,
Tartareas oro pestes, Stygiumque furorem
Incutite, ac natas odio exercete nefandas.
Heu, feror accensus, mentemque insania raptat:
Ergone nil curæ, vel amoris certa paterni
Pignora, nil valuere preces? labor ille parentis
Irritus, et nulli vota exaudita deorum.
Sed frustra indignis lamentor fletibus; ite;
Exagitate domo genitorem; pellite tecto
Qui vitam, qui regna dedi; canosque capillos
Nimborum objectate minis, et fulminis iræ.
At Natura parens, tuque O, cui cura levamen
Ferre laboranti, Lucina, et conscia Juno,
Has tandem auscultate preces, audite parentem:
Istæ vana ineant genialis fœdera lecti,
Nec dulces natos, Hymenæi præmia, norint,
Aut quæ maternum pertentant gaudia pectus:
Si vero partus istas perferre labores
Fata Jovis poscunt; sceleris pariatur Erinnys,
Optatam matri quæ tollat nocte quietem,
Atque illi assiduis juvenilia fletibus ora
Deformet, rugas illi quæ in fronte seniles

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Imprimat ante diem, mentemque doloribus angat.
Quin ipsæ agnoscant, expertæ vulturis ungues,
Non pejora sibi Philomelam inducere damna,
Quæ vigil immutata suis fovet aspidis ova,
Quam miseri ingrata lacerati prole parentes."
Talibus ante omnes plorandus sorte senectæ
Rex furiis raptus voces fundebat, at ira
Fœmineas prohibet lacrymas; questusque sub imo
Corde premens, torvo paullisper lumine natas
Spectat: tum demens aulis excedit avitis.
At non Caucaseæ silices, non durior ilex
Pectore natarum; cæli tonat aula, polusque
Nescio qua præter solitum caligine mersus
Obruitur tenebris: tali surgente procella,
Vix quisquam ejiciat tecti penetralibus hostem.
Has autem stimulat dominandi fœda libido
Tantum audere nefas: nec læsæ cura fidei,
Nec pietas obstat, nec parti gratia regni:
Nec quæ olim blandæ dederant promissa parenti
Plurima, cum in patria pendens cervice vicissim
Utraque perjuros fallax iterabat amores.
En vero infelix genitor, quem nulla furentem
Tempestas retinet, non ullus cursibus obstat
Dumus, at infirmos constrictis vepribus artus
Nudatasque comas lacerat; qua sævior urget
Ventus, et effusus descendit plurimus imber,
Fertur inops animi: non cæli fulgura sentit,
Non furias hyemis, neque agentes frigora nimbos:
Scilicet intestina suo sub corde dolorum
Asperior versatur hyems; furor improbus urget,
Et rapit implacidâ victos vertigine sensus.
Non aliter quàm cùm muros exercitus urbis
Obsidione tenet, si tandem everterit arcem,

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Sola salus, mœstique cadit spes ultima belli.
Ergo ubi divinæ est ereptus spiritus auræ,
Sanguineo glaucum multâ vi torquet in orbe
Lumen, et exustas fauces premit arida lingua:
Incipit insanire furens, bacchansque videtur
Ipse sibi ultrici natas urgere flagello,
Per campos sylvasque sequens, perque avia lustra:
Tartareas vocitare canes, cognataque membra
Diripere, et fuso visum satiare cruore.
Sed tandem insanis victus conatibus, æger
Deficit; intereunt vires: collapsaque membra
Inter dura cadunt instrato saxa cubili.
At veluti, postquam cecidit fragor Amphitrites,
Latius ignavos tenuerunt otia fluctus,
Turbatæ tandem succedit inertia menti.
Tum vero solus secum spatiatur in umbra
Perque silens flumen, malesanaque tempora circum,
Tempora regali dudum decorata corona,
Urticas nectit tristes, albamque cicutam.
Aut per rura vagans concussis pabula quærit
Cornis, et rabidam solatur glandibus alvum;
Unguibus aut ægrè terram rimatur; et escam
Nisibus effodiens miseram, jejunia pellit;
Tristiaque ex viridi stagno sibi pocula sumit.
Quale sub adversa luna radiare videbis
Pone levem cymbam pelagus, summoque natantes
Æquore per fluctus multos errare colores:
Sic variat sortem vitæ mutabilis amnis.
Rex ille eximio nuper veneratus honore,
Atque expectantes nutu dans jura per urbes:
Heu nunc expulsus tecto, per saxa, per umbras,
Incomitatus, egens rationis luce, vagatur.
Deinde autem rediens iterum Fortuna videtur

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Lætior arridere: ita vultu perfida rident
Æquora, cum cælo vehementior ingruit imber.
Nam ruit interea varias pennata per urbes
Nuncia Fama volans, natæque adlabitur aures:
Attonita exaudit, spretæque oblita fidei,
Injustique iræ patris, volat ocyor aura
Latura auxilium; peragrat loca sola; parentem
Quærit, et ipsa animi pietas dat robora membris.
Ergo ubi vestigans penetrat densissima sylvæ,
Rupe sub aëria miserum videt illa sedentem:
At vidisse piget: Macies jejuna sub ore
Pallida regna tenet, confectosque atterit artus;
Is tamen arridet leviter: tamen oscula saxis
Figit, et appellat natas: tum sæva resurgit
Ira iterum, et pœnas iterum deposcere cœpit
Horrendas; auditque suas Cordelia laudes:
Tum vero infractæ vires, non amplius ipsa
Se retinere potest: lacrymarum concitus imber
Erumpit, gemitumque edens vix talia fundit,
"Adsum, chare pater, tua te Cordelia quæro."
Dixit, et in collum sese projecit; at ille
Nescius heu! natam fixis aspectat ocellis,
Immotum velut æs, aut non spirabile marmor.
Illa flet infelix; et sylvas questibus implet
Multa gemens, miserumque vocans de nomine patrem:
At vocat incassum: surdas miser obstruit aures.
Inde pio invigilans studio, per tædia noctis
Sustinet amplexu: venientis nescia fati
Spem fovet, atque animo meliores prospicit annos.
Felix ah! felix virgo: si reddere sensus
Ulciscique patrem tantum tibi dura dedissent
Fata: sed heu! primâ periere abrupta juventâ
Stamina, florentesque cito abscidit Atropos annos.

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Quis sonat armorum sylvis fragor? unde tenebris
Insolitam mittunt tela albescentia lucem?
Ipsa etiam cæcâ noctis sub veste videtur
Ire atrox Cædes, et furtim exquirere prædam.
En quo virginei risus ludebat Amoris.
Lumen hebet tacitum: fugiens rosa pallet in ore:
Flaccidaque in tenero labuntur lilia collo.
Heu Pietas! heu rupta Fides! solamina possunt
Hæc extrema patris furiatæ auferre sorores?
Sic spes immatura cadit: sic munera veris
Irrita languescunt, et marcent ruris honores.
At pater excussus somno mirantia circum
Lumina contorquet, natamque ante ora jacentem
Aspicit: extemplo effulgens rationis imago
Dividit obstantes tenebras, atque emicat ardens
Luce vagâ, veluti perstringunt fulgura nimbos,
Aut penetrat nubes obtuso Cynthia cornu.
Ille quidem moriens tristem reminiscitur iram,
Erroresque suos, et te Cordelia: natæ
Tum super exanimis procumbens corpora, victus
Decidit, et placidâ compostus morte quiescit.

JOHN DESBOROW WALFORD. 1823.

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RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Bright bursts from Eastern clouds the morning light,
And sheds its golden hue on Carmel's height;
The sun-beam gilds Judæa's spiry tow'rs,
Her palmy plains, and almond-shaded bow'rs;
But not, as wont, where from the castled steep
Looks the pale watchman o'er the billowy deep,
Opes on his eye the scene; where erst the ray
Pour'd its waste splendor o'er the desert sea,
Startled he views full many a trophied prow
In hostile pride upturn the flood below;
High on the gale a thousand banners stream,
The dark wave sparkles with the burnish'd gleam
Of shield and quiv'ring spear: in dread array
The countless myriads hold their daring way;
With more than phrenzy fir'd, each heart beats high,
In battle fray to conquer, or to die;
While, in fond Fancy's dazzling hues array'd,
Delusion bids unsheath the eager blade.
But lo, his tall plume waving o'er the throng,
What martial form majestic tow'rs along?
The regal mien, the steel-clad limbs declare
No peasant-born, no feeble warrior there:
Round his high crest bright lambent terrors play,
His arms refulgent flash upon the day.
'Tis he, the Lion King: with kindling eyes
He views Judæa's flowery cliffs arise;

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From grove of nard, and orange-tufted vale
He drinks the fragrance of the balmy gale;
And glows his breast, as Hope, still leading on,
Paints each fair scene, by glorious conquest won.
Let Acre tell, for she beheld from far
Confed'rate monarchs lead the steely war;
And round her compass'd tow'rs, in dread amaze,
From countless hosts th' unwonted lustre blaze;
Let Acre tell, what hero's conqu'ring might
Still shone conspicuous in the ranks of fight;
Britannia's champion: him no toils dismay;
No low'ring dangers check his victor way;
Till Faith's white banner, from her captur'd wall,
Wav'd in proud triumph o'er the Crescent's fall.
Nor shrunk he then, when front to front oppos'd
In stern array, the desp'rate battle clos'd,
When Death exulting held an ampler reign,
And vultures snuff'd the quarry of the slain.
Full in the van, his pond'rous war-axe, dyed
In heathen blood, drank deep the purple tide;
Till e'en fell Havoc check'd her iron car,
And wond'ring view'd the mighty deeds of war.
Back shrunk the Saracen, in pale affright,
And deem'd some arm of more than mortal might,
Fierce as the lightning's flame, or whirlwind's blast,
Pour'd on their host confusion, as it past.
Still, Conquest, on: to nobler triumphs rise,
Where Sion's sacred height salutes the skies;
And bid once more bright gleam from Salem's tow'r
The banner'd Cross, that marks the Christian's pow'r.
Vain is the hope: see ghastly Famine stride,
And fell Disease subdue the warrior's pride;
By Envy fir'd, see jarring Discord reign,
And heroes ardent grasp the sword in vain.

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Hush'd is the war: Judæa's plains no more
Sound to the martial shout, or battle's roar:
And where is he, before whose victor blade
The Paynim's vanquish'd squadrons fled dismay'd?
Is that his form, which scarce the gloomy light
Of his dim dungeon cell reveals to sight?
Are those his limbs, which ruthless fetters bind,
Bare on the rough and humid ground reclin'd?
Yes! his the pris'ner's doom, the captive's fare,
Condemn'd proud Austria's galling chain to wear.
Not such his hope, when late, in martial pride,
Albion's tall cliffs beheld his navy ride:
Not such he seem'd, when fierce in wrath he pour'd
On Cyprus' isle the vengeance of the sword;
Or when he led, Limisso's tow'rs among,
The nuptial train in regal pomp along.
How chang'd his fate? in that drear solitude,
Where scarce a sunbeam cheers his dungeon rude,
'Tis his, amid the nightly tempest's moan,
To tell his sorrows to his harp's soft tone;
And oft, as other scenes his heart inspire,
Loud swell the strings with all a warrior's fire.

Yet still does Hope 'mid dark Despair upraise
Her vivid form, and point to brighter days:
Lo! Albion bursts the tyrant's fetter'd chain,
And joyful hails her warrior lord again.

Ah! vain her joy: still war's loud tumults roll,
And glows with fire unquench'd her monarch's soul.
Yet stay thy fierce career: for not thy might
With conquest plum'd, thine arm renown'd in fight,
Not mail, or sev'nfold shield, avail to fly
The dread, unerring shaft of Destiny.
See! from yon moated tow'rs the vengeful foe
Directs his aim, and bends the fatal bow:

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And see! the shaft has flown; in Death's cold shade
Dark sets the Hero's pow'r, his triumphs fade.
As oft the meteor's momentary flight
With streamy train illumes the face of night,
Then soon in ether lost, its splendor o'er,
The useless pageant sinks to shine no more:
So on the warrior's course bright Glory's ray
Its influence sheds, and sudden dies away;
Yet Virtue still her fairer praise denies
Nor drops the tear on his last obsequies.
Far other he, who bids soft Peace expand
Her halcyon wing, and bless the smiling land:
Tho' ne'er the laurel grace his brow, nor Fame
Sound from her brazen trump his echoing name:
Yet, sweet as summer skies their moisture shed,
A nation's blessing gathers round his head:
And when he sinks to rest, a nation's tear
In grateful mem'ry consecrates his bier.

EDWARD BLENCOWE. 1823.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD THE SECOND."—Act I. Scene 3.

NORFOLK.

Ἦ μοι βαρεῖαν τήνδε προστρίβεις δίκην,
Οὕτως, ἄναξ, παρ' ἐλπίδ' ὀξύνων στόμα.
Πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ αἰὲν κρεισσόνων τιμημάτων
Κατηξιώθην, οὐδὲ τραύματος τόσου,
Ὥστ' ἐκπεσεῖν με κοινὸν εἰς θηρῶν στίβον.
Καὶ δή με γλώσσης, πόλλ' ἔτη κεχρημένον,
Φθογγὴν πατρῴας ὀψὲ μεταμαθεῖν χρεών.
Οὐδὲν δὲ φωνῆς ἐστ' ἀφωνήτῳ γ' ἐμοὶ
Λύρας ἀχόρδου μεῖζον, ὠφέλημ' ἔτι·
Ἦ χέλυΐ πως ἔοικε ποικιλοστόμῳ
Κιβωτίου μυχοῖσιν ἐγκεκρυμμένῃ,
Εἴτ' ἐκτὸς ἐκφανεῖσα τυγχάνει, βροτῶν
Ἐνειμένῃ του χερσὶν, ὅσπερ οὐ θιγὼν
Εὐτρεπὲς οὐδὲν οἶδε ῥυθμίζειν μέλος.
Στόματος γὰρ ἐντὸς τὴν ἐμὴν γλῶσσαν, διπλοῖς
Χειλῶν τ' ὀδοντῶν θ' ἕρκεσιν πεφραγμένην,
Ἔχεις καθείρξας· κἀμὲ, δημίου δίκην,
Κωφὴ φυλάξει δυσπαθὴς ἀγνωσία.
Καὶ γὰρ προῆγμαι τήνδε πρὸς γήρως βάσιν,
Ἐφ' ἥτε μή 'στί μοι μαθεῖν, μήτ' ἐν τροφοῦ
Κόλποις ἀθύρειν· τίς ποτ' οὖν ἡ ζημία;
Ἆρ' οὐχὶ μοῖρ' ἄφωνος, ἣ γλῶσσαν στερεῖ,
Τοῦ μὴ πατρῴας εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἄγειν πνοάς;

CHARLES BANNATYNE. 1823.

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CRŒSUS.

"PONDERA nummorum, vel aviti gloria regni
Tristes si possent mentis lenire tumultus,
Atque exardentes sopire cupidinis ignes,
Non equidem immerito ante alios te, Crœse, BEATUM
Dicerem, et ad stabilem te Divum accedere sortem.
Sed lethi expectanda dies: nam vita labores
Multos ægra subit, vicibusque exposta malignis
Usque laboranti jactatur in æquore vento.
Ille BEATUS erit, siquis pietatis honore
Insignis matrem Argivum plaudente corona
Duxerit ad templum, atque ipsâ Junonis in æde
Optima de cœlo sortitus præmia mortis.
Nec minus ille olim, lætâ qui lætus in urbe,
Idem natorum felix et prole nepotum,
Vixerat ad senium, non ulla incommoda passus:
Tum vero victor, raptis ex hoste tropæis,
Pro patriâ cecidit: laudes testantur Athenæ,
Et locus illustri decoratur mole sepulchri.
Tu vivis; sorti nimium ne crede secundæ;
Vel si te insano juvat indulgere furori,
I, cape tela manu, satia te strage tuorum.
At, regno amisso, Divos cum flebis iniquos,
Tum tu neglecti revocabis verba Solonis."
  Talia dicentem spernit rex turbidus irâ,
Nec secus Atrides Cassandram arcana moventem
Sprevit, et obstruxit male surdam incredulus aurem.

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Scilicet ambrosios illi præbebat odores
Tmolus, et unguentum graviter spirantis amomi;
Pactolusque auri sudans in margine guttas,
Illi floriferas valles, et amœna vireta
Irrorabat aquâ: nec bello clara priorum
Ullo se tantum jactârat Lydia rege.
Eversas Asiæ dabat unus jura per urbes,
Hinc, ubi Threicii prope flumina Thermodontis,
Fœminea armantur lunatis agmina peltis;
Illinc, Taurus ubi media inter nubila surgens,
Cautibus oppositis australes terminat oras:
Nec minus Ægæo tum primum in littore Graii
Barbarico norant victi parere tyranno,
Et sua vix Epheson poterat Diana tenere.
Ebrius ille ergo fortunæ munere dulci,
Nescius, heu! Nemesis quas ingerat invida sortes,
Aurea securæ carpebat gaudia vitæ.
Quales, vere novo cum ridet dædala tellus,
Ludentes volgo pecudes errare videbis
Qua lubet: ast illas venientis damna procellæ
Improvisa premunt; de cœlo fulmina mittit
Jupiter, et terris violentior ingruit imber.
Interea accurrit, qui natum cuspidis ictu,
Dum sectatur agens in Olympi saltibus aprum,
Procubuisse ferat: sed, ne quid cuspis obesset,
Ire in ferratos non huic permiserat hostes
Infelix pater, at studio lætatus inani
Foverat in thalamo: tristi defleta feretro
Membra jacent; cineres supremâ voce cientur.
Tum vero ingentes surgunt in pectora luctus
Infixique manent; quasi jam stirps nulla supersit,
Omnis in amisso miseri stat cura parentis.
Mœret, et, obscuras quoties nox induit umbras,

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Ipsius ante oculos monstrantem vulnera Adrasti
Cernere credit Atyn: sic ploravere Parentes
Troilon, aut alto quem vidit ab aere lapsum
Dædalus æquoreis natum submergier undis.
Nec satis hoc Nemesi. Nam Cyrus surgit in arma
Victasque adnumerat gentes, partosque triumphos:
Cyri pallescunt audito nomine Reges.
Tum Crœsus Phœbo centena ingentia mactat
Terga boum, totidem pingues cum matribus agnos;
Instauratque pyram: lectissima munera Delphos
Mittit, et ex adytis qui Divi orâcla reportent.
Quid vero responsa valent vocesve Deorum?
Et monstra enixæ vix tandem crèdita muli?
Quid quod prodigiis actus cœlestibus, ultro
Gramina fugit equus, lethali et vescitur angue?
Scilicet ignarus fati sortisque futuræ
Irruit in bellum: mediis rex ipse catervis
Vertitur, et notis gaudet succingier armis.
Adspice! Achæmenio strages bacchata tumultu
Ingruit, et magnæ visæ concurrere turmæ;
Jam neque per campos nitidis argenteus undis
Ducit Halys solitos jucundo murmure rivos;
At cruor infandus latices, et flumina tetra
Miscuit, et summo jactantur in æquore passim
Semianimique duces, spoliataque corpora vitâ.
Hic credas iterum Xanthum, et Simoenta videre
Cædibus Hectoreis undantes volvere fluctus;
Viribus exultans Crœsus, certoque triumpho,
Instat equo spumante, ardetque exquirere Cyrum,
Si decus eripiat, spoliis insignis opimis;
Spes heu! vana nimis: sed enim formidine turpi
Anguimanos fugiens informi mole elephantos
Ecce retro sonipes confusa per agmina fertur:

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At contra Persis furor additur: inde, lupi ceu,
Impavido cursu fusos sectantur in arcem:
Nec campos Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurens,
Nec jejuna Fames, aut rerum turpis Egestas
Objecere moram: scalis adscendere muros,
Et manibus certant portarum evertere claustra.
Hæc erat, hæc Trojæ species, ubi nocte supremâ
Grajugenum patuere doli, partuque nefando
Armatum fatalis equus submiserat agmen.
Fors et, ceu Priamus Divæ armipotentis ad aram,
Vitam exhalasset crudeli funere Crœsus,
Ni miserande puer, stirps quondam spreta parenti,
Cui neque donârat dulcem Natura loquelam,
Tu tandem exiguam potuisses tollere vocem,
Tu servare patrem medio in discrimine mortis.
Nequicquam: insano sed enim raptata furore
Barbara gens instat regi supponere flammas,
Heu misero, et tandem post longa silentia, nomen
Cum gemitu et magnâ clamanti voce SOLONIS.
Tum Medis cessit rabies, solioque renidens
Ipse tremit victor, memori dum in pectore secum
Humanasque vices, arcanaque fata revolvit;
Inde adeo extremâ servatus funeris horâ
Vivis, Crœse, Deum tandem tutela tuorum.
Vivis, quippe ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Nec superis visum æternas te pendere pœnas.
Ergo, ubi luxuriem et fœdam execrata tyranni
Sævitiam, insanum regnandi damnat amorem,
Te, moresque tuos, memorat pia Musa tuumque
Consecrat, et tradit ventura in sæcula nomen,
Æterno spargens decoratum flore sepulchrum.

JOHN ATKINSON FULTON. 1824.

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CARTHAGE.

Bright as the bubble on the sunny stream,
That floating glitters in the morning beam,
Then frail as bright, the plaything of the wind,
Melts into air, nor leaves a trace behind,
Life's visions pass, in dazzling hues array'd,
Then sink, in nothing lost, a sound, a shade!
  Go, view the spot where once on Afric's shore
Proud Carthage sate enthron'd, but sits no more:
Go, seek in vain one relic of her pow'r,
One ling'ring shadow of her happier hour:
No grass-grown walls, no mould'ring piles display
The pomp of age, the grandeur of decay:
No arches, mellow'd by the touch of Time,
Still mock his might, 'mid ruin's wreck sublime:
All, all is fled! as though a wizard's spell
Had blasted beauty, where its lightning fell;
Spread a dull desert, where a garden smil'd,
And made a city's site a houseless wild.
  Not lonelier scowl'd the solitary scene,
When first, with exil'd bark, the Tyrian Queen
Here sought, far roaming o'er the wild'ring wave,
A foreign kingdom, or a foreign grave.
At her command the future city rear'd
Its infant head, the desert disappear'd;
Then rose the palace, then the awful fane,
And terror smil'd on Superstition's reign.
'Twas thine, stern Goddess, 'mid the deepest gloom
Of hallow'd grove, to seal thy victim's doom,
'Twas thine to watch retir'd with upturn'd eye
The silent moon as gleam'd her lamp on high,

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To mark the wand'ring Pleiads' dewy car,
And trace the clouded beam of Saturn's star,
Whilst hopeless Mercy trembled at thy side
To view with human gore thine altars dy'd.
Then War exulting bar'd his eager sword,
And distant nations own'd a Punic lord,
Then last fair Commerce woo'd the golden gale,
And wealth was bosom'd in the swelling sail.
Now chang'd the scene; no more the sailor-band
Here moor the bark, and throng the busy strand;
And now no more, in martial pomp array'd,
Pours from the gates the warrior-cavalcade.
Those lofty gates are level'd with the ground,
Those warrior-chiefs in death's cold chain are bound;
Still is the hum of life; no music's strain
Shall rouse the dance within their halls again;
Fled is each form that flutter'd in the throng,
And hush'd each voice that swell'd the tide of song.
The welt'ring wave, the wild wind's hollow sigh,
The whisp'ring reed, or night-bird's boding cry,
Alone disturb sad Desolation's reign,
And wake the slumb'ring echo of the plain.
Not such was Carthage, when in haughty pride
Her fleet victorious rul'd the stormy tide;
Not such her hope, when Ocean's billows bore
Her hostile thunders to Sicilia's shore,
Nor when Hamilcar's mighty son unfurl'd
Red Conquest's banner o'er the western world.
Not wilds where winter chills the sullen year,
Nor woods, nor rivers, check his fierce career;
Above, the Alps upraise their heads of snow,
And savage hordes infest the plains below;
Rocks, forests, floods, his path in vain oppose,
He rides triumphant o'er unnumber'd foes.

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Rome saw and trembled, when on Trebia's wave
He strew'd the corses of her slaughter'd brave;
Rome saw and trembled, when on Cannæ's field
He bade her Consul fall, her Eagles yield:
And, like a star, which sheds its welcome ray
To gild some 'nighted pilgrim's weary way,
Whilst still that hero fought, his spirit pour'd
The light of conquest on each Tyrian sword.
Ah, soon the gale, that fann'd his victor plume,
Moan'd with sad murmur o'er his unknown tomb;
Soon sunk his crested pride beneath his pall,
And Fame with solemn trump proclaim'd her fav'rite's fall.
Then Cato's voice decree'd the distant war,
And Rome led on her myriads from afar;
Yet Carthage quail'd not, shrunk not from the strife,
Tho' meagre Famine drain'd the stream of life;
Tho' sleepless urg'd the sword its work of death,
And foulest plague exhal'd its fetid breath,
Yet scorn'd she still the vengeance of her foes,
Still rose her courage, as her perils rose.
Ev'n hoary age and beardless youth essay'd
The desp'rate fight, and grasp'd th' unwonted blade;
And locks, that lately deck'd the maiden's brow,
Sped the fleet dart, and twang'd the deadly bow.
Ah, vain the glory of each gen'rous deed:
In vain her warriors fall, her heroes bleed;
Truth, valor, honor, yield to coward gold,
And treach'ry mocks the efforts of the bold:
The blazing temple fires the lurid skies,
Through the wide streets the flame extending flies;
By fury led, the Roman's ruthless train
Hurl down the palace, and pollute the fane.
Ah, vain the sculptur'd grace of beauty's form,
The canvas' glow with mimic nature warm;

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Vain all the varied excellence of art
To stay their course, and touch the spoiler's heart:
Where'er they turn, a desert spreads beneath
Their with'ring steps, and marks their course with death.
Stern Fate sits brooding o'er the topmost tow'r,
And crumbles with a frown the shrines of pow'r;
Then flaps her cold wing o'er the mould'ring wall,
And, shrieking, bids the shatter'd fabric fall:
Down, down it sinks, in cumbrous ruin hurl'd,
And the deep crash appals the startled world.
'Tis done: 'tis done: and not one rack is seen
Of all that was, to tell what once had been.
  Spirit of Death, yet hold. Thine icy glance
May chill the warrior in eternal trance;
Thine hand may blight young beauty's freshest bloom,
Too soon the faded tenant of a tomb.
Spirit, thou canst no more. Thou canst not wave
Oblivion's standard o'er the "Brothers'" grave;
Thou canst not tear from fame's eternal scroll
The deathless record of the patriot soul.
  Yes, Carthage, still, tho' all thy pride be fled,
Thy glory faded, and thy warriors dead;
Tho' Ruin sits forlorn, where bloom'd thy bow'rs,
And sighs dejected o'er thy fallen tow'rs,
Still shall the Muse her simple wreath entwine
Around the base of grandeur's hoary shrine;
Still shall fond Memory linger round thy name,
And trace on Time's bright page thy blazon'd fame;
Dwell on thy praise, lament thy fate, and tell
How Freedom's sons in Freedom's conflict fell.

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST. 1824.

116. Philæni.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "TEMPEST."—Act I. Scene 2.

MIRANDA. PROSPERO.

M. Τί δ' οὖν ἐν ὥρᾳ τῇ τότ' οὐ διώλεσαν;
Π. Καλῶς ἐρωτᾷς· καὶ τάδ' οὐμὸς ἐκκαλεῖ
Λόγος σ' ἐρέσθαι· τοῦτο μὲν, λεὼς ἐμοὶ
Εὔνους ὑπῆρχεν, ὥστ' ἐμὲ κτεῖναι θρασὺ,
Οὔτ' ἦν ἐκείνοις τρὔργον αἱμάξαι φόνῳ·
Μορφαῖς δ' ἔκλεψαν μηχανὰς καλαῖς κακάς.
Βράχιστα δ' εἰπεῖν, ὡς τότ' εἴχομεν, νεὼς
Στείλαντες ἡμᾶς, εἰς ἁλὸς μακρὰν βάθος
Ἀπάγουσι, καὶ λαβόντες ἔνθα δὴ σκάφους
Αὐτόξυλόν τι χρῆμ', ἀνωφελὲς πάλαι,
Ἄσκενον ὅπλων, ἱστίων, ἵστου· τὸ δὴ
Γνώμῃ 'λελοίπει καὶ μνῶν τὸ πᾶν γένος·
Ἐν τῷδε δὴ τεθέντε νὼ τὼ δυσμόρω
Βοᾷν βοῶντ' ἐῶσι πρὸς πόντον ῥόθον,
Ἀναστένειν τ' αὔραισιν, ὧν τὰ πνεύματα
Ἄνοικτον οἶκτον, ἀντίφων', ἠμείψατο.
M. Οἴ μοι δέδοικα μὴ τότ' ἀλγύνασά σε—
Π. Θάρσει· θεά τις ἦσθά μοι σωτὴρ, σύ μοι
Τέγγοντι δακρύοις τοῖς ἄγαν πικροῖς ἄλα
Γοῶντί τ' ἄχθος ᾖ 'βαρυνόμην τάλας,
Νέον γέλων γελῶσα, πρὸς Θεοῦ τέ τι
Σθένος τρέφουσ', ἔδωκας εὔθυμον φρένα,
Ὥστ' ἀντέχειν εὖ τῇ πεπρωμένῃ τύχῃ.

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Μ. Ἐπάκτιοι δὲ πῶς ἐσώθημέν ποτε;
Π. Σωτῆρι τούτου χρὴ Θεῷ τίνειν χάριν.
Βορᾶς σπανιστὸν, καί τι κρηναίου πότου
Ἐπωφέλημα Γονζάλων τις, εὐγενὴς
Νεαπολίτης, τοῦδε βηχανήματος
Ταχθεὶς ἄναξ, προύθηκεν ἡμὶν οἰκτίσας·
Πρὸς τοῖσδέ τ', ὀθόνας καί τιν' εὐυφῆ στολὴν,
Τὰ τ' ἄλλ', ἔχουσιν ὧν βροτοὶ χρείαν, ἃ δὴ
Κέρδος μεγὰ πρόσεστι. προσφιλῶς τ' ἐμοὶ,
Εἰδὼς ἔνοντα τῶν μαθημάτων πόθον,
Βίβλους πάρεσχε τῶν ἐμῶν αὐλῶν ἄπο,
Ὧν δῆτα πλείων τῆς δυναστείας χάρις.
Μ. Πῶς ἂν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκεῖνον ἐσιδοίην ποτέ;
Π. Σταθεὶς ἐγὼ μὲν νῦν ἐρῶ· σὺ δ' οὖν τύχης
Σιγῶσ' ἄκουσον τῆς θαλασσίας τέλος·
Ταύτην γὰρ ἀκτὴν ὧδε τὴν περίῤῥυτον
Ἀφικόμεσθα, κἄνθαδ' ὁ τροφεὺς ἐγὼ
Ὁ σὸς, σὲ μᾶλλον ὠφέλησ', ἢ ἄλλοι τέκνα
Βασιλεῖς ἔχουσιν ὠφελεῖν, ὅσοις πάρα
Σχολή τε πλείων καὶ κακίονες τροφοί.
Μ. Ἀλλ' ἀντίποινα τοῦδέ σοι δοίη Θεός·
Νῦν δ', ἐννοῶ γὰρ, πρὸς Θεοῦ φράσον πατὲρ,
Χειμῶν' ἐνάλιον πρὸς τὶ τόνδ' ὄρσας ἔχεις;
Π. Τοσοῦτό γ' ἴσθι· συμφορᾷ θείᾳ τινὶ,
Ἡ νῦν ἄνασσα προσφιλὴς ἐμοὶ, Τύχη
Ἤδη τὸν ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν, ταύτην στόλον
Προσήγαγ' ἀκτήν· κἂν προμηθίαν ἔχω
Ὥρα, σάφ' οἶδα, τοῦ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὲ
Εἰς εὐπρόσωπον ἀστέρα ῥέπει τινὰ,
Τὸν εἰ τὰ νῦν μὴ θησόμεσθα πρευμενῆ,
Φανούμεθ' ἤδη κ' εἰσάπαξ πεπτωκότες.

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST. 1824.

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RURA CANO RURISQUE DEOS.

Arbitra terrarum, victique Britannia ponti
O, quæ sceptra geris, solioque innixa refulges
Æquoreo, circumspiciens ingentia regna,
Marte opibusque potens, et frugum uberrima nutrix,
Sit mihi fas orare tuum venerabile numen,
Fas valles, errare, tuas et prata canenti;
Quasque ibi delicias gens fortunata fovere
Adsuerit, ductosque suis celebrare per annos
Ordinibus ritus. Britonum nam regna tenebat
Barbara gens quondam; neque adhuc educere turres,
Nec valido scibant moliri vomere glebas,
Sed temere ex antris latices haurire solebant
Munere solati jejunia Dodonæo,
Et latebras habitare rudes; artusque levabat
Inter dura quies instrato saxa cubili.
Audiit interea nemorum increbrescere murmur,
Audiit Oceani strepitum cœlosque tonantes
Incola; præsentisque Dei vestigia noscens
Semina concepit sceleratæ in pectore fraudis.
Fas autem versumque nefas; tum pallidus ibat
Corpora natorum genitor visurus, et aras
Sanguinis humani perfusâ cæde madentes.
O almæ salvete vices. En, gratia Divi:
Emicat erroris lux interfusa tenebris,
Et valet incultæ sensim succurrere genti;
Castaque Simplicitas dilecto in rure moratur.

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Ergo victa gravi dudum Natura veterno
Explicat occultas vires; et prodiga floret
Ubertate soli; venit indulgentia Veris
Suavior adridens; pratorum dædalus ordo
Floribus induitur, croceosque exhalat odores.
Hic et muscosi fontes, et dulcia ruris
Otia non absunt; gemmant in gramine rores,
Dum prodit Sol purpureus; Zephyrique susurro
Sylva movet frondes, liquidumque per aëra fundit
Concentus avium; pendentia verbera pubes
Dat fluvio, visisque in aquâ colludere plumis
Naiadum ad ripas argentea pectora tractat.
Nec procul in pratis Maio dicuntur honores
Rite sui, plenis circum munuscula nymphæ
Matutina ferunt calathis; fontesque coronant,
Quos propter, quoties accendit Cynthia cornu,
Instituit choreas, et gyro gramina signat
Læta manus Lemurum; hic pugnæ simulacra cohortes
Explicitæ volgo texunt, duce qualis Iulo
Dardana progenies Siculis incessit arenis.
Nec, quamvis Æstas, nimiique potentia Solis
Incubet arenti scopulo, non ire juvabit,
Gestit ubi stagno dulci mersare magister
Et timidos tondere greges, dum vallibus agni
Insultant, et voce sonat nemus. O, ubi clivo
Purior electro tacite delabitur amnis,
Et vitreo ridens speculo pellacia lymphæ
In numerum suadet nervis amplectier undas,
O, ibi mirantem qui me per amœna vireta
Ducat, ubi mentem pascat prospectus inanem,
Elysiæ niteant valles et dulcia Tempe,
Dum resonare docet colles Amaryllida pastor.

36. The fly.

41. Allusion is made to the custom of adorning fountains with flowers.

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Aut mihi raptato insolita dulcedine ferri
Detur, ubi pagi vicinia comminus herbas
Miscet odoratas, et strati gratia ruris
Panditur ad Solem, puerique adscendere plaustra
Aut tenera exultim gaudent per gramina volvi,
Dividit et virgo mellitâ voce canorem.
Nec longum, et mites quando Sol duplicat umbras
Occiduus, radiisque relucent saxa, juventus
Ludos ducit, ubi ramorum umbracula texunt
Hospitium, cantuque fovet Philomela colonum.
Jamque choros dulces inter, scenasque virentes
Ire mihi videor. Juvat exercere palæstram,
Quâ pater antiquâ certamina ponit in ulmo,
Atque alia ex aliis oblectant gaudia cœtus.
Quis nescit lætosque jocos, hilaresque choreas,
Eloquiumve oculi, et facunda silentia nymphæ
Suaviter in comitem obliquos meditantis amores,
Dum natæ invigilat voltu pia cura parentis.
Vidi egomet, multâ circum glomerante coronâ,
Narrantis dum quisque inhians pendebat ab ore,
Vidi egomet, tremulâ sagam memorare loquelâ
Somnia nocturna, et quoties densa ingruit umbra
Ut mœsti volitant Manes, lateque videntur
Tartareas quassare faces; ipsamque, legentem
Intentis oculis palmarum signa, futuri
Temporis ambages vitæque evolvere sortes.
Interea rubeis mulctralia plena lacertis
Dulce puella canens portat; vel segnius agmen
Ægra boum caudâ vestigia verrit; aratorque
Effigiem Lunæ puram sine nube salutat.

88. Bailey tells us, that the common people, in some counties of England, are accustomed at the prime of the Moon to say, "It is a fine Moon, God bless her."—*Brand.*

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Felix, si nusquam ferales noctua cantus
Integret, aut tremulâ scintillans luce paludem
Pervolitet vapor, ac mentitos induat ignes.
Felix, si desolatas formidine turris
Invitâ prætergrediens impune ruinas,
Agrestes tumulos inter, mœstasque cupressos,
(Quippe ubi virgineos cineres nova serta coronant,)
Culmina villarum rursus fumantia cernat.
Suave rubescentem Phœbo spectare recessum,
Aurea quum viridi sublucet sylva colore,
Suave etiam Autumni dubio discrimine fœtus
Ruraque messorum late ferventia curis
Prospicere; et pingui Cerealia munera culmo
Brachiaque ad terram nimiis pendentia pomis.
Unde frequens glomeratur avis, perque aëra nubes
Ingruit alarum raptim; jàm sæpe dederunt
Volnere fœta gravi sonitum tormenta; neque illas
Frigida luxuries foliorum, aut penna tuetur;
Nec celeres rursus furtim subrepta juvabit
Pabula prædari, gratasque invadere messes;
Quà flavas inter segetes, Cererisque coronam,
Exstructas prospectat opes, lætusque recenset,
Et canit extremas effœtus messor aristas.
Fortunate senex, ubi ridet Copia, Soles
Condere lætaris festos, sociique per herbam
Vina coronantes dapibus pascuntur inemtis.
Hic motus incompositos, risuque soluto
Ludentes vidisse lubet; rudibusque figuris
Hic levium campos ineunt spectacula rerum.
Nec vero fuit antiquo sub Thespide lusus
Lætior, Ilissum juxta et Tritonidis arces,
Unde Agamemnonios primum videre furores

91. Ignis fatuus. 92. Haunted houses. 94. Churchyards.

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Cecropidæ; necnon circum plaudente coronâ,
Clara Sophocleo dignata est Musa cothurno.
Esto; hic non unquam bacchari insana Voluptas
Regifico gestit luxu; neque tædia plausus
Longa fovent Hyemis, vastique aulæa theatri.
Namque Lares intra exiguos, cum vespere conjux
Munditiis simplex mensam struit; oscula proles
Præripit occurrens patri, teneraque laborat
Voce loqui complexa genu: focus igne relucet,
Lætitiamque addit tectis, ni funeris ultro
Ejiciat duri speciem; dum sæpe cachinnus
Prodit ab arcanâ latitantem sede puellam;
Plurima vel fallit labentem fabula noctem.
Heu, male tum cernent putres concrescere fungos,
Sideraque ignifero tractu signare meatus,
Aut sub nocte canes implere ululatibus auras,
Has, O, has scenas inter, vitæque tenorem,
Securasque domos, juvat auscultare procellas,
Ventorumque rudes flatus, sylvæque fragorem,
Gaudiaque agricolæ tacito sub pectore serpunt.
Nec minus Auroræ surgit redeuntis imago
Delicias mirata suas, quum frigidus humor
Destillare casis cœpit, tenuemque videtur
Candenti Tellus suffundere veste ruborem.
Nec dubitat per læve gelu concretaque regna
Ire levis puer. En, subitâ vertigine ferri,
Quà facili cursu tendebat navita cymbam,
Fertque refertque pedes, et circa lubricus errat.
Quis vocat interea strepitus? nemus unde remugit
Ingenti clamore? ruunt per prata, per undas
Æmula venantumque cohors, et odora canum vis
Auritum leporem ac lacrymantem frangere cervum;

130. Coffin. 135. Candle omens.

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Ille fugit, refugitque vias, atque orbibus orbes
Implicat, et tandem post vulnera dura sequentum
Sumit opes animumque, et saucius hostibus instat.
Frustra: nam fessos distendit anhelitus artus:
Labitur infelix; perque ora nitentia sanguis
Funditur; ingeminant voces; it sparsa cruore
Purpureo Cædes, canibusque immittit habenas.
At tristes lenite sonos; Discordia campos
Quærat Hyperboreos demens, Scythiæque pruinas,
Cimmeriaque caput fœdum caligine condat.
Aspice, promisso lætantur ut omnia Divo,
Et semiusta domos servat custodia ligni,
Candidaque intextæ decorant magalia laurus.
Salve læta dies, ævi melioris origo,
Unde hominum jam certa fovent solatia casus;
Spes almo ridet voltu; Pax missa per oras
Æthereas tendit pennas, potioraque vitæ
Gaudia venturæ, et felicia tempora monstrat.
Scilicet et tandem nascetur purior ætas
Nescia mutari, durique oblita laboris,
Impia delebit sceleris contagia nostri.
Tum cœleste melos spirans, vocesque beatas,
Omnibus assiduos Ver indulgebit honores,
Aureaque æterno condentur sæcula regno.

JOHN BROME. 1825.

164. The yule-log. 166. Christmas Day.

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SAUL.

Be present thou, without whose aid all song
Is dissonant, by stream or breezy bank
Whether thou wanderest; or near the moon,
And dewy Hesper thy advent'rous wing
Springs upward; be thou present, and inspire
Pure thoughts, dear Poesy, and numbers sweet,
And tones soft-swelling; such as David once
With ravishing touch from his melodious lyre
Drew forth, harmonious spells, celestial strains,
Of pow'r to win, to tame th' unwilling soul,
And Discord's charmed locks smooth into peace:
Such as in evil days could soften Saul,
Unhappy Saul, and o'er his desolate mind
Fling light and gladness; as, when over sea
The wand'ring airs of odoriferous Ind
Come balmy, Ocean smiles, and rugged Storm,
Relenting sternly, drops his crested front.
Yes: sounds there are and symphonies, that touch
Some answ'ring tone of pleasure, or of pain,
That still the aching of this vital frame,
Or cool th' empoison'd wound. But they are vain,
And heav'nly Music with a sigh retires,
When, in the hour of wealth, the watchful fiends,
Envy and Hate, mingle their secret spells
With life's calm waters, and the gather'd cloud

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Bursts, and leaves all in ruin. Is it sunk?
Is 't gone, the glory of thy 'nointed brow,
Saul, king of Israel? Thou art no more
Such, as in Gilgal, before all the tribes,
Thou stood'st th' elect of Heav'n, or leddest on
The troops, at Jabesh, to victorious fight,
"All arm'd, and kingly in commanding grace."
The Lord has left thee, and thou feel'st no more
The sacred whisper in thy secret soul,
The peace of innocence, the grace divine,
The spirit, and the presence of thy God.
The Lord has left thee, Fortune turn'd thy foe,
Her red-lipp'd hounds unmuzzled, bitter Scorn,
And, snaky-headed guard of Hell, Remorse:
While Mem'ry, pointing to thy former fame,
Rises, and, like a spectre, haunts thine eye;
And, if bright dreams of glory and high-deeds,
In happier moments, steal thee from thyself,
Crosses thy path, and with a with'ring look
Strikes them to nothing; while the nations round
Mock Israel's King, and with their armed bands
Defy her power, and thunder at her gates.
Where is the King? with confidence sublime,
And faith unshaken in the Lord of hosts,
Stands he the first? No voice from heav'n, or dream,
Or inspiration of the holy presence,
Urge him, as wont: but Time, and Death, that still
Follow our flesh, and ever wheel more near,
With darker shadow stoop their ominous wing.
Then broke his mighty soul: but there is hope:
Hope, tho' far diff'rent: Israel in her camp
Is silent, and the Philistines around
Are silent, but the tempest howls without,

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And sounding show'rs, and melancholy wind,
Presage the morrow. Saul amid the rack
Stalks, like the spirit of the terrible storm,
Trampling the winds, and, breasting the blue flame
Of Heav'n, shoots through the tremendous gloom,
And hurls the reins to Madness and Despair.
"O look not now into this breast of mine,
Thou sleepless eye of Heav'n: hide me, ye clouds;
Ye tempests cover me: and thou, black Night,
Descending, shroud me with thy swarthy wing,
And save me from his anger. And, O Thou
Spirit, who watchest in its secret cell
Each embryo wish, quell these unhallow'd thoughts;
Keep me from evil; and, if Saul must die,
If Saul must die, and this the fatal day,
Let me not perish like th' unthinking ox,
Led to the slaughter-house. This hand has borne
The incense in Thy presence, and this tongue
Has glow'd, O Lord, with more than mortal fire!
And canst Thou see me here, Thy chosen King,
From Thy communion driv'n, expell'd, outlaw'd,
Seeking Thy counsels from a second mouth?
Thy counsels?—But it matters not. Avaunt;
Ye narrow bonds of bigots and of priests,
Away: This magic art, this pow'r of spells,
Come it of heav'n or hell, or other power,
Which, pitying mortals, deigns to visit earth,
I reck not. He rejects me: scorns: disowns:
And want there Gods of pow'r superior still?
Rules he the boundless universe alone?
No, ye bright legions of supernal air,
Protect me, lead me. Now, ev'n now, methinks,
Ye do contend for this debated breast,

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And with your mighty war turmoil the air,
Breathing the two-edg'd lightning from your lips,
And bellowing thunder. Then, to you, ye Gods,
And ye will save me, of free will, I go."
Within the centre of an ancient wood,
Where dark repose, and lonely horror deep
Of endless silence dwells, there, haggard, old,
And never visited by holy light,
Behold the sorceress. To th' angry heav'ns
Saul look'd defiance, but, his spirit sunk,
And pale, and weak, and with a voice subdu'd,
In other garb his wishes to the witch
Whispers, and wildly adds, "If spells can raise,
If words and sounds can move the silent dead,
And call the soul, that never hovers far,
Back to the body; if the soul itself
Be some bright denizen of other worlds,
For punishment, condemn'd to serve on earth,
And not a dream of the corporeal brain,
A finer moulding of selected clay,
Now prove thy pow'r upon its shadowy form,
Round Samuel's body strew thy lunar herbs,
Bid Samuel's spirit hither, not unseen."
The witch obey'd: yet half in spite began,
And, not unmindful of her sisters slain,
And other days, and the forbidden art,
Her hollow magic mutter'd to the air.
  Sudden the rain surceas'd; the blust'ring wind
Sunk; and the shadowy lustre of the moon,
Streaming forth suddenly, o'er th' aged trees
Threw her fantastic light: the witch broke off,
Hush'd her unholy words, and all was still.
"Is 't he? what see'st thou?" "Airy phantoms slow,

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Like exhalations, rising from the earth,
Forms indistinct that people the dim air,
Gigantic shapes, their heav'nly essence light
Contracting to your vision." While she spoke,
There stood a third beside them: no dim form
Of midnight shadow, but a figure bright,
Unearthly. The sage mildness of his brow,
The awful eye, the dignity of port,
Betoken Samuel. The prophet's fire,
Like ancient spirit in deserted fane,
Still linger'd; such, as when he judg'd the land
I' the glory of his office; such, as when
He render'd up that office to the King,
And thunder witness'd in the cloudless sky.
Yet not his voice as Samuel's: but such,
As those, who list the language of the wind,
(Pale, melancholy men, that never smile)
Hear whisper'd in the summer-sounding breeze,
Under the sacred oak, at dewy eve.
"Why dost thou bend thy brow unto the ground?
Why dost thou turn thy visage from my gaze?
Thou didst desire me, Saul: and I am come.
And art thou, wretched man, that mighty Saul?
How is the pride of thy majestic brow
Blasted? Thy beauty chang'd? Thy glory fall'n?
The mark of sin is on thee; evil thoughts
Have tarnish'd the bright casket of thy soul,
And set within thine eye no harmless light,
The fatal penalty of former crime,
Envy and Pride. For which shall Israel weep,
While Gath and Askelon with triumph ring
Insulting. But, O Saul, if e'er thou 'st known
The dawning of our God within thy breast,

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If e'er his spirit influenc'd the dark
And gloomy tides of thy impetuous soul,
Repent: for, surely as the day shall come,
God bids me tell thee, Thou shalt surely die."
The prophet said: but, horrible, and pale,
Still hanging forward to the fatal words,
Still gazing on the empty-vaulted night,
Stood Saul: till, slowly gath'ring in the East,
The rosy promise of the dawn came forth,
And told, too surely, that "the day was come."
Thought he of death, as to the camp he turn'd?
Or of past times, when all the din of war
Jarr'd not his eager heart, and breast of fire?
Or was all thought of present, or of past,
Buried in apathy? The trumpet sounds,
And in the agony of desperate fight
Ended all thought: but, when the fight was done,
And mid the ruins of his broken host
He stood alone, then sudden o'er his soul
Flash'd Conscience, like the lightning's glare, and shew'd
The mighty wreck of all that once was great,
And thunder'd in his ear, and bade him die.
Thrice to his breast the faithful servant sad
Pointed the sword; thrice in his trembling hand
The weapon fail'd; he let it fall, and fled.
Saul at the recreant, as he rush'd away,
Scowl'd a dark smile of melancholy scorn,
And seiz'd himself the sword, and sunk to death.

FRANCIS BEAUFORT EDGEWORTH. 1825.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD THE SECOND."—Act I. Scene 3.

GAUNT. BOLINGBROKE.

Γ. Οὐράνιον ἤντιν' ὄμμα γῆν ἐπισκοπεῖ,
Ὅρμους παρέξει τῷ σοφῷ μάλ' εὐξένους,
Καλούς τε λιμένας· ταῦτα δὴ τὴν σὴν φρονεῖν
Δίδασκ' ἀνάγκην, ὦ τέκνον, πασῶν ὅτι
Ἀρετῶν ἀνάγκῃ γ' οὔτις ἐξ ἴσου κρατεῖ.
Νόμιζε δ', οὐχ ὡς ἐκβαλών σ' ἄναξ ἔχει,
Σὺ δ' ὡς ἐκεῖνον. Τῷ φέροντι δυσλόφως
Λύπης βαρύτερον τοὐπίσαγμ' ἐφιζάνει.
Ἄγ' εἰπὲ, δόξαν ἐμπολήσονθ' ὡς ἐγὼ
Ἐπεμψά σ', οὐκ ἐκεῖνος ὥς σ' ἐξήλασεν.
Ἦ χ' ὡς ἐφῆπται πάμφαγος τῷδ' αἰθέρι
Λοιμὸς, σὺ δ' ἄνοσον εἰς τίν' ἐκφεύγεις χθόνα.
Ὅρα. τὰ προσφιλέστατ' ἔνθ' εἶναι φρόνει,
Ὅποι πορεύει, κ'ουχ ὅθεν μολὼν ἔχεις.
Φθόγγον τὸν ὀρνίθειον, εὔλυρον μέλος
Νόμιζ'· ἐφ' ᾗ δ' ἂν τυγχάνῃς ἕρπων χλοῇ,
Αὐλῆς πέτασμα πορφυρόστρωτον τίθου.
Τἄνθη δ' ἁβρὰς γυναῖκας, οὐδὲ σὴν βάσιν
Ἀλλ', ἢ χορείας τερπνὸν εὐμέτρου ῥυθμόν.
Εὐωριάζει δ' εἴτις, ἠδ' ἐπεγγελᾷ,
Τοῦτόν γ' ἔλασσον ἀγρία Λύπη δάκνει.

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Β. Ὤμοι, τίς ἂν πῦρ χειρὶ βαστάζειν ἔχοι,
Τὸ Καυκάσειον ἐννοούμενος κρύος;
Τίς δῆτα λιμοῦ νῆστιν ἀμβλύνειν ἀκμὴν,
Κενοῖσι τερφθεὶς δαιτὸς ἐννοήμασιν;
Ἢ χιόνι γυμνὸς ἐγκυλίνδεσθαι μέσῃ,
Μάτην ἄδηλον ἐν φρεσὶν νωμῶν θέρος;
Οὐ δῆ. καλῶν ἔννοια τῆς κακίονος
Σφοδρωτέραν δίδωσιν αἴσθησιν τύχης·
Μάλιστα δ' ἐντὸς ἐλκέων ὀξύνεται
Ἡ δηξίθυμος ἀγρίας Λύπης γνάθος,
Ὅταν δακοῦσα μὴ διαμπερὲς τάμῃ.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1825.

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AUTUMNUS.

Prolem querelis lene sonantibus
Si fieret ales Cecropiæ domûs,
  Nymphæque sub luco palumbis
    Aure melos biberent; quietos
Spirans amores, non lyra pollicis
Sonaret ictu nostra, neque immemor
  Pudoris auderet volucrum
    Aerios violare cantus;
Sed jam siletur: nota relinquitur
Ubique sedes; et canit invicem
  Camœna, quæ nascens magistris
    Alitibus didicit Lycæi
Propter latebras: ne per agros Ceres
Indicta fruges spargeret aureas,
  Ne mitis Autumni venustas
    Non proprio frueretur hymno.
Vides, ut æstas mollior, et vigor
Anni senescat? dum Zephyri tacet
  Susurrus, et convexa cœli
    Cœrula temperies serenat;
Admurmurantis vix nebulæ procul

11. At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines possent, auresque juvare.
Lucretius, v. 1377.

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Amnis meatu leniter insident,
Sylvæque se pallor recedens
Induit in dubios colores.
Neque his Voluptas nulla redintegrat
Pratis honores messis: Io, sonant
Cantus puellarum, et Juventæ
Risus ovans super ore ludit.
Signet Cometes sanguineo licet
Nocturna tractu nubila, nec facem
Det Luna consuetam: coloni,
Quos foveant, hilarisque pubes,
In corde sensus, pocula Liberi,
Et nox avitis dedita fabulis,
Nec parva messorum corona, et
Mista choris joca feriatis
Testantur: O si rura Theocritus
Rursus beato pectore viseret,
Rerumque, quas olim canebat,
Delicias iterare posset
Amore raptus: seu loca vitium
Serpente nexu gratia vestiat,
Et livido turgens racemo
Italiæ decus æmuletur;
Seu digna regnis Alcinoi pyra
Ostendat hortus, malaque roscida,
Prematque decerptas puella
Dente nuces, neque mella temnat.
Quales recessus inter, et otia
Nec cervus acri prosiliat fugâ,
Nec prata venator sequendo
Carpat equus, crepitetve plumbî
Imber per auras: non ita Phyllidi
Musæque visum: tollite barbaras

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Cædes, et Autumni quietem
Funereo prohibete ludo.
Fas in remoto sit potius jugo,
Lapsasque frondes, nudaque visere
Arbusta, et humanæ doceri
Signa vicis fragilemque vitam:
Ergo occidemus: qualis at arborum
Vernis redibit verticibus coma,
Qualis coronabit rosarum
Luxuries rediviva ripas,
Quum se relicto Spiritus efferet
Noster sepulcro, cinget amabilis
Splendor renascentem, suique
Gratia subveniet decoris.
Nec vana fingo somnia: dum loquor,
Præsentioris nosco aditus Dei:
Et Spes triumphans immoratur
Pollicitis meliora regnis.
Lenita Sensus pectora temperant
Sublimiores: porta recluditur
Æterna cœlorum, et coruscant
Ætheriæ sine fine sedes.

JOHN BROME. 1825.

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URBS.

Alma Jovis soboles, cui, tecta nitentia luxu
Turrigerasque urbes populosque invisere, curæ;
Cuspide depositâ paulisper et ægidis orbe,
Diva, favens adsis conanti grandia, ut Urbis
Mores concelebrem, et digno tua munera cantu.
Tuque, choros linquens Phrygios, Berecynthia Mater
Et bacchata jugis Corybantûm Dindyma turbâ,
O turrita juves; et tu, qui primus in urbem
Junxisti gentes Rutulûm, populumque ferocem
Legibus infrænare tuis, justoque labore
Exercere, Pater, volnisti; ut quisque recentes
Posset amare focos, et fundamenta locare
Ædibus, atque alto turres educere cœlo.
Adsit et ille satus Maiâ, quo, rite, magistro
Olim Amphioniâ lapides testudine ducti
Rupibus exsiluere suis, et in ordine justo
Undique congesti steterunt, tua mœnia, Thebe.
  Mane novo surgens quum findit nubila Phœbus,
Culmina quot videas totam fumare per urbem,
Quot sonitus varios miscerier undique late
Accipias, tractimque hominum increbrescere murmur.
Hic validi properant opera ad Volcania fabri;
Passibus hic fessis clavam vigilemque lucernam
Custodes noctis referunt; rubrisve lacertis

8. Saturn.—*Virg. Æn.* viii. 321.
14. Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo.—*Hor. Od.* iii. 11.

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Strenua sustentat mulctralia plena virago.
Nec minus interea juvat inspectare labores
Artificumque manus; radio subtemen acuto
Inserit ut textor, digitisque micantibus urget,
Crescentemve ferit densanti pectine telam:
Turget ut in ventrem flatu, liquefacta flagranti
Igne silex, variâque novas capit arte figuras:
Insignes ut Marte viros formaque puellas
Marmore de Pario sculptor posuisse laborat;
Phidiacamque petit famæ sine fraude coronam.
Hic, quâ parte vides fumo vitiarier auras
Ætherias, mistâque vomi fuligine nubem;
Ardentes rapidâ prunæ in fornace subactæ
Sulphuream exspirant animam, quæ pabula flammæ
Ferratis subvecta tubis diversa ministret;
Lampades ignito ut per longas aere noctes
Pascantur, miroque abigant fulgore tenebras.
O utinam lux illa, nigras quæ discutit umbras,
Pelleret exitiale nefas, furumque tumultus.
Sed nondum rediere urbi Saturnia regna:
En, manibus sontem ducunt post terga revinctis
Lictores, ædesque petunt, ubi prætor eburno
Innixus solio, et trabeâ fulgente decorus,
Crimina cognoscens, edicit jura, brevemque
Litibus imponit finem, pœnasque reposcit.
Atque ea dum fiunt, hymenæi pompa superbi
Per vicos incedit; equus sinuamina crurum
Exultans glomerat, phalerisque auroque renidens
Corripit insignem lætus per compita currum.
Candida succingunt Nympham velamina; servis
Albet apex capiti, niveoque colore refulget.

27. The Weaver. 30. The Glassblower. 32. The Statuary.
35. A Gasometer. 46. Mansion-house. 50. Marriage.

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Non ita jam pridem cecinere "Hymenæe" per urbem
Ludentes pueri; incessit nova nupta tenellâ
Virginitate rubens, quam circum Gratia Amoresque
Agmine concordi volitantes, floribus ultro
Gaudebant vernis et olenti spargere nimbo.
  Ast alia occurrunt oculis spectacula; mœsto
Segnia procedunt passu, pompâque decenti
Funera: sollenni turbantur mœnia luctu;
Atro ornantur equi, nigrasque in vertice plumas
Vibrant, et flexâ simulant cervice dolorem.
Haud secus in vitâ subeunt dolor atque voluptas,
Et variant alterna vices: vix risus ab ore
Purpureo, lætusque oculis evanuit ardor,
Cum dolor invisus lacrymis rorantibus ora
Irrigat, et mœsto voltus obnubilat imbre.
  Illic ad fluvium coeunt quâ parte catervæ,
Ardua contexto tollit se robore navis;
Quæ, simul atque moras obstantes rite magister
Rupit, et attentam cepere silentia turbam,
Ecce, levi primùm furtim delapsa meatu,
Deinde capit vires sensim, et, violentior Euro,
Emicat alta petens, spumâ rorantia longe
Saxa fremunt, lateri illisus circumtonat ingens
Oceanus, plausuque virûm furit arduus æther.
Sic, ubi cognatas Argoo remige pinus
Pelion attonitum descendere vidit in undas,
Ensibus insignes clypeisque ardentibus auro,
"Arma" ter intrepidi fremuere heroes, at omnis
Ter sonitum referens immane remugiit aer,
Ter mons piniferos capitis concussit honores.
  Sed ferrugineo jam vestit cuncta colore,
Et vocat in somnos vesper crescentibus umbris;

61. Funeral. 71. Ship-launch.

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Tempore quanquam illo Luxus splendore coruscat
Regifico magis atque magis; tum Dia Voluptas
Risu purpureo turbas et fascinat almis
Illecebris animos, et pellit corde dolorem.
Hic, ubi confertas cernis concurrere turbas,
Porticus exsurgit vasti laqueata theatri;
Ilicet irrumpit magno cum murmure vulgus
Densum humeris, impletque foros, novitate morandum,
Seu levis induerit soccum, seu Musa severa
Majestate tumens, incedat vincta cothurno;
Doctave magnificos fundat Germania cantus.
Parte aliâ foribus splendens domus alta superbis
Ingentem ostendit reseratis ædibus aulam.
Stant Parii lapides, juvenum spirantia signa,
Ardentesque faces tendunt, testudine picti
Elucent postes, fulvi nitor Indicus auri
Sub laqueare domus micat interioris; ubi ingens
Lumina pertentat fulgor, pedibusque choreas
Mox læti plaudent juvenes, gracilesque puellæ.
Crebrescunt sonitus; famuli stant agmine denso,
Et stipant aditum: en, rapidi longo ordine currus
Fulgent, et celeres rutilant per compita flammæ.
Nec procul hinc, miseranda fame, nudosque laborans,
Heu frustra, laceris defendere vestibus artus,
Pallentemque premens genetrix ad pectora natum,
Orat opem, patrio nuper quæ in rure, modesta
Simplicitate placens, gratoque nitore juventæ,
Deliciæ patris, et vicini gloria pagi
Floruerat: culto veluti flos vernus in horto
Spirat suave rubens: duro mox pollice messus,
Divitis ut mensam domini luxumque coronet,
Collapsis calamis, et deficiente colore

92. Theatre. 99. Ball.

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Marcet, et invalidos capitis demittit honores;
Illa, gemens ignominiam patremque relictum,
Marcida crudeli languet deperdita fato:
Scilicet horribili culpam succincta flagello
Ultrix pœna premit, stimulisque minacibus urget.
At vos, qui seros nocturnæ ad lampadis ignes
Gaudetis vino certatim immergere mentem;
Et vetito siquis ludo noctesque diesque
Indulges, quem præcipiti levis alea casu
Insatiabiliter turpi dulcedine captat;
Este viri; vacuas accendat gloria mentes
Jam tandem, patriæque salus. En, Curia vobis,
Conciliumque Patrum limen venerabile pandit;
Candida marmoreis en fulgent templa columnis,
Relligioque vocat. Vos, o, sacra jussa verentes,
Discite virtutemque sequi, moresque nefandos
Tollere, et in veras exciti assurgite laudes.
Non etenim virtute patrum vel mœnibus æneis
Ferrea Parcarum poteris deflectere jura,
Eumenidumve feram prædâ depellere turmam;
Hoc sciat, Euphraten tumidum, desertaque siquis
Regna adeat, qua sublimes Babylonia quondam
Extulit urbs turres, triplici et circumdata muro
Mœnia, et hortorum pendentes pumice moles
Irriguas, et amœna novâ viridaria terrâ.
Quin et Roma, caput regali exuta coronâ,
Et tristi canos effundens vertice crines,
Eversas interque domos, et fana malignis
Fœda rubis, manibus vacuam languentibus urnam
Sustinet, et studio mœrens suspirat inani.
Sed gravior mersit Fortunæ casus Athenas,

126. Tavern. 127. Gambling-house.
132. Houses of Parliament. 133. Churches.

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Majus et exitium; Zephyri genitabilis aura
Mulcet adhuc campos; hortorum dædalus ordo
Spirat adhuc, cultoque rubet vindemia colli;
Vilior at venit, torpensque in bella propago;
Aurea Libertas, et Dî, Virtusque, Fidesque
Excessere adytis; famæ monumenta prioris,
Effigies fractas, divolsaque fragmina fanis,
Conspectare licet, spoliataque marmore templa.
Nec tamen aut Babylon, aut Roma, aut Palladis arces,
Quales fulgebant armis opibusque superbæ,
Laudibus Augustæ certent; tibi Copia, et omnes
Arrident, Augusta, artes, tibi suave ministrat
Velivolus Thamesis frigusque aurasque salubres;
Naves unde tuæ per aperti marmora ponti
Audaces volitant, quod nuper frigida regna
Usque sub Arctoâ sensere rigentia brumâ;
Sensit, ad occiduos quæ soles insula vergit,
Barbara gens quondam, binorum funere regum
Pensatura tui crudelia vulnera nautæ.
Scilicet Angliaco dum surgent robore classes,
Mascula dum proles suberit, genus acre virorum,
Tu non fracta malis, Mavors licet ipse cruento
Fulminet Oceano, antiquas licet eruat urbes,
Stabis, et æqua reges certo moderamine terras
Ponderibus librata tuis, orbisque tumultus
Ardua despicies pelagi regina subacti.

CHARLES HEBERT. 1826.

165. Expeditions to the North Pole. 167. Owyhee.
168. The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who died in London of the measles 1824, conveyed home in the Blonde frigate.
169. Captain Cook cruelly mangled by the natives, 1779.

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JACOB.

THERE stands in Luz a solitary stone,
A lasting monument of ages gone:
Firm, as when first its youthful founder shed
The consecrating oil upon its head.
When that rude stone was rear'd, the matted palm
Droop'd its thick boughs in ev'ning's sultry calm:
O'er the green turf that cloth'd the lovely vale,
The cedar's broad leaf floated to the gale.
That grove is now no more: the barren land
Displays one vast expanse of burning sand;
Yet, like some island planted in the main,
That stone still lifts its head above the plain:
So stood the Patriarch's Faith, that bade him dare
To burst the iron bonds of stern Despair,
And nerv'd his soul to that worst blow of Fate,
The first, the deadliest curse, a brother's hate.
How throbb'd his heart, when from his native home,
A Mother's caution sent him forth to roam?
But mid conflicting doubts and anxious fear
The Father's blessing check'd the rising tear,
And lull'd the tumults of his soul to rest:
"My son, I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd."
And he was bless'd. Descending from on high
He comes, in glory comes the Deity;

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Angels on angels crowd the vision'd spheres,
Seraph on seraph, host on host appears:
And o'er those ranks in pure celestial rays
That dim the sapphire's hue, the diamond's blaze,
Far, far above JEHOVAH stands on high
In all unutterable majesty.—
Hark, the dread voice in thund'ring accents rolls
Thro' the vast concave of the list'ning poles.
"Count the thick dust that strows the sandy plain,
Count the succeeding billows on the main,
Count all the stars that sparkle in the sea;
Unnumber'd still shall thy descendants be;
Where wide Chaldæa's breezes parch thy brow,
Or scorch'd Arabia's deserts ever glow:
Still shall my care for ev'ry want provide,
And lead thee on, thy Guardian, and thy Guide."
The voice had ceas'd, and o'er that haunted dell
Night's solemn noon with deeper silence fell:
But under ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry ill,
Faith in the promis'd blessing cheer'd him still,
As cheers the mariner the polar star,
Tho' the winds whistle, and the billows war.
And other hopes were his, but they were vain;
They fell and faded at the stroke of pain:
Faded, as fades the rainbow's varying form,
Fell, as the tall oak falls before the storm.
How keen the pang that smote the lover's heart
Reft of his hire, beguil'd by Laban's art?
How keen the pang, when o'er her sandy plain,
The far Ephrata heard a shriek of pain;
And the chill breeze that swept along the heath,
Bore Jacob's dirge for long-sought Rachel's death.

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Yet was he not alone: a light arose,
And still its radiance shone above his woes:
It shone in Penuel, when the calm of night
Heard heav'nly sounds and saw th' unearthly fight;
And, where his Angel conqueror had striv'n,
Great "Israel" stood a Prince belov'd of Heav'n:
That radiance shone, tho', lost in life's first pride,
His Joseph's vest with other blood was dy'd;
The heartfelt prayer declar'd his trust on high,
While the deep groan bespoke his agony.
Nor vain that trust, for brighter days arose,
To gild the shadow of his lengthen'd woes:
And it was his to speak in happier strain,
To pour thanksgiving to his God again.
"My Son, my Joseph draws the vital breath,
And I shall see him, ere I sink to death;
Behold once more that long-remember'd face,
Clasp that lov'd bosom in one close embrace;
And, when my Maker calls me to my rest,
Breathe my last sigh, content, on Joseph's breast."
Again the vision hover'd round his head,
Gilded his age, and sooth'd his dying bed,
And, like the last tints of expiring day,
Shed on that hour a momentary ray:
As oft 'tis said, the eve of life has giv'n
A clearer insight to the paths of Heav'n,
When the soul, clos'd against the thoughts of life,
Forgets each earthly care, each earthly strife;
And future times, in mystic darkness seal'd,
Show to the passing soul events conceal'd:
Yet not as substances, in vision clear,
But such as on the margent brink appear

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Of some smooth river, while the dark blue skies
In mirror'd beauty to the view arise;
Then, as the pool is ruffled by the wind,
Vanish at once, nor leave a trace behind.
So bright on Jacob's view the vision came,
So fleet it vanish'd on its wings of flame;
But, ere it vanish'd, fill'd the old man's soul,
And from his breast bade words prophetic roll.
He sang the fortunes of the chosen race,
The future tribes, their promis'd dwelling-place:
The ships of Zabulon were in his song;
How, like a wolf, Benoni rush'd along;
The craft of Dan; and Joseph's fruitful tree;
Victorious Gad; and goodly Naphthali.
But when entranc'd he speaks of Judah's race,
A double splendor lights his aged face;
Their glories fire the seer's enraptur'd tongue,
The battle's roar, the triumph's joys are sung:
And the glad father feels a father's pride,
While o'er the pictur'd scene a thousand ages glide:
And ev'ry vision'd king of Judah's stem
Bears the proud weight of Judah's diadem.
"Behold," he cried, "there comes in Judah's line
The Blessing of the Lord, the Seed divine.
In all my wand'rings, and in all my woes,
Since first a brother's wrath against me rose,
Like heav'nly music sounding on my ear,
That Blessing cheer'd me on, and follow'd near,
In noon-day's torrid blaze, or midnight dark,
The dove of comfort to my shatter'd ark.
Still did the light appear amid the gloom:
A God presiding over Jacob's doom.

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And as their course revolving ages wing,
I see, I see the long-predestin'd KING:
He comes. The SHILOH comes. Confide in HIM,
Tho' other faith and other hope be dim:
And while each wish, each thought is fix'd on high,
May HIS pure influence shed a halo nigh:
And still that Hope, thro' mist of ages seen,
Gleam o'er the waste of woes that frowns between,
Enhance each joy, and soothe each earthly gloom,
Cheer your last hours, and sanctify your tomb."

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES. 1826.

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TRANSLATION.

Shakspeare's "As You Like It."—Act IV. Scene 3.

Oliver. Celia. Rosalind.

ΟΛ. Λείπων μὲν ὑμᾶς ἀρτίως νεανίας
Ὄρλανδος, ὥρας ἐντὸς ἴξεσθαι πάλιν
Μιᾶς ὑπέσχετ'· ἀνὰ δὲ τὴν ὕλην βιβὰς,
Θυμοῦ γλυκύπικρον φροντίδ' ἀναμασώμενος,
Σκέψασθ', ὃ συνέβη· δοχμίας βάλλει κόρας,
Κἄπειθ', ὁρᾶτε, ποῖον ἦν αὐτῷ παρόν·
Γήρᾳ βρυωθείσης ὑπ' ὄζοισιν δρυὸς,
Χρόνῳ τε γυμνῆς βλωθρὸν αὐχμηρῷ κάρα,
Δυσχλαινίαις ἐλεινὸς, ἔνθηρος λάχνῃ,
Καθεῦδεν ὕπτιός τις· ἀμφὶ δ' αὐχένα
Γλαυκὸς ἐπέπλεκτο χρυσοποίκιλος δράκων
Εὕδοντι, κἀπειλαῖσι λαιψηρὸν κάρα
Προσῆσσεν ἕρκει στόματος· Ὄρλανδον δ' ἄρα
Ὡς εἶδεν, αἴφνης σῶμ' ἀναπτύξας ἅπαν,
Ἀψορρὸς ἀμφιστρεφέσιν ἐξολισθάνει
Εἴσω βάτου σπείραισιν, ἧς ὑπὸ σκιᾷ
Μαστοῖσιν ἀγαλάκτοισι κειμένη, χθονὶ
Λέαιν' ἐπεῖχε κρᾶτ', ἔφεδρος ὡς γαλῇ
Σκοποῦσ', ὁ κνώσσων ὁπότε κινοίη δέμας·
Τοῦ θηρίου γὰρ λῆμ' ἔφυ τυραννικὸν,
Νεκρῷ προσεικὸς κύρμα μηδ' ἓν ἅρπασαι.
Τοιαῦτ' ἰδὼν προσῆλθεν Ὄρλανδος, κάσιν θ'
Εὕδοντ' ἀνέγνω, τὸν γεραίτερον κάσιν.

ΚΕ. Παπαὶ, τὸν αὐτὸν κεῖνον Ὀρλάνδου ποτὲ
Ἀδελφὸν ἀναδελφότατον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ
Λέγοντος ἤκουσ'· ΟΛ. Εὖ δ' ἂν ὧδ' ἔχοι λέγειν·
Σάφ' οἶδα καὐτὸς, ὡς κάκιστος ἦν κάσις.

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PO. Ἀτὰρ τί δρῶν Ὀρλανδος; ἢ φεύγει, λιπὼν
Νήστει λεαίνῃ ζαῖτα καξημελγμένῃ;
ΟΛ. Δὶς νῶτ' ἔτρεψε, ταῦτα δρασείων· ἀτὰρ
Χρείας δικαίας καρτερωτέρα φύσις,
Τιμωρίας τ' εὔνοια καλλίων ἀεὶ,
Μάχην ξύναψαι 'φῆκέ νιν τῷ θηρίῳ·
Τοῦ δ' ὠκέως πεσόντος, ἐν μάχης κλόνῳ
Ἐγὼ 'ξεγερθεὶς δυσφιλοῦς ἔστην ὕπνου.
ΚΕ. Σὺ γὰρ κάσις κείνου; PO. Σὲ δ' ἐξερύσατο;
ΚΕ. Σὺ δ' εἰς ἐκείνῳ τοσάκις ὁ ῥάψας φόνον;
ΟΛ. Ἦ 'γώ ποτ', ἀλλ' οὐκ εἶμ' ἐγώ· τίς ἄν μ' ἔχοι
Αἰδὼς λέγονθ' ὁποῖος ἦ, μεταλλαγῆς
Ἀπὸ γλυκίστης, ὅνθ' ὁποῖος εἶμ' ἀνήρ;
PO. Τῆς δ' αἱματηρᾶς σινδόνος; ΟΛ. Πεύσει τάχα.
Ἡμῖν γὰρ ὡς ἄνωθεν εἰς τέλος λόγους
Ἔδευσεν ἤδη δάκρυ' εὐφιλέστατα,
Ὅπως ἔρημον κεῖνον ἱκόμην τόπον,
Ὡς τὸν προσηνῆ κοίρανόν μ' εἰσήγαγεν,
Ὅς ξεινίαν πάρεσχε καὶ νέαν στολὴν,
Φιλότητι κάσιος εὐμενεῖ μ' ἐπιτρέπων·
Ὅς εὐθὺς ἄντρου μ' ἐντὸς ἤγαγεν μυχῶν,
Ἔνθ' εἵρατ' ἐκδὺς, ἔλκος ἐν βραχίονι
Λεύσσει σπαραχθὲν τῇ λεοντείᾳ γνάθῳ,
Ὅ συνεχὲς αἷμ' ἔσταζε· καὶ τότ' ἀσθενῶν
Πίτνει, πίτνων δ' ᾤμωξεν ἀσθενὴς Ῥόδην.
Ἐγὼ δ' ἀνέψυξ' ἕλκος ἀνδήσας· ὁ δὲ
Εὐκάρδιος γενόμενος, ἐν βραχεῖ χρόνῳ
Ἔμ' ὧδε πέμπει, καὶ ξένον περ ὄντ', ἔπη
Φέρειν κελεύσας ταῦθ', ὅπως ὑπόσχεσιν
Ξυγγνῶτε μὴ κράναντι, χἅμα σινδόνα
Τήνδ' αἱμότεγκτον τῷ νέῳ βούτῃ πορεῖν,
Ῥόδην ἐκεῖνος ὅνπερ ἐμπαίξας καλεῖ.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1826.

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XERXES.

Ξέρξης ἐς τὸ Πριάμου Πέργαμον ἀνέβη.—*Herodot.* VII. 43.

"Minerva, salve, maxuma cœlitum,
Præsens ab altis fulmina sedibus
Torquere, victricemque classem
Vindicibus cohibere flammis;
Dignare fortes, armipotens Dea,
Persas tueri; sterne rebellium
Turmas Athenarum, precamur,
Et Lacedæmonias phalangas."
Tali lacessit rex prece Pallada,
Inter magorum concilium frequens,
Taurisque mactatis adorans
Numina sollicitat locorum,
Quà tristis herbam Pergamus humidam
Virere celsis mœret in arcibus,
Impune dum serpens sub Ili
Purpureis requiescit aulis.
"Salvete vos o, qui patrias adhuc
Sedes tenetis Pergami, et avia
Per rura, natalesque sylvas
Frondiferæ volitatis Idæ;
Jucunda vobis munera Liberi
Libamus auro. Cernite prosperi
Rem nostram, et emissas ab omni
Impavidas Oriente turmas,

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Quæ barbarorum nunc memores patrum,
Velut serenâ crebra cohors aprum
Æstate, densatâ catervâ
Iliacis glomerantur oris.
Nempe his in oris Dux Priameius
Fortis superbam temnere Græciam
Et mille vexatus carinis
In decumum superabat annum,
Favente Phœbo; Dardanidis tamen
Effugit omnis gloria, Peleo
Quum natus in pugnas rediret,
Æthereis decoratus armis,
Ultor Patrocli; tum fugientium
Multis repletus corporibus stetit
Scamander; et victis iniquæ
Priamidis vetuere lances
Tardare fatum: scilicet, heu, nefas,
Vidêre cives pulvere sordidum,
Vidêre raptari quadrigis
Exanimum Andromaches maritum.
Eheu, verendum nec pietas caput,
Nec magna canum progenies patrem
Servabat, antiquas in aulas
Vi patriâ simul irruebat
Pyrrhus recenti sanguineus nece.
Tum victa flammis concidit Ilios,
Arcesque; damnatumque tristi
Trojugenum genus omne leto.
Sed non inultos terra teget viros,
Præsens superbam mox Deus Hellada
Adibo, et eversas Athenas
Ipse gravi jaculabor igne.

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O, si liceret Dardanidis diem
Videre rursum, et litora Græciæ
Adversa devotæ petentes
Innumeras, duce me, cohortes:
Quas non vel armis Mars adamantinis
Splendens, vel Ægei æquoreus labor
Terrebit. At frustra profundo
Vota citis rapienda ventis.
Nam vos perenni mersa silentio
Jacetis heroum agmina, me quoque
Quanquam refulgentes catervis
Persigenæ innumeris sequuntur,
Non, si juventâ nunc nitidâ virent,
Centesima unum bruma superstitem
Videbit, ast Orcus potenti
Imperio premet æquus omnes.

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES. 1826.

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HENRICUS OCTAVUS,

ANGLIÆ REX.

ÆMULA quem fractis regnum explicuisse catenis
Roma dolet, quem cæca prius, neque conscia lucis
Anglia doctrinæ et rerum, haud ingrata, novarum
Suspicit auctorem, memori quem voce superstes
Fama per extremum vexit sublimior orbem,
Fortem indefessos ignes pœnasque minatum
Spernere Pontificem, terræque aperire salutem,
Musa refert: o tu, patriæ modulator avenæ,
Suavis ades, propriosque infunde in pectora cantus,
Quales, dulce loquens ausa est imitarier Echo
Olim, inter moros arbustaque lenis Avoni.
Quid memorem, prima repetens ab origine rerum,
Antiquas iræ caussas, quo concita motu,
Dira per Angliacas, torto Bellona flagello,
Sanguineas accensa comas, incesserit urbes?
Quid, quo compositis mitescere sæcula bellis
Auspice cœpere, atque iterum pax aurea terras
Visere, et ambrosium pennis dispergere rorem?
Fœdera quid memorem, quid regales Hymenæos,
Unde tibi nasci post tot, Rex magne, tumultus
Contigit, æternam solus qui reddere pacem
Commixto geminæ potuisti sanguine gentis,

22. The houses of York and Lancaster united by the marriage of Henry VII. with the Princess Elizabeth, heiress of the house of York.

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Albaque purpureis conjungere serta coronis?
Possem equidem, et quantum juvenis te laude gerebas
Dicere, seu tacitam vocali pectine chordam
Percutis, aut trepidum toto premis æquore cervum,
Præcipites vel equos aurata calce fatigas
Victor, et in verum discis proludere Martem.
Possem et fœmineos fando enarrare dolores,
Et luctus, longum qui testarentur amorem;
Possem equidem, atque oculis largos deducere fletus,
Virtutes, Catharina, tuas laudesque secutus.
Sed graviora vocant: litui clarescere murmur
Audiit exultans extremis Gallia sylvis;
Audiit armorum sonitum, et fulgentia vidit
Agmina, et instantes, Anglorum insignia, pardos;
Audiit, et tremuit; fugiunt; feralia tollat
Carmina, triste melos, viduata Lutetia; anhelis
Urget victor equis; diversa per æquora Galli
Fœcundant patrios inhonesto sanguine campos.
Sed neque sola tuos timuit, Rex magne, Britannos
Gallia, nec fractas vidit semel Anglia gentes
Marte opibusque tuis. Digno quo carmine campum
Floddeni memorem? heu, quantas sol ille ruinas
Addidit, heu, quot cœrulea nox abstulit umbra
Funera? Tu frustra patrios, Jacobe, leones
Inducis, fortis nimium: quod si ardua virtus
Uni animæ saltem potuisset ducere vitam,
Non victa abreptum ploraret Scotia regem.
Lætior hinc mœstis succedit scena querelis;
Ire per irriguas valles et dulcia rura,
Colle sub Ardeo et virides penetrare recessus,

33. The battle of the Spurs.

52. Arde in Picardy, the scene of the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I.—*Shaks. Henry VIII.* Act i. Scene 1.

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Pinguis ubi extremis colitur Picardia campis,
Legiaque in Scaldin placido devolvitur amne,
Conreptus videor; cerno rutilantia late
Agmina; purpureis cerno tentoria velis,
Ferratasque acies, florentesque ære catervas,
Mille repercussos adverso sole colores
Arda refert, fusoque super ditescit in auro.
Finitimas cerno fœdus componere gentes,
Et geminum solem, et duplex se ostendere regnum,
Vibrari gladios, galeas nutare comantes,
Fervere equos, croceo campos insternier ostro,
Gallicaque Angliacis celebrari litora ludis.
Martius eximio primas rex ipse catervas
Lustrat equo, telumque immani mole coruscans,
Hortatur socios, simulataque suscitat arma.
  Quis procul ille autem, medium quem plurima cingit
Turba, coronatum civili tempora quercu?
Quis procul Eoo regum insignitus amictu
Incedit, gradiensque viros supereminet omnes,
Arduus? agnosco tonsos de more capillos
Pontificis; nosco voltum incessumque superbum
Illius, infidos recto qui lumine fluctus
Aspiciens, fortis tentare undantia rerum
Æquora: nunc tumidis victor subit ostia velis,
Nescius, ah, quantæ sera sub nocte procellæ
Immineant, quantas exspectet Vespera prædas.
  Major abhinc rerum series, et splendidus ordo
Exoritur; dicat, quantas longo ordine pompas,

61. Those suns of glory, those two lights of men. Wolsey.—*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

77. Cf. Gray. Bard.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects its ev'ning prey.

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Quantaque magnarum vidit spectacula rerum
Augusta: ipse pater vitreis Thamesinus ab undis
Extulit os placidum, et miro perculsus amore,
Suspiciens sanctos ignes, magnumque Hymenæum,
Fatidica egregios præsumpsit mente triumphos.
Æternæ salvete faces, verumque Deorum
Conjugium, salve: Tuque o, spes certa salutis,
Anna, quibus meritam cœlo te laudibus æquem?
O vere regina; tuo nam munere regnis
Relligio, densusque sacræ caliginis horror
Diffugere. Tibi magno licet ordine fata
Volvantur graviora, ortæ lux alma diei
Clarior effulget, propria et gens æmula laude
Te decorat, tu sola rogi, tu funeris expers,
Vivida perpetuæ lætabere flore juventæ.
Tu vero ante alias felix clarissima virgo
Conjugis in gremio, partus enixa viriles,
Jussa mori, quam nec domini inclementia morti
Prodidit, aut fictæ perjuria perfida linguæ,
Felix morte tua, neque in hos servata dolores.
Sed subit interea tacito pede tarda senectus,
Turpiaque Henricus lautis terit otia tectis,
Longa importunæ ducens oblivia curæ:
Et vino, aut citharæ molli dulcedine captus,
Producit vetita in seram convivia lucem,
Immemor, heu quantus tumefacto in corpore languor,
Quæ voltu macies, quantum mutatus ab illo,
Qui, licet indomitas toties Germania classes
Cogeret, æquoreamque animaret Gallia pubem,
Hinc Latium, hinc flavis instaret Scotia turmis,
Ipse manu impavida poterat suspendere, fatis
Europæ invigilans, æquato examine, lances.

96. Jane Seymour.

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Hic tamen extremæ jam sub confinia vitæ
Efferus, atque animi violento in corde furentis
Impatiens, quantas strages dedit ipse suorum?
Funera quot? quoties illustri sanguine tellus
Immaduit? testor manes et conscia veri
Numina, non illas meritum te expendere pœnas
Hovarde, aut falso damnatos crimine Polos.
Nec tua te, Cromvelle, aut te tua plurima, More,
Defendit virtus, et tot spectata periclis
Incorrupta fides; urget violentia mentem
Major, et extremos Henrici obnubilat annos.
Non secus, insolitos pastor sub vespere nimbos
Ingruere aspectat, cœlumque involvier umbra,
Luridaque obscurum diffundere lumina solem.
Non tamen ulla tuas carpent oblivia laudes,
Henrice, aut tantos poterunt abolere triumphos.
Candida dum Pietas terram lustrabit amœno
Lumine, dum studio assurget tibi Granta fideli,
Æmulaque alternas nectet Rhedycina coronas;
Tu, pater Edvardi, tu, sanguinis auctor Elissæ,
Florebis, majora novæ nova sæcula famæ
Dona ferent, sic crescet honos tibi firmior annis,
Gloriaque ad seros veniet cumulata nepotes.

JOSEPH ST. JOHN YATES. 1827.

117. Howard, Earl of Surrey, beheaded on an unfounded suspicion of aspiring to the crown.

118. Cardinal Pole and his brother Henry executed on a suspicion of a similar nature.

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THE BUILDING OF THE SECOND TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

Joy is once more in Israel: once again
Her gales are fill'd with triumph's festal strain;
The rites of solemn jubilee are there,
With holy pomp, and mingled praise and prayer;
And eyes are rais'd to Heav'n from countless ranks,
That gleam thro' blissful tears unspoken thanks:
And ask ye whence these signs of gladness come?
An exil'd nation has regain'd its home.
Exulting Salem lifts her head to see
Her streets repeopled, and her children free.
  Long had they mourn'd in silence, where the sun
Beam'd on thy tow'rs, triumphant Babylon;
Long sat in anguish on Euphrates' shore,
The pale, dank willow sadly drooping o'er;
Untun'd their lyres were hung, that erst had pour'd
The grateful heart's loud tribute to their Lord.
For thee, lost Salem, only could they weep;
On thee, proud Babylon, breathe curses deep.
Their thoughts were of thy vales, O Palestine,
Of Sion's sacred mount and prostrate shrine.
Friendless and fatherless, the widow'd slave
Dash'd down the harp, her ruthless master gave.
How could she sing, at tyranny's command,
Thy songs, O Sion, in a foreign land?

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Long had they mourn'd; till freedom's day-spring rose,
And dawning hope illum'd their waste of woes:
The scourge of God, avenging Cyrus came
For Israel's liberty and Babel's shame.
In hope and ecstasy the ransom'd race
Left the loath'd scene of bondage and disgrace.
How thrill'd their bosoms? how from man to man
The gen'ral joy's electric spirit ran?
Each voice was rais'd in gratitude, each eye
Flash'd with thy beam, recover'd Liberty.
The sev'nty years of toil and thraldom flown,
Judah's lov'd land once more was Judah's own.
"The Temple shall be built," the Persian said,
And lis'tning thousands the command obey'd.
With fervent vow, and venerable rite
They mark around the future fabric's site:
Then lay with pious transports, long unknown,
On holy ground, the firm foundation-stone.
Lo, white-rob'd priests in David's songs rejoice,
Chaunt the loud psalm, and raise th' alternate voice:
With thrilling clang the deep-mouth'd trumpets sound,
And cymbals wake responsive music round,
While tender youth and trembling age unite
To swell the chorus at the joyful sight.
Yet some are seen, amid the varied throng,
Who bear no part in that triumphant song;
Whose deep-drawn sighs, and slowly-starting tears,
Tell the sad tale of unforgotten years,
When the first Temple rear'd its front on high,
Its prouder, statelier front, in days gone by;
That holier Temple, where of old they saw
The kings of Judah kneel in prostrate awe,
Where Judah's heart had kindled to behold
The burnish'd gates, the roof that flam'd with gold,

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The spire, which, tow'ring from the mountain's height,
With deep'ning rev'rence struck the ravish'd sight;
The fretted pinnacle by cherubs press'd;
The shrine by God's immediate presence blest.
The stream, that flows along their furrow'd cheeks,
Of more than grief too eloquently speaks;
While sad Remembrance paints each vanish'd scene;
The picture lovelier, than itself had been.
For youth's fair visions in o'ershadowing age
With vivid tints still brighten Mem'ry's page:
When fading from the retrospect of life
Are fled the cares of manhood's active strife,
Childhood's gay dreams their pow'r to charm retain:
Life's dawning glories to its close remain.
But hark, the Prophet, fir'd with truths sublime,
Bursts into speech, and rends the veil of time:
"Who, mid the rescu'd flock of Salem's fold,
Beheld her temple, as it stood of old?
How see ye now her second fane arise?
Say, seems it not as nothing in your eyes?
Yet cheer your hearts, ye people; yet be strong,
Ye sacred priests, and ye, assembled throng:
For I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts;
I promis'd, and ye pass'd from Egypt's coasts:
And thus my Spirit, mindful of your lot,
Remaineth yet among you: fear ye not.
Yet once, a little while, th' Almighty hand
Shall shake the sky, the ocean, and the land,
Shall shake the world, and, from his heav'nly home,
He, the desire of all mankind, shall come:
Then brighter glory shall this house invest,
Than aught of old that loftier fabric blest.
For here the Sun of Righteousness shall beam,
And light celestial flow in tenfold stream;

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Within these courts the Prince of Peace shall tread,
And bow in pray'r his meek majestic head;
Here shall be Peace; and hence shall Peace extend
Thro' earth, from age to age, from end to end!"
Such was the scene that met the prophet's view,
Nor aught beyond his gifted foresight knew.
He saw no foreign legions hurl the torch,
Wave the red brand, and force the sacred porch;
He saw no mother quaff her infant's gore,
Or tear with quiv'ring tooth the limbs she bore;
No frantic chief leap wildly from on high,
Mute, senseless, in despair's last agony;
He saw no pavement swim with Jewish blood,
Nor Roman corses welter in the flood,
While mounting volumes of barbaric fire
Wide circling round the nation's fun'ral pyre,
Rive stone from stone. Ye outcast tribe, declare,
Where is your worship now, your Temple where?
Want stalks the ground, where Sion's glory smil'd,
By Heathen hordes and Heathen crimes defil'd.
Such the just doom which falls on harden'd guilt:
MESSIAH came. MESSIAH's blood ye spilt;
And now thro' foreign lands, disdain'd, ye roam,
A Nation curst, a Tribe without a home.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1827.

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TRANSLATION.

MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."—Book V. Line 28.

Ὦ πᾶσαν ὃς ἐμοὶ φροντίδων σχολὴν μόνος
Φέρεις, κλέος τε καὶ τελείωσις, τὸ σὸν
Πρόσωπον, ἠῶ τ', ἀσμένη βλέπω πάλιν.
Ταύτης γὰρ, οἵας οὔποτ' ἤγαγον τὸ πρὶν,
Παρῆν ὄναρ μοι νυκτὸς, εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὄναρ,
Οὐχ ὡς μάλιστ' εἰωθὸς, οὔτε σοῦ πέρι,
Οὔτ' ἀμφὶ τῶν χθὲς, οὔθ' ὅσων ἐς αὔριον
Πράξειν ἔμελλον, ἀλλ' ἁμαρτίᾳ ξυνῇ,
Πόνῳ θ', ὃς οὐχ ὑπῆλθέ μ' εἰς φρένας ποτὲ
Πρὸ τῆσδε λυπρᾶς νυκτός· εἰς ὁδὸν καλεῖν
Ἔδοξέ τίς μ' ἐς ὦτα μαλθακοῖς λέγων
Μύθοισι· σὸν δὲ φθόγγον ᾠόμην· τί μοι,
Εὔη, καθεύδεις; καιρὸς εὐτερπὴς ὅδε,
Χὠ ψυχρός ἐστιν ἥσυχός τε, πλὴν ὅπου
Σιγὴ νόμοισιν ἐννύχοις ἐξίσταται
Ὄρνιθος, ὃς γλύκιστα νῦν ῥυθμίζεται
Μολπὴν ἄϋπνος τὴν ἐρωτικήν· κρατεῖ
Νὺν πανσέληνος, φωτί τ' εὐπρεπεστέρῳ
Μορφὰς ἁπάντων ποικίλαις κοσμεῖ σκιαῖς,
Μάτην μὲν, ἢν μὴ προσβλέπῃ τις· οὐρανὸς
Τοῖς πᾶσιν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νῦν ἐγρήγορε,
Τίν' ἢ σὲ βλέψων, ἦν ἄγαλμ' ἔχει φύσις,
Ἥτις πάντα προσλεύσσοντα τέρπεται, πόθῳ

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Τῆς σῆς ὑφ' ὥρας εἰσορᾷν ἐπῃρμένα.
Ὡς σοῦ με προσκαλοῦντος ἠγέρθην ἐγὼ,
Ἀλλ', οὐ πέλας γὰρ εἶδον, ἰχνεύουσά σε,
Βάσιν ἐκύκλωσα, καὶ δι' ἐξόδων μύνη
Ἔδοξα βαίνειν, αἴπερ εἰς δένδρον τάχα
Τῆς νῷν ἀθίκτου μ' ἤγαγον μαθήσεως.
Καλὸν μὲν ἐφάνη, ταῖς ἐμαῖς φρεσὶν μακρῷ
Κάλλιον, ἢ δι' ἡμέρας, ὡς δ' οὖν ἐγὼ
Θεωμένη θαύμαζον, ἔνθα τις παρῆ
Μορφὴν ἐοικὼς πτέρα τε τοῖσι πολλάκις
Ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ φανεῖσι, καὶ τρίχ' ἀμβρότοις
Στάζων δρύσοισιν· εἰσορῶν δ' αὐτὸς φυτὸν,
Ὦ δένδρον, εἶπεν, ὦ καλὸν, καρπῷ τ' ἄγαν
Βαρυνθὲν, ἄχθος οὕτις ἆρα κουφίσαι,
Οὔδ' ἀξιοῖ τις τοῦδε γεύσασθαι γάνους;
Οὐ θεός τις, οὔτ' ἄνθρωπος; ἡ μάθησις οὖν
Παρ' οὐδέν; αἰδὼς ἆρα κωλύει φαγεῖν
Ἡ φθόνος; ἄγ', ὅστις βούλεται, κωλνέτω.
Ἀπ' ὠφελείας σῆς προκειμένης ἐμὲ
Οὐδεὶς ἔτ' εἴρξει· τί γὰρ ἐκεῖ ποτ' ἐσπάρης
Ἄλλως; τάδ' εἶπεν, οὐδὲ δηθύνων, θρασὺς
Τὴν χεῖρα τείνας, ἥρπασεν, κἀγεύσατο·
Ὑγρὸν ἐμὲ δεῖμ' ἔψυξε πρὸς τοίων λόγων,
Ἔργῳ θρασεῖ τῷδ' ἀποδεδειγμένων· ὁ δ' αὖ
Οὕτω περιχαρὴς εἶπε· καρπὸς ὦ θεῶν,
Γλυκὺς μὲν αὐτὸς, ἀλλὰ γλυκύτερος μακρῷ,
Οὕτω γε δρεφθεὶς, ὥδ' ἄθικτος ἐνθάδε,
Θεοῖσιν, ὡς ἔοικε, χρήσιμος μόνοις·
Θεοῖσι μέντοι δυνατὸς ἀνθρώπους ἰσοῦν·
Τί δῆτ' ἂν οὐ θεοῖσιν ἀνθρώπους; ἐπεὶ
Τὸ καλὸν, ὁσῷπερ κοινόν ἐστιν, αὔξεται
Τύσῳ γε μᾶλλον, τοῦ δοτῆρος οὐ κακοῦ
Τυχόντος οὐδὲν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τιμῆς πλέον.

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Ἀγ' οὖν, ισόθεος, ὀλβία, σὺ δὴ γυναὶ,
Μέτασχες· ὀλβία περ, ὀλβιωτέρα
Γένοι' ἂν, οὐ γένοι' ἂν ἀξιωτέρα·
Γεύσαι, τά τ' εἰσέπειτα μετὰ θεῶν ἔσει
Καὐτὴ θεά· τῷδ' οὐ κατειρχθεῖσ' ἐν πέδῳ,
Ἀλλ', ὥς ποθ' ἡμεῖς, ἀξίαν τὴν σὴν κατὰ,
Ἀέριος ἄκριζ' οὐρανοὺς, ἐκεῖθε δὲ
Ἰδοῦσ', ὁποῖον οἱ θεοὶ ζῶσιν βίον,
Τοίονδε καὶ σύ· ταῦτα δὴ φράσας, ἐμοὶ
Πρόσεσχε καὶ τῷ στόματι, προσμολὼν πέλας,
Καρποῦ τι δρεφθέν· οὗ γλυκεῖ εὐοσμία
Ἵμερον ἔθηξεν, ὥσθ', ὅπως παρῇ δοκεῖν,
Τὸ μὴ πάσασθαι μήκετ' ἰσχύειν ἐμέ.
Εὐθὺς δ' ἅμ' αὐτῷ διὰ νέφεων ἀνεπτάμην,
Καὶ γῆν ἅπασαν κειμένην εἶδον κάτω,
Εὐρεῖαν ὄψιν ποικίλην τ'· ἀλλ', ὡς ἐγὼ
Φυγὴν ἐθάμβουν καὶ μεταλλαγὴν, τόδε
Εἰς ὕψος, αἴφνης ἡγεμὼν ἀπῴχετο,
Ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ὕπνον ἔπεσον· ἀλλ' ὡς ἀσμένη
Ὕπνου 'ξεγερθεῖσ' οἶδα τοῦτ' ὄναρ μόνον.

JOHN GOUGH CLAY. 1827.

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EX DUOBUS, HECTORE ET ACHILLE INTER SE COMPARATIS, UTER UTRI SIT ANTEFERENDUS.

Permulta quamvis sint, quæ tempore mutentur, in judicandis tamen hominum moribus, non alia adhibenda videtur ratio, quam quæ apud antiquos valuit. Ex Homero saltem ea ducimus morum et virtutis præcepta, quæ et nostri poetæ concelebrent, quæque proba et decora apud universos homines æstimentur. Neque de rebus incognitis, sed tritis admodum agitur et communibus, quum duæ ex Homeri personis inter se comparentur. Utrumne igitur anteponendum ducamus, Achillem, an Hectora?

Id vero observare liceat, de Achille tantum agi, qualem ex Iliade compertum habemus. Poetæ scilicet minores nonnulla de Achille finxerunt, quæ insolentem potius, acerbum, et crudelem, quam generosum, clementem, vel mitem exhibent, inter quæ notum illud Horatii,

> "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> Jura neget sibi nata; nihil non arroget armis."

Sed hi minus audiendi sunt, neque, in hac disputatione, alio duce, quam Homero, utimur, qui Achillem suum, quum vulneri obnoxium, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· Φ. 162. tum cæteris hominibus non dissimilem depinxit, nisi qui eximiâ virtute præniteat. Nemo sane est, qui omni illum culpâ liberet; sed, quæ hodie rudiora et incultiora videntur, consuetudinis erant et temporis vitia, neque ab hominum moribus aliena, quum nondum ad comitatem illam et urbanitatem

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suam, quæ aliis exemplo esset, politi et exculti Athenienses pervenissent. Ex quo fit, ut Achilles nonnunquam sævior et iracundior existimetur, animique sui magnitudinem quasi deprimere immanitate quâdam videatur.

Sed unde illa omnis superbia et violentia, *ἦ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε*; Unde illa a castris Argivorum secessio? Briseida, ut ipse profitetur, tanquam conjugem amabat: *Ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον δουρικτητήν περ ἐοῦσαν* I. 340. Quid mirum igitur, si, raptâ per vim Briseide, in iras exarserat? Sed, ecce hominem omni admiratione dignum: Agamemnonis insolentiam vi castigare nonvult; tranquille se in sua castra recipit; tacite Deorum monitis obsecutus, occasionem illam expectat, quâ Agamemnon, ad incitas redactus, supplex sit auxilium oraturus; quâ quidem omni in re, quum ipse se temperantem neque turbulentum ostendit, tum meritas ab Agamemnone pœnas sumit, nimiamque ejus insolentiam compescit. Explicatu tamen si cui forte difficilius videatur Homeri illud,

Οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν, οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,
Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς, Υ. 467.

ubi Alastoris filius ab Achille trucidatus memoratur, in animo ille habeat, Achillem jam e castris exire, Patrocli morte graviter commotum, neque eam clementiam, quâ antea usus fuerat, erga Troas, præstiturum.

Πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν μόρσιμον ἦμαρ,
Τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτατον ἦεν
Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἕλον, ἠδ' ἐπέρασσα.
Νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ', ὅς κεν θάνατον φύγῃ, ὅν κε Θεός γε
Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῇς ἐν χερσὶ βάλῃσι,
Συμπάντων Τρώων, περὶ δ' αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.
Φ. 100.

Neque igitur Achillem naturâ crudelem fuisse judicemus, sed acri et vehementi vindictæ studio præreptum. Quod

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quidem et amicitiæ singulari potius tribuendum videtur. Solenne enim apud antiquiores erat, amissos in pugnâ amicos quanti haberent, quam maximâ hostium cæde declarare. Quod sane hodie apud Indos Americanos obtinet, qui, non in repugnantes solum, et in ipso discrimine cadentes, sed in captivos etiam gravissimam crudelitatem quum exerceant, honestari se credunt, et perfectæ virtutis officio perfungi. Ille autem, de quo loquimur, Achilles, quali sane virtute, quali mentis facultate et corporis cæteri Argivi vigebant, tali et ipse insignis, elatiore quâdam animi magnitudine, et spiritu quasi diviniore, omnibus antecellit. Nam unus ille omnium sortem suam vitæ et *διχθαδίας κῆρας* cognoverat; unus ille, quum posset in regna sua incolumis pervenire, certam mortem certæ vitæ consulto prætulerat.

Εὖ νύ τοι οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς, ὅ μοι μόρος ἔνθαδ' ὀλέσθαι,
Νόσφι φίλου πατέρος καὶ μητέρος. T. 421.

Quid vero optimæ indoli magis consentaneum est pietate illâ, quam Achilles nunquam non præstitit? Absentem Pelea quali cum reverentiâ nominat? Matri quam se morigerum exhibet? Deos in prælium abiturus quis solenniori prece invocavit? Erga senem Phœnicem quis amabilior? In Priamum quis modestior? Priamum scilicet, quem licuit vel occidere, vel captum non sine magno pretio reddere, tanquam patrem quum excepisset, incolumem et voti compotem e castris remisit.

Sed, ut ad Hectora veniamus, id quærendum videtur, utrum aliquâ virtute, quæ illo tempore haberetur, caruisse videatur ille, quem jam laudavimus. Ecquid in Hectore præclarum elucet, quod non et in Achille pari splendore niteat? Sit fortis Hector, sit magnanimus. Sed sibi parum constare videtur, quum, Paridis injuriam gravissime inculpans, pro injusto Paride strenue decertet, et injustum bellum

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finire quum possit, Helenam Menelao non remittat. Benevolum sane illum et amabilem commendat ipsa Helena, mortuum appellans vocibus illis δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων, et ab uno ex Trojanis Hectore male se nunquam audivisse affirmans. Neque deest singularis in parentes pietas, in fratres benevolentia, in uxorem amor. Sed his omnibus et præclaris virtutibus talis aliquando immanitas accedit, ut vix credere possimus eundem illum esse, quem nuper admirati sumus: ista nonnunquam apparet timiditas, ut, qui modo summâ laude dignus visus est, eundem nunc tantum non ignobilem judicemus. Præcipue vero in Hectore notandum est, præstantiam ejus non tam sustentari, nec tam continuam esse virtutem, quam in Achille, cujus in omni vitâ rerum inter se bene et apte convenientium series exhibetur, quem non poteris non admirari, nisi si nimius forte dolor, aut si nimia forte virtus exarsisse videatur.

Meo igitur qualicumque judicio Achilli omnino danda est palma, quem credo Hectori nec virtute, nec pietate, neque amicitiâ cedere; qui naturâ ad clementiam longe proclivior videtur, ad quam sane Hector minime: quinetiam insolentiâ istâ omni, quâ solet Hector tumescere, omnino vacat; et, quum minora professus sit, majora tamen perficit. Hectori porro non licebat, quanquam ipse cuperet, e pugnâ tuto discedere, quod quidem paulo rerum vel gestarum gloriam minuisse videatur, præsertim, ubi cum Achille comparatio instituta est. Sed et ipsam comparationem vel Poetæ judicio tantum non diremtam crederem. Nam Hectora Homerus dignum esse voluit, qui cum Achille certaret, non illum esse, qui Achillem posset vincere: Achillem voluit Deo minorem esse; Hectora inter heroas, non nisi excepto Pelidâ, μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα, præstantissimum.

JOHN TEMPLE LEADER. 1827.

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DOCTRINA VIM PROMOVET INSITAM.

Χρύσεον σέβας Σοφίας, ἐραννοῖς
Ὀππάτεσσιν ἀμβρόσιον γελάσας,
Τὶν θεὰ φόρμιγγι πλέκω, τὶν Αἰολ-
ηΐδα μολπάν.
Χαῖρ', ἄνασσα, χαῖρε, βροτοῖς νεοσσᾶς
Ἡπία θρέπτειρ' ἀρετᾶς, σύνεργος
Πότνα πανδώρω φύσιος, φρανῶν κάπ-
ουρε νεάων·
Ἦ ποτ' ἀγνοιάς νεφέλᾳ βαρείας
Ἄνδρας οἰκτίσαισ' ἀλνόντας, ἀδὺ
Μειδιᾶσ' ἔσταξας ἀπ' ὀῤῥανῶ φῶς
θέσκελον αἴᾳ·
Τὼς πάλας εὐείδεα κάμψιν Ἑρμᾶς
Φθέγμα θ' εὗρεν ἀνδράσιν, ἄγριοι τὼς
Ὀρφέα θαεῦντο βροτοί σφιν ἦθη
ὠμὰ μάλαξαι.
Ἠνίδ' ὡς νεανίδος ἄνθος ὥρας
Βλαστάνει χλωρὸν νεοθαλές· ἄβα
Τερψέων ἔαρ βραχὺ μειδίασε
πορφύρεον φῶς·
Ἠνίδε στυγνᾶς κακίας ἄβυσσοι
Ὡς ἐφεδρεύοντι δόλοι νεοσσοῖς
Ἔρνεσιν, μέσοις ἅτε φοίνιοι βρόδ-
οισι δράκοντες·
Ψευδέως Σειρὰν ὀλέτειρα μειδῇ·
Κὴρ ἔνερθε συστρέφεται, τὺ δ' ἄψον
Εὐγενῆ φλόγ', ὦ Σοφία, φίλαν τ' ἔμ-
πνει φρασὶν ὁρμάν.

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Εὖ γεγῶτ' ἤσχυνε νόσος κακίστα
Σεῖ' ἄτερ. λυγρᾷ δ' ἄπυρος κεκευθὼς
Ἐν σποδῷ σπινθὴρ ἀρετᾶς κατεύδει,
χα ζάθεος φλὸξ
Ὤκά κεν μαραινομένα κατέσβη,
Σεῖ' ἄτερ· πολλᾶν μὲν ἄβυσσ' ἐρεμνᾶς
Ἄντρ' ἀλὸς φαεννοτάτας λίθων ἀκ-
τῖνας ἔκρυψεν,
Πολλὰ δ' αὖτ' ἔλαμψεν ἄδαλα, καύραν
Ἀδονᾷ θέλξασκεν ἔραμον ἄνθη,
Τὼς, ἀπαίδευτος Σοφίας, φθίνει νε-
ανίδος ἀκμά.
Εἰ δέ νιν ποτεῖδε Θεὰ φαεννὰς
Χεῖρας ἐκτείναισ' ἀρετᾶς τιθάνα,
Εὐγενῆ τότ' αὖ φράνα θάρσεός τε
καὶ πεδὰ μόχθων
Ἐς βαθὺ σκᾶψεν κλέος, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἁγνὸν
Πᾶξέν οἱ ψυχᾶς κακία ῥέεθρον
Καρτερᾶς, ἵνις δ' ἀπέβλαστεν ἐσλῶ
πατρὸς ἀμείνων.
Ἦ νέας ἀποφθίνει ἔλπις ἀκμᾶς;
Οὔ· μελίγλωσσοι δὲ γένοντ' ἀοιδοὶ,
Πάνσοφοι βουλαφόροι, ἐν μάχαις ἥρ-
ωες ἄαπτοι.
Ἀφθίτων ψυχαὶ νεκύων ἀγαναὶ,
Κῦδος αἴας ἀθάνατον Βρεταννᾶς,
Μάρτυρ' ὑμῶν ἀΐδιον κάλημι
δόξαν ἀγάσδων·
Ἧς, ὃν ἐννοίας ὀρανῶ ποτ' αὐλὰν (Newton)
Ἄρμ' ἐπᾶρεν ὑψίτατον, τὸ νωμῶν
Ἀστέρων διᾶξε φλόγ' ἀλίωτε
πάμβοτον αὐγὰν

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Ἧς βαθυσχοίνοις ἐπ' Ἄωνος ὄχθαις (Shaksp.)
Ὅς γεγὼς, λαμπρῷ καθαρὰν ἐς αἴγλαν
Αἰθέρος πρᾶτος μόλ', ἀναξιφόρμιγξ
φαντασίας παῖς.
Οὐδ' ἐλάσσων κῆνος, ἀνόμματον φῶς, (Milton)
Τὸν πτέρυξιν ἀμβροσίαις ἔφεδρον
Μοῖσ' ὑπὲρ φλογῶπα πέλαξε κόσμω
τείχεα, θειᾶν
Κλᾷθρ' ἀνοίξαντ' Ἀλυσίω πυλάων,
Ἄφθιτόν τ' αἴγλαν ποτιδόντ'; ἄριθμον
Ψάμμος ἐκφεύγει· τί κε, Μοῖσα, λέξαις
θέσκελα φωτῶν
Ἔργα, γᾶς ματρὸς κλέος; αἶρε νάσω
Κύδιμον τᾷδ' ἀγλαΐαν, ἵν', ὥρη θ'
Ἑλλάδος φίλαν τε λιποῖσα Ῥώμαν,
πότνια χαίρει
Θεὰ νέοις Ἐλευθερία θρόνοισι,
Τὰν φίλησ' Ἄρης, φιλέοντι Μοῖσαι,
Τὰν δαφναφόρος Σοφία φίλησιν
ἔξοχα χωρᾶν·
Τὶν γὰρ ὦ σεμνὰ διδύμοις μεγίστοις
Δῶρα βωμοῖς προσφέρομες, παρ' ἕδρᾳ
Τιμίᾳ Γράνταν, χλοεραῖς τ' ἐφ' ἀγναῖς
Ἴσιδος ὄχθαις,
Τὶν, φιλίστα δαῖμον, ὀφείλομες τῶν
Πρὰν ἀγίρων ἀϊθαλῆ τε φάμαν
Ἡρώων, οἷοί τε ποτ' ἔσσαν, οἷοί τ'
αἰὲς ἔσονται.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1827.

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SYRACUSÆ AB ATHENIENSIBUS OBSESSÆ.

"Quò, mente capti, quò ruitis? quibus
Terrarum in oris ponitis imperî
Fines?" Athenarum superbas,
Hæc, Pericles miseratus arces,
Hæc, dum vigebat consilio potens,
Hæc, morte in ipsâ, verba dabat suis.
Sed dira regnandi libido
Solicitat, neque currus audit
Præceps habenas, quum semel excidit,
Qui temperatos flectere ad exitus
Auriga, noratque insolentes
Justo animos cohibere fræno.
Ergò rubentes plus vice simplici
Cruore fluctus Cecropio tuos,
Anape, vidisti; sub undis
Scuta virûm galeasque inanes
Torquere gaudens corporaque hostium.
Quippe omnis illo spes cecidit die,
Et Atticæ Fortuna laudis,
Quo Lacedæmoniæ Tarenti
Stetêre puppes littore; nam Laco,
Lecto per urbes milite barbaras,
Ceu sæpe per cœlum nivales
Agglomerant nebulæ procellas,
Ætnæque tandem in culmina corruunt,

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Olim impotentes egit ad impetus
Junctas cohortes; proque salvis
Dona Syracosiæ maritis
Tulêre nymphæ. Sed neque fœminæ
Vano paventes palluerant metu:
Cum staret inspectans in urbem
Desuper, exitium famemque
Minatus ingens Cecropidum labor;
Et, classe portus et maria undique
Tenente, paullisper fugatæ
Densæ iterum ingruerent tenebræ.
O pæne victor, nominis Attici
Spes altera, O cui vivida præliis
Tum corda, tum spectata virtus,
Vim revocans animosque fessis,
Quum Luna tantas haud miserans vices
Victis negaret deficiens facem,
Et quum laborantes catervæ
Assinari obruerentur alveo.
Ornate, Musæ Sicelides, locum,
Ornate sertis busta ducum piis,
Quos sorte conjunctos acerbâ
Perdidit ambitio suorum.
Nam quis silebit te, male providis
Qui semper obstans consiliis sagax,
Tandem ferebaris procellâ,
Digne senex meliore fato.
Morboque curisque, heu, quoties dolens
Vultu gerebas lætitiam, tuis
Solamen, uni tristis ipsi,
O patriæ nimium fidelis?
Sed, te relicto, Socraticus puer
Sacræ abnegarat se comitem rati

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Longinqua frustra metienti,
Et Lacedæmonias ad urbes
Gratus per undas transfuga venerat:
Fastidienti nempe aderat dolor
Infestus, et sævis agebat
Ambitio juvenem flagellis.
Talem auspicati gloria principî
Superbientes ducit ad exitum?
Nam cuncta terrarum, potentes
Æquoris, imperio subacta
Vani putabant Cecropidæ suo.
Ergo insolentes, en, patitur vices,
Et mœret, hostilis catervæ
Ludibrium, Siculis in arvis
Captiva pubes, quot neque carceris
Gelu, nec ardor torridus, enecans,
In vincla servarit, probrosi
Relliquiæ et monumenta belli.
Sed dulcis olim dat miseris opem
Euripidei nænia carminis,
Dum victor invita subactus
Cecropios bibit aure luctus.

HENRY B. W. CHURTON. 1827.

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NAVIGIUM VI VAPORIS IMPULSUM

Mane novo, veluti dubium Sol debilis orbem
Vix effert; cœlum ingressus, rapit, inde, nitores
Usque novos, donec terras et cœrula ponti
Maturæ pleno irradiet fulgore diei:
Ignea sic penitus divini elementa vigoris
Mens humana fovet; sic, vires tempore sumens,
Intima tardatis accendit lumina flammis,
Dum nova paulatim labens miracula pandat
Sæclorum series, Sapientiaque aucta recentes
Usque sibi res subjectet, tenebrisque remotis,
Serviat artifici cedens Natura labori.
Primus nauta rudem instruxit de cortice cymbam,
Notaque sollicito legit vix littora cursu;
Vertice montano dereptam hinc alter apertis
Intrepidus spatiis pinum commisit, et auris
Fortia vela dedit; tum Vis Magnetica cæcam
Edocuit sub nocte viam, longæque repertis
Artibus et sacro viguerunt lumine terræ.
Non tamen hìc cessat tanto satiata triumpho
Vis animi; tentanda via est, qua temnere ventos
Obstantisque undæ motus, velisque carentes,
Detur, et invito naves propellere cœlo.
Nec mora; miranti jam nunc ratis, aspice, portu
Prosilit; a tergo spumant sulcata carinâ
Æquora, sulphureoque exactus vertice, fumi

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Volvitur ater odor; gemino tum verbere raptim
Exsuperant spatium luctantis bina profundi
Remigia, humanæ nequaquam obnoxia dextræ.
Indignata vadis vexati gurgitis ira
Frendet, et eversæ vis subdita fervet aquaï.
  Tantum opus inspicere, et rerum recludere causas
Mens avet, et lætum pavitat molita laborem.
  Scilicet, insinuans sese, corpuscula fervor
Laxat aquæ, solitoque vetans coalescere motu
Perpetuâ in calidos expandit lege vapores,
Qui spatia ampla petant, prorumpantque omnia cursu,
Aut vacuum immisso densati frigore linquant.
Hæc Natura dedit sollerti provida curâ
Principia. Hinc arctis infra fornacibus ardor
Igneus, et vasto circumdata flamma lebeti
Exagitat vivos per devia claustra calores.
Huic superimposito fervens ex ære vaporem
Unda ciet, pressâque furens exæstuat irâ.
Inde, errore vago complens arcana tuborum,
Spiritus effrænis ruit, impulsuque secundo,
Implet uti sano venas in corpore sanguis,
Percurrit varias partes, totamque gubernat
Lege sua, invisus, navem; tum denique, victus
Frigoribus, redit in sese, justosque liquores
Exhausto tandem immittit revolutus aheno.
  Prima adeo teretis moles calefacta cylindri
Hinc illinc alterna patet, geminisque vaporem
Accipit immissum portis: hinc massa movetur
Infixa impulsu duplici, supraque receptâ
Vi premitur, per inane cadens: nam utrinque vacefit
Frigore densanti spatium: spirabilis inde
Infusus contra vapor, atque elata vicissim

39 Furnace. 40 Boiler. 51 Cylinder. 53 Piston.

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Massa redit; premitur rursus, celerique recursu
Summa petit; simul adjunctam conamine vasto
Summovet ipsa trabem, paribus tollensque premensque
Ictibus; hinc axis pendet; tum circulus, infra
Additus, incerto sua per vestigia jactu
Passibus haud æquis properat; circumdata motus
Cui regit, et magno velox rota volvitur orbe.
Quid plura? An memorem ferrum, innexasque catenas,
Remigiumque rotæ affixum, geminosque retortæ
Orbes perpetuis qui obstent anfractibus undæ?
Vix tamen adstantis poscit tam vasta ministri
Moles auxilium; ipsa suos sibi sufficit ignes,
Ipsa suos magno latices infundit aheno,
Et celerem justo cohibet moderamine cursum.
Præterea, nimio si olim liquor excitus æstu
Plus æquo exsultet, durataque claustra furentem
Vix capiant; facilem ipse vapor sibi pandit ad auras
Inde viam, tutisque erumpit ad æthera valvis.
Ni faciat, triplicis circum munimina ferri
Impatiens rumpat, magnoque avulsa fragore
Arma ratis, tabulasque ferens, ambustaque membra,
Evomat ingentem vada per tremefacta ruinam.
Quum tamen ars tantos pellat secura timores,
Suave, ubi sopitæ ponto siluere procellæ,
Carbasaque in malo languent, remusve laborans
Vix movet invito lentos conamine fluctus,
Conspicere, ut validis ratis acta vaporibus, intus
Vi tremefacta suâ, velocique impete vibrans,
Radit iter liquidum, celeris nihil indiga venti.
Nec minus, adversis horrent ubi concita flabris
Æquora, et incerto vada per stridentia navis

60 Working-beam. 61 Crank. 64 Fly-wheel.
66 Paddles. 75 Safety-valves.

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Velorum auxilio rapitur diversa, ruentis
Ludibrium tempestatis, luctansve per undas
Difficilem ad ventos obliquat devia cursum,
Cedendo superans; faciles secura suâ vi
Illa secat fluctus, vivoque animata vigore,
Recta petit tutam proprio quasi numine metam,
Dum parent elementa, ignisque, et pontus, et aer.
Non aliter, quam qui certo freta turbida vitæ
Progressu superans, sinuosas despicit artis
Ambages, sibi confisus, tardosque timores
Fortunæque moras majori comprimit ausu.
Talia magnarum captos spectacula rerum
Delectant oculos, seu quâ Thamesina calores
Unda sub æstivos languens fluit, undique læto
Turrigera admirans celebrari littora cœtu,
Et gratum placido gaudens onus accipit amne;
Seu tranquilla ratis percurrens æquora, motu
Dimovet insolito, taciti qua Jura Lemani
Obscurat vitream vicinâ mole quietem,
Et dubii in liquido redduntur marmore montes.
Non tamen hanc felix longis regionibus artem
Invidet Europe, tanto neque sola beatam
Munere se jactat, non qua ditissima frugum
India odoratas gremio dat prodiga messes,
Dona negat Pallas; sed enim, quo littore ductor
Invitos Macedo cursus frænavit equorum,
Audiit insolitos motus, irataque Ganges
Flumina victrici sensit violarier actu.
Quaque giganteis æterni rupibus Andes
Occiduo terram despectant sole tepentem,
Hispanasque lacus qua Mexicus alluit arces,
Jampridem artificis populus miracula dextræ,
Et sophiæ agnoscit laudes; neque prora recenti

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Arte timet penetrare undas, qua plurima circum
Dives Atlantei gremium notat insula ponti.
  Hic tamen, ignaræ gentis terrore fatigans
Relligio indoctas vexabat nautica mentes;
Nempe ubi visa nigris jactare immista tenebris
Lumina, sanguineoque undam tinxisse rubore
Nocturnam, ventosque ratis sprevisse morantes;
Fatalem timuere trabem, quæ, sola, furore
In medio cœli atque maris, contraria vento
Solvere vela potest, secumque, exosa, procellas
Perniciemque vehit, certæ præsaga ruinæ.
  At quibus edoctas melior Sapientia mentes
Armavit, magno commoti pectora amore
Eximium spectamus opus, sanctosque magistros,
Qui tales homini vitam excoluere per artes,
Prosequimur studio; nec, quem genuisse Columbi
Exsultat tellus, quo tanta auctore potestas
Prodiit oceani victo dominata furori,
Displicet Angliacæ modulis celebrare Camænæ.
At tibi promeritam majori voce, Britanne,
Fama feret laudem, ipsius qui magna Vaporis
Primus ad humanos flexisti sedulus usus
Munera: te grati cives, te patria lauro
Perpetuâ decorat, clarisque beata repertis
Unanimo tellus bustum cumulavit amore.
  Quin, si felices animæ, queis vita recessit,
Despectare queant tellurem hominumque labores;
Credo equidem auctarum te jam lustrare tropæa
Artium, et egregios, quorum pars ipse fuisti
Maxima, conatus, solatiaque addita vitæ.
Credo equidem sancto pectus fervore triumphos
Præcipere instantes, sæcli quum cœpta prioris

129 Phantom-ship. 137 Fulton. 141 Watt.

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Æmula magnorum explebunt inventa nepotum.
Nam veniet, nec longa mora est, felicior ætas,
Quum tanta humanum minuent benefacta laborem,
Profusasque, velut contracto tramite, merces
Unda feret; marium temnent spatia invida junctæ
Fœdere concordi gentes, auroque reducto
Somnia priscorum cedent clarissima vatum.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.

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THE ISRAELITES IN THE WILDERNESS.

Hark, from thy depths, thou Erythrëan main,
Unpeopled Memphis asks her sons in vain,
Asks back those hosts, her pride and strength before,
Who ne'er shall tread her widow'd mansions more.
At eve, that Red Sea bask'd in sunset's glow,
And gently heav'd with wonted ebb and flow:
Yet there, when morning broke, the Man of God
High o'er the waters wav'd his mystic rod,
And bade the floods congeal, the surge divide
In crystal ramparts o'er the fetter'd tide,
As if some icy spell had lull'd to sleep
The restless spirit of the rolling deep.
Releas'd at last from Pharaoh's tort'ring chain,
The sons of Israel reach'd that barrier main;
There, wond'ring, saw the pathway wide and free,
And trod in safety thro' the parted sea.
With steel-clad myriads and with iron car,
Press'd on their flying trace th' Egyptian war,
Till, from on high, those sever'd hosts between,
Th' Almighty flung the pillar's cloudy screen;
And breath'd his blast, and bade an ocean flow
With unchain'd billow o'er the heathen foe.
Rider and Steed, the Monarch and the Slave,
Sunk 'neath the fury of the refluent wave,
O'erwhelm'd, engulf'd; save those, the surges bore
In heaps to moulder on the desert shore.

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Meanwhile, from Judah's liberated throng
Exulting Gratitude bursts forth in song;
Then, forward, o'er lone Etham's scorching waste,
In mingled files the fainting myriads haste,
Manhood, and Age, and Woman's gentler charm,
And Infants pillow'd on a Parent's arm.
Meek at their head the Prophet-chief appears,
Grey, but erect in venerable years;
His high command anointed Aaron shares,
Kindred in blood, and brother of his cares.
Around, the Desert spreads its boundless gloom;
So dim, so dead, it seems like Nature's tomb;
Save, where the Camel seeks some distant spring,
Or lonely Ostrich scuds with flapping wing:
Above, the sun's intolerable glare
Burns the red ground, and lights the glowing air;
Nor arching foliage meets the noontide rays;
Nor Zephyr's breath with cooling fragrance plays.
Yet, favor'd Race, for thee thy Heav'nly Guide
Exhausted Nature's every want supply'd.
Tho' fond regret sigh'd o'er far-fading hours,
Nile's sev'n-fold streams, and Egypt's happier bow'rs,
He, bounteous still, with watchful mercy gave
A sweetness, not its own, to Marah's wave:
With breezy morn ambrosial sweets he pour'd,
And fainting man with angel's food restor'd;
Bade the dim eve on dewy pinion bear
A feather'd banquet through the teeming air;
From the cold rock obedient fountains burst,
Cool the parch'd lip, and slake the wand'rers' thirst.
Still rose by day the guiding cloud; by night
Still mov'd on high the column's fiery light;
Yes, mid those orbs, which look from heav'n afar,
Gleam'd the bright beacon, neither moon nor star,

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Spread thro' the dark'ning skies its golden glow,
And shone reflected in the sands below.
Then too, beheld with many a wond'rous sign,
In full effulgence beam'd the light divine:
When Sinai rock'd, and from its smoking womb
Shooting red volumes thro' th' encircling gloom,
Told that himself, the God of Israel, came,
Girt with Omnipotence, enshrin'd in flame.
The lightnings flash'd; the thunder's pealing sound
Incessant roll'd its wond'rous courses round;
And, breath'd by viewless hosts, the trumpet's note
Th' astonish'd ear with awful loudness smote:
Thick clouds and darkness wrapt the mountain's head,
And, at its base, the People shook with dread.
Yet one there was, whom Judah's Lord allow'd
To pierce the gloom of that majestic cloud.
The Chief drew near, whose strengthen'd orbs might see
The blaze of light, th' all-glorious Deity.
Unscath'd, unharm'd, the hallow'd mount he trod,
And held mysterious converse with his God.
Hail, Holy One, for whom th' avenging Lord
Stay'd the red bolt, and dropp'd the fiery sword,
And gave th' eternal statutes, that shall bind,
Thro' rolling years, the myriads of mankind,
The words divine, that shall not pass away,
Tho' worlds dissolve, and heav'n and earth decay.
While such bright proofs of heav'nly love combine,
Could cold distrust, and thankless pride repine?
Could Judah's hosts to lifeless idols bow,
And breathe at heathen shrines th' unhallow'd vow?
Witness, great Chief, how oft their crimes demand
The slumb'ring vengeance of th' Almighty hand.
Lo, thrice a thousand by the sword expire,
And myriads feel the all-devouring fire.

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Wide-wasting plague th' apostate sweeps away,
And the deep earth yawns rav'ning for her prey;
And vipers, springing from the pregnant ground,
With venom'd fang inflict the mortal wound.
Vile ingrate race: yet, frail ourselves, and weak,
E'en mid our censure, Pity's voice should speak.
Have *we* allow'd no bitter murm'rings birth,
With life, our pilgrimage, our desert, earth?
Indulg'd no rebel thought, no weak complaint,
Ne'er felt our courage ebb, our faith wax faint?
Ne'er o'er imagin'd evils lov'd to brood,
Mid countless blessings from the Source of good?
What woes, what ills, was Judah doom'd to bear,
While Hope deferr'd fast sicken'd to despair?
Twice twenty winters mark'd their ceaseless toil,
Twice twenty summers fir'd the travers'd soil.
Yet still, by Heav'n imperishable made,
Nor chang'd the sandal, nor the vest decay'd;
Yet still the six-branch lustre's hallow'd light
Broke in pure radiance on the heathen sight;
Still o'er the golden Cherubim's abode
The God of Gods in hov'ring splendor rode;
Still Judah's Lion shone the Lord of war,
And in full blaze rose Conquest's crimson star:
Yes, brightly rose, when he, th' entreated God,
To dust the heathen in Rephidim trod:
With pale dismay on guilty Canaan prest,
And crush'd on Jabez Sihon's tow'ring crest:
When the fierce vengeance of his conqu'ring sword
On Edrei's giant King the Hebrew pour'd:
And beam'd still brighter, when in Moab's fight,
Midian's five Monarchs quail'd to Judah's might.
Such were the glories Beor's son foretold,
When Fate and Heav'n his darker thoughts controll'd.

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He strove to curse, but felt the hallow'd fire,
Kindling within, th' unwilling words inspire;
The words of God, that would not be supprest,
"Israel, I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest;
A royal sceptre shall adorn thy line,
And the bright Star from Jacob's issue shine."
The triumph 's won; but where the soul of fire
To wake the rapture of the sleeping lyre?
Miriam lies dead on Sin's deserted shore;
Her voice shall sing, her timbrel sound no more.
On Tor's bleak summit lowly kneeling down
The Pontiff yields the sacerdotal crown;
The glitt'ring gems, that deck'd his breast, are gone,
And all the Father's honors grace the Son.
But he, the Chief, on whose irradiate brow
Beam'd the full Deity's imparted glow,
Who bade the brazen serpent's blest controul
From tort'ring pangs relieve th' expiring soul,
He surely lives to lead the rescu'd host
To promis'd bliss, and Canaan's happier coast.
Alas, that heart the fruits of sin could bear,
For human frailty mix'd its leaven there;
And pride, which death, too early, must atone,
Dar'd madly call the heav'n-lent pow'r its own:
Therefore he dies; and Joshua's voice shall guide
The wand'ring tribes thro' Jordan's sever'd tide,
Shall bid the Sun his fiery wheel delay,
And the pale Moon her mazy courses stay.
Therefore he dies; but, wond'rous e'en in death,
Angelic hosts receive th' expiring breath;
And, buried deep in Pisgah's hallow'd gloom,
Angelic hands prepare the viewless tomb.
His dirge is chaunted by a nation's tongue;
His fun'ral hymn by myriad voices sung.

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Yet, ere th' animating spirit fled,
Ere death's cold shadows gather'd round his head;
'Twas his to view from Pisgah's hallow'd height
The future scenes of Judah's conqu'ring might;
To scent soft perfumes melting in the air,
Which breezy gales from dewy Hermon bear:
'Twas his to gaze on Sion's sacred hill,
Where liquid music sounds from Siloe's rill;
Where teeming flocks stray o'er the flow'ry plain,
And balmy moisture swells the golden grain;
Where rich in nectar melts the purple vine,
And the green olive's native clusters twine;
Where waves of milk with snowy whiteness flow,
And honied dews like streams of amber glow.
And in that hour e'en holier visions stole
With gladd'ning splendor o'er his parting soul;
Thro' death's dark film he view'd with kindling eyes
The Day-spring break, the Christian Canaan rise,
With Faith's keen glance, saw heav'nly blessings near,
Heard heav'nly accents with prophetic ear;
And hail'd that voice, which bade man's sorrow cease,
"To God be Glory, and on Earth be Peace."

FREDERICK WALFORD. 1828.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—Act V. Scene 2.

CATHERINE.

Αἰδὼς, ἀνάπτυσσ' ἀγρίαν σκυθράν τ' ὀφρὺν,
μηδ' ὀμμάτων τόξευε λωβητοὺς βολὰς,
βλάπτουσ' ἄνακτα, δεσπότην, ἐπιστάτην.
καὶ γὰρ, πικρὸν λειμῶνας ὡς κρύος δάκνει,
μορφῆς μιαίνεις ἄνθος, ἡ δ' εὐδοξία
δείνῃ θυέλλῃ ξυγχυθεῖσ' ἐξίσταται·
οὐδ' εὐπρεπές τι τοῦτό γ', οὐδ' ἐράσμιον.
γυνὴ χολωθεῖσ', ὡς ὕδωρ κυκώμενον,
ἀεικές ἐστι, θολερὸν, ἀστεργὲς, παχὺ,
οὕτω δ' ἔχοντος, οὐδ' ἐὰν διψῇ μάλα,
πιεῖν ποτ' ἀξιοῖ τις, ἢ θιγεῖν μόνον.
ἀνὴρ πέλει σοι δεσπότης, βίος, φύλαξ,
ἀρχὸς, τύραννος, σοῦ δὲ κήδεσθαι φιλεῖ,
βιοτῆς τε τῆς σῆς, σῶμ' ἐπ' ἀλγεινοῖσι δοὺς
πόνοις, καθ' ἁλά τε, γῆν θ' ὅμως, δυσχείμερον
ὄρφνην, ἀγρυπνῶν, καὶ πανήμερον κρύος,
σὺ δ' ἔνδον, ἄφοβος, ἀσφαλὴς, θάλπει γυνή.
μίσθον δ' ἀπαιτεῖ σ' οὐδέν' ἄλλον, ἢ μόνον
ἔρωτα, φαιδρὸν ὄμμα, καὶ πειθαρχίαν·
χρείας τοσαύτης ὡς ἄγαν φαῦλον τέλος.
οἷαν γ' ὀφείλει κοιράνοις ὑπήκοος,

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τοίαν γυναῖκα τῷνδρὶ δεῖ τιμὴν φέρειν.
ὅταν δ' ἀσελγὴς, δύσκολος, τλήμων, πικρὰ,
καλῶς φρονοῦντι μὴ ξυνεκφέρειν θέλῃ,
πῶς οὐ πανοῦργος, πρόδοτις, αἰσχίστη πέλει,
ἐχθρά τ' ἐρῶντι δυσμενὴς ξυνευνέτῃ;
αἰδὼς ἔχει με τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,
ὡς ἄφρον ἐστὶν, οἷσιν εἰρήνην φέρειν
χρῆν προσκυνούσας, τοῖσιδ' ἐπισείειν ἄρην,
ἀρχήν τ' ἐπαιτεῖν, σκῆπτρα, καὶ τυραννίδα,
ὁποῦ πιθέσθαι δεῖ σφ', ὑπηρετεῖν, ἐρᾷν.
τίφθ' ἁβρὸν ἡμῖν, οὖλον, ἀσθενὲς δέμας,
μόχθοις ἀχρεῖον καὶ πόνοις ἀγωνίοις,
εἰ μὴ φρενός τε καὶ τρόπων ἐκηλίαν
τοῖς σώματος ξυνῳδὰ χρὴ νόμοις ἔχειν;
ἴτ' οὖν ἀσελγῆ θρέμματ', ἀσθενῆ δ' ὅμως,
ἐμοὶ ποτ' ἔζει θυμὸς, ὡς ὑμῖν, μέγας,
ἐμοὶ δ' ὑπῆρχεν αἰτία πλείων ἴσως,
βολῆς σκύθρωπον ὥστ' ἀμείψασθαι βολὴν
κακῶν τε κακὰ. νῦν οἶδα, δόνακας ὡς, βέλῃ,
σθένος δὲ παντὸς ἀσθενέστερον πέλειν.
ὃ δ' ἐσμὲν ἤκισθ', ὡς μάλιστ' εἶναι τόδε
δοκοῦμεν· ὀργὰς οὖν ἀνωφελεῖς σχέτε,
γυναῖκες, ἀνδρὸς χεῖρας ὑποθεῖσαι ποδί.
τεκμήριον δὲ τοῦδ', ἐὰν θέλῃ, τέλους,
χεὶρ ἥδ' ἐμὴ πάρ', εἰ τόδ' ἡδονὴν φέρει.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.

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NESTOR CUM ULYSSE COMPARATUR.

Quæ summa Poetices laus est, mores hominum exprimere, eam unus ex omnibus Homerus omnium sæculorum suffragiis tulit, quippe qui carminum suorum quum singulas mirâ quâdam varietate personas distinxerit, tum propriis unamquamque aptisque verbis pariter et factis ornarit. Atque in bellicâ quidem re satis constat, qualis cuique persona attributa sit; si verò ambigitur de consiliis Nestoris et Ulyssis, si quæritur uter eorum Achivis plus profuerit, liceat, pauca de beneficiis utriusque, eloquentiâ, atque ingenio, colligentibus, sententiam nostram qualemcunque proferre.

Ut autem de beneficiis primùm dicamus, jam ab initio Iliadis quantum inter studia amborum intersit, exempla collata docent. Agamemnona enim et Achillem superbiâ et irâ graviter commotos, Nestor ad pacem et amicitiam revocare conatur, atque id saltem efficit, ut cœtus dissolvatur, neque in apertam vim discordia exardeat. Neque in hoc tantùm loco, sed per totam Iliada, saluti Græcorum et commodo Nestor consulit: timoris enim inscius alios, formidinem omnem ut abjiciant, quàm diligentissime commonet. Omnium rixas componere cupit, viresque adversus communem hostem conjungere. Rei militaris optime peritus multa utilia suadet, qualia sunt, castra muro circumdare, custodes ad portas ponere, quæ summam benevolentiam testari non minus quam experientiam æquissimus quisque agnoscet.

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Legatio ad Achillem mittitur auctore Nestore, ejusdem consilio castra Trojanorum explorantur: neque illi parva religionis laus adjudicanda est, quod ipse Graiis ab Hectore oppressis otium a Jove per pietatem suam impetrat.

Sed, Nestori laudem meritam concedentes, illud Ulyssi tribuamus, quod Achivis beneficia non minora contulit. Ambo quidem principes sunt, sed in suo uterque genere princeps. Nestoris est conciliare potius, Ulyssis imperare. Ad placandas regum iras ille magis idoneus videtur, hic ad cohibendas plebis seditiones ipsâ naturâ instructus. Minerva enim jubente, Ulysses, quum in eo jam sit exercitus ut fugere meditetur, ducibus suadet ut prioris famæ reminiscantur; plebem sub imperium regis reducit; Thersitæ insolentiam refringit; denique universorum animos, Deorum portenta commemorans, renovat atque confirmat. Neque hoc semel efficit, sed posteà regem ipsum timore perculsum graviter sed non indecorè objurgat, unusque ab omnibus Graiis infamiam avertit.

Ulyssem si quis timiditatis arguere cupiat, qui relligioso pavore perculsus in naves refugerit, idem meminerit, eum non solum, sed una cum omnibus præter Tydiden ducibus refugisse. Summam autem Ulysses virtutem declarat, quum in pluribus pugnis, tum ubi ab omnibus desertus, solus universorum hostium, fugam dedignatus, impetum sustinet.

> οἶδε γὰρ ὅττι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο·
> ὃς δέ κ' ἀριστεύῃσι μάχῃ ἔνι, τόνδε μαλὰ χρεώ
> ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἤτ' ἔβλητ', ἤτ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον.

Virtute ergo et consilio, quamvis ambo sint insignes, plurimùm tamen inter se dissimiles sunt: Ulysses sagacissimus; Nestor prudentissimus: ille futura prospicit; hic præsentibus rebus consulit.

Nec tamen eloquentiæ locum prætereamus, sed in eo

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præcipuè meminerimus qualem utrique sermonem Poeta attribuerit. Lenitate orationis omnibus præstat Nestor,

τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης γλυκίων μέλιτος ῥέεν αὐδή

qui quum aliis rationibus optima suadet, tum in eo maximè valet, quòd priorum revocare facta, et unus omnium potest audientes ad eorum virtutem imitandam excitare. Hoc, Hectori ut occurrant, Achivos commovet; hoc, Patroclum in bellum reducit; Antilochoque suo, stadium ineunti, prudentissimi consilii est auctor.

Sed nihil eloquentiâ Ulysses Nestori cedit, si quid enim illi experientia propter annos minor sit, hoc ingenii vis satis superque compensat. Nemo Graiorum aut Trojanorum præter ipsum Ulyssem illa laude dignus est, in quâ conspectare videmur summi oratoris dignitatem, gravitatemque omni actione potentiorem.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ὅπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἵει,
καὶ ἔπεα νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν,
οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆϊ γ' ἐρίσσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος.

Ulyssi autem dicendi genus tribuendum est, quale in laudibus Antonii M. Tullius* descripsit. Honestè enim cedendi, acriter insequendi, variique sermonis, clarissima exempla in illâ apud Achillem habitâ oratione inveniemus.

Nec jam aliorum carmina respicere oportet, nec, si quis mendax et fraudulentum Ulyssi ingenium, aut Nestori garrulitatem senilem tribuerit, illa jam curemus. Per totam enim Iliada nihil tale videmus. Ubicunque, in summo periculo, summo opus sit ingenio, Ulysses auxilium libenter affert. Non tantum aliorum rixas componere, (quod in legatione ad Achillem missa, et in re Thersitæ videre licet)

* De Or. iii. Forte, vehemens, commotum in agendo, ex omni parte septum, acre, acutum, enucleatum, in unâquâque re commorans, honestè cedens, acriter insequens, terrens, supplicans, summâ orationis varietate, nullâ nostrarum aurium satietate.

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sed etiam, quo minus rixis impediatur, ipse se retinere cupit. Neque enim Agamemnoni graviter et temere objurganti irascitur; sed brevi et præclarâ oratione suam conservat dignitatem, et, factis non verbis respondere se velle, ostendit. Nestori autem minimè dedecori sit, qui sæpe existat "Laudator temporis acti, Se puero." Nam tum temporis neque annales scripti fuerant, neque carmina decantabantur, quæ majorum virtutem revocarent "Vita mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum."

Leniores sane quæ vocantur virtutes, in belli laboribus adeundis minimè versantur, neque in Iliade exquirendum est qualem se in familia sua atque intra domesticos parietes quisque præstiterit. Sed et illud animadvertendum est paterni amoris indicia quum in altero apparere, qui suos secum ad bellum profectos hortetur atque admoneat, tum in altero, qui absentis filii sæpius testetur se non oblivisci, cum dicat

Μηδ' ἔτι Τηλεμάχοιο πατὴρ κεκλημένος εἶην·

et illa

ὄψεαι, ἢν ἐθέλησθα, καὶ, αἴ κέν τοι τὰ μέμηλε,
Τηλεμάχοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχοισι μιγέντα.

Eorum vero, qui, pari virtute, pari benevolentiâ insignes, ambo suis maxima beneficia contulerint, quamvis Nestora egregiis ante alios Agamemnon laudibus extollat, alterum alteri præponere ne velimus; sed, quum neque Ulysses sine Nestore, nec Nestor sine Ulysse Trojam expugnârit, suam utrique laudem adjudicantes, Nestora sane propter experientiam saluti omnium prospexisse, Ulyssem vero solertiâ suâ, eloquentiâ, manuque, ut, quæ recte consulerentur, rata forent et perfecta, id egisse et curasse censeamus.

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES. 1828.

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ΓΗΡΑΣ.

Μὴ σύ γ' ἐν λευκαῖς θυόεντα χαίταις
στέμματ' ἀνθέων ῥοδέων πλέκοιο,
ὅστις ἐμβαίνεις, θανάτῳ πελάζων,
γήραος οὐδῷ.
Χαιρέτω ποτίσματος ἀμπελούργου
εὔιον νέκταρ, νυχίων τε φέγγος
λαμπάδων τέρψις τε χόρων, λυρᾶς θ' ἁ-
δύπνοος αὔρα.
Φράσσεται γὰρ νῦν ἀκοὰς κέλευθος,
νῦν ἀνόμματος βλεφάροις ὁμίχλα.
οὐδ' ἐν εὐγνάμπτοις μελέεσσιν, ἃ πρὶν,
ἐντὶν ἔτ' ἴσχυς.
Ἦ κόμας πέφευγ' ἐράτειον ἄνθος,
πορφυρᾶ τ' εἴδους χάρις· ἦ πέφευγεν
ἁδονᾶν ἔαρ βραχύ, νυκτὸς ὡς ἀ-
μαυρὸν ὄνειρον.
Ἀλλά τιν, νῦν μὲν σοφίᾳ παρέδρως,
κἀρεταῖς πέμπει χάριτας συνέργως,
οὐκ ἔθ' ἱμεροῖ ἐφιεῖσα Κύπρις
μαινάδ' ὀΐστον.
Ἰζάνει δὲ πλασίον εὐσέβεια,
κοιμάοισα θυμοδακεῖς ἀνίας,
χαρμάτων δὲ μναμοσύνα φιλεῖ νε-
ανίδος ὥρας
Αὖθ' ἑπαυρεῖν, κἂν βίος ἀλγέων τε
λυπρὸν ἐμπλέξῃ, γλυκερά δι' ὥρας
ἐλελίας, μεσαμέρινον μετ' ὄμβρον,
αἰθέρος αἴγλα.

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Ἔφλεγεν μοίσᾳ τραγικᾷ Σοφοκλῆς,
καὶ γέρων, ὑμνῶν φυγάδ' ἐκ πατρῴας
ἑστίας γέροντ', ἀλαῶ τε κούραν
πατρὸς ὀδαγόν.
Ἀδύφωνος δ' Ἐσπερίας μέλισσα
φροντίδων ὄχημ' ἱερῶν ἐνώμα,
ὠρανῶ τ' εἶδεν φύσιν, ἀλίῳ τε
πάντεχνον αὔγαν.
Γλῶσσα δ' ἔστασεν Πυλίῳ, ῥεέθρων
ἀνθεμορρύτων γλυκίων, ὃν ἄμφι
κοιράνοι κλύοντες, ἐθάμβεον, θελκ-
τήριον ὄμφαν.
Εἰ δὲ πειθὼ ἀδυέπης ἄπεντι,
χρυσέας εἰ φῶς σοφίας, ἄδοξος
λειμάκων στέργοις ἐρύθημα, καὶ βα-
θύσκιον ἄλσος.
Ὑστάταν ὥραν Ἰθάκας διᾶγε
Λάρτιος κάποισιν ἐν ἀδυόσμοις·
Ὅς τ' ἐπ' ὄχθαις Οἰβαλίας Γαλαίσου
ῥεύματ' ἄφυσσεν.
Εἰ δὲ φίλτρ' ἅπαντα βίοι' ὅλωλεν,
μὴ γέρον, μὴ κλαῖε· τί βέλτιον τοῦδ';
ἐμπεσεῖ τύμβῳ· γλυκερὰ πάρεσται
φέγγος ἐς ἀγνὸν
Ἐκ σκότων ἀνάστασις, εἰσιδεῖν τε
τὼς πάλαι τεθνακότας ἐξ ἑταίρων,
κὠρανῶ δρέπειν γάνος, ἀμέρας τε
μειλιτοέσσας.

FREDERICK WALFORD. 1828.

33. Pythagoras.

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PENELOPE.

Ergo insolenti turba licentiâ
Impune demens sæviet; et mero
  Sparget pavimentum profuso
    Post epulas? Ithacensis aulæ
O pax adempta. O clamor, et impii
Risus, procorum, O jurgia non sua,
  Qui tecta vesano tumultu
    Concutiunt, gravibusque rixis.
Dum fida conjux, nec prece nec minis
Abacta, curas in thalamo fovet
  Absentis æternas mariti
    Sola sedens, iteratque questus,
Cui mœror addit verba: "Quid impium
Ignara feci? quid scelus? ut Jovis
  Iram ingravescentem supremi
    Continuas patiar per horas?
Ausa est recepti cædem Agamemnonis
Adultero sub pectore Tyndaris
  Versare; sed Divos Ulixem
    Penelope reducem poposci.
Quin et remotis Telemachus quoque
Abest in oris. Hei mihi; prosequor
  Natumque lamentis virumque,
    Orba parens, viduata conjux.

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Ergo recurrunt tempora: ver redit,
Æstasque solis prodiga, et invicem
Autumnus; at totos per annos
Bruma meum premit una pectus.
Formæ caducus flos periit mihi,
Ægram et senectus præcipitat diem;
Et spernet amplexus Ulixes,
Si redeat, rediens aniles.
Sed te, vagantem, quid mare conjugem,
Quæ terra, Ulixes, distinet? An tua,
Furente demersi procellâ,
Ossa premunt inhumata littus?
An, absit omen, vivis adhuc, mei
Oblitus? At te non ego, te tua
Non possum et antiquos amores,
Jussa, novis abolere flammis.
Quid, quod procorum vota rapacium,
Aut ipse mentem sollicitet pater,
Medonque, vel Pisander audax,
Se juvenem potiore vultu
Jactet maritum: Nox mihi, Lunaque,
Testantur iram, quâ memor obstiti,
Telæque secretum retextæ
Fraude piâ in tenebris laborem."
Sed mox procorum sanguine dat suo
Caterva pœnas. Scilicet advenit
Ereptus ex sævis Ulixes
Agminibus, tumidoque fluctu;
Trojana cui non mœnia, non viæ,
Non mille casus, nec fuga temporis,
Nec longa promittens Calypso
Sæcula, Penelopæ Larisque

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Ex mente dulcem emovit imaginem.
Sed Musa talem ne reditum velis
  Fletusque felices, metumque
    Post dubium memorare blandos
Cordis tumultus; casta silentium
O tanti amoris gaudia contegat;
  Ceu velat exortam pudico
    Lætitiam nova nupta peplo.

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1828.

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TEMPUS.

Tempus, et annorum lapsus, metasque dierum,
Continuasque quibus diviserit artibus horas
Mens humana, vices quali ratione futuras
Inspicere, et fastos liceat numerare priores,
Exsequar. At tenebræ officiunt in limine primo
Abdita tentanti mysteria pandere rerum:
Quid sit enim Tempus per se, comprendere quisquam
Non facile ingenio potuit, vel vincere verbis.
Nam Spatium ut nobis nihil est, aut prorsus Inane,
Ni loca sumantur variis distincta figuris;
Sic nihil est Tempus, ni fiant cognita motu
Intervalla, suo dum cernimus ordine volvi
Corpora materiæ, certoque recurrere gyro.
Sol ergo effulgens, rapidoque errantia cursu
Sidera, Lunaïque vices, et flammea signa
Ætheris, assiduo circumlabentia motu;
Quinetiam Libyæ effusi per littora nimbi,
Et certa Eoi referentes flamina venti,
Temporis obscuri de cœlo prima dederunt
Indicia. Hinc tenebras prisci lucemque notabant
Gignier alternatim homines; hinc mobilis anni
Spectabant reditus; Ver, æstatemque calentem,
Et gravidum Auctumnum pomis, Brumæque rigorem.
Dein melior mensura venit: per signa recurrens
Sol duodena patet, positique ex ordine menses,

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Natalisque anni signato limite constat
Hora novi: hinc tempestatis spectacla futuræ,
Quæque suâ serie, curâ disposta fideli,
Novimus; hinc ruptis quando maria alta tumescant
Objicibus, quando rursum in sese ipsa residant,
Lunaque decrescat, plenosve recolligat ignes.
Felices, cœli harmoniam qui mente biberunt,
Quam motûs æquo fecit moderamine Tempus,
Non secus ac justè diviso Tempore nobis
Dulce oritur Melos, et concordia certa sonorum,
Musicaque hinc pendet, necnon divina Poësis.
Felix ante alios quo primum auctore patebat
Anni iter Æneadis, et victor Julius armis,
Vel qui Romanus magna hæc incepta Sacerdos
Protulit in melius, statuens per sæcula fastos.
His dedit æthereos mensuram Temporis orbes
Natura. At proprios mox Ars ad commoda vitæ
Aptat gnava modos, tum plures elicit usus,
Longaque maturo parit experientia nisu.
Lamina principio insculptis signata figuris
Fingitur, aspectatque polum; rite indicat umbra
Solis iter, solidumque diem partitur in horas.
Sed sua non operi desunt incommoda tanto,
Nam, quum Sol piceas suffuderit ore tenebras,
Temporis allapsus si quis scrutatur, inani
Otia frustratus mœret consumpta labore.
Hoc metuens, curas hominum sollertia versat
Continuo irrequieta novas, si machina præstet
Æmula semper opem, incerti nihil indiga Phœbi.
Vas ergo effingunt patulum, cui tenue foramen
Elicit æquali effusas moderamine lymphas.
Scilicet, ut perhibent, gens ingeniosa Canopi
Hoc dedit, hinc horas Graios numerare juvabat,

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Chaldæosque, olim cœli astrorumque peritos.
Nec ratione aliâ crystallo inclusa gemellâ
Inferiora petens, per rimam agitatur arena
Omnis, ut in justâ guttatim elabitur horâ,
Et varia instabilis notat intervalla diei.
Post varios, tandem, nisus, post mille labores
Majus surgit opus, nihiloque obstante, capessit
Temporis imperium, semper certissimus index.
Circulus in plano bis sex distinguitur atris
Marmoreo numeris: infixi haud passibus æquis
Circum versantur digiti duo: tardior horas
Dirigit, at citior cursu fugientia ducit
Momenta, et levis urget iter, celerique relapsus,
Jam stadio emenso, prævertitur impete fratrem.
Intus volvuntur rotulæ, dentesque vicissim
Dentibus obsistunt: ipsis primordia motus
Sufficit ærato revoluta catena cylindro,
Cui paret rotularum ordo; si sisteret, omne
Torpor opus premeret pariter requiesque laborum.
Protinus exacto ne machina langueat orbe
Ærea clavis adest: resolutam ea rite catenam
Comprensâ torquet pinnâ: mox parva novato
Impete membra premens, cœpit descendere pondus;
Non secus ac Saxum, quod toto corpore sudans
Æolides urget, montis simul ardua vicit,
In præceps rapitur subito, renovatque labores.
Pendula dein moles in partem utramque vibratur,
Tinnitusque ciens, similem servare tenorem
Interiora jubet, passuque impellier æquo.
Malleus accedit, repetitis ictubus horas
Qui rite annumerans imponere ligna camino
Conjugem, et expectare virum, puerumve labores
Linquere difficiles, et in otia solvier urget.

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Nec satis hoc : operis tanti mensura coacta
Scilicet, et nata est imitatrix machina, formâ,
Sed non arte, minor, quam secum, in veste repostam,
Portat eques, neque sentit onus, gemmisve decoram
Exhibet exercens facili pede Nympha choreas.
Nil facit idcirco, natas qui ex ordine, clarâ
Horas voce docet, quive æris murmure rauco,
Niligenæ quo more olim, Seresque solebant,
Et quam jactabat tellus Œnotria gentem ;
Nil, qui sublimis venerando a culmine Templi
Othmanidas Allæ sollennia vota ferentes
Convocat, exoriente die, quumque igneus orbem
Sol haurit medium, et quum temperat aëra Vesper.
Hæc tamen, indicio quæ monstrant tempora certo,
Heu quoties animi motus inventa refellunt,
Præcipitare horas soliti, tardève morari ?
Nam, velut, ante oculos placidi per marmora ponti,
Tranquillive lacûs, spatium deperditur unâ
Undarum facie, contractaque cuncta videntur ;
At, contra, si mista loco exoriantur eodem,
Arva, domus, sylvæ, convalles, flumina, colles,
Longius hæc, ita visa simul, se extendere censet
Diversarum animus deceptus imagine rerum ;
Sic, ubi carpamus requiem, vel munera somni,
Noxque diesque volant, properantes fallimus horas,
Blandaque confusam minuunt oblivia vitam.
Sed, simul ac luctus, et dira caterva malorum,
Longique excrucient pectus tormenta doloris,
Singula mens patitur renovato verbera sensu,
Temporaque assiduis numerans rationibus auget.
Credo equidem, hinc validâ nos omnia fingere dextrâ
Tempus agens : Tempus mentem solatur, et angit
Scilicet, attenuat sensim, vi concutit, aufert,

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Omnia mutat idem, gignit, deletque vicissim.
Hinc Tempus veteres, Saturno nomine, prolem
Qui vorat ipse suam, primum finxere Deorum:
Falciferi necnon formam exhibuere Gigantis,
Qui genus humanum, qui regna urbesque potentes
Sternit, ut infirmas robustus messor aristas.
Ergo, tu pulchræ evertis miracula terræ
Invide, cuncta, senex. Vasto tu gurgite volvis
Quod nituit splendore brevi, gaudesque ruinis.
Tu damnum accumulas, nullâ reparabile curâ,
Sive elementorum furiis, atque ignis edaci
Præcipitis rabie, aut torrentibus uteris undis,
Fulmineamve cies spissâ de nube procellam;
Sive homines irâ tibi se demente ministros
Præbent, vimque suam ventis atque imbribus addunt
Trux aries, catapulta, novique tonitrua belli;
Seu, tacito ut fluvius corrodit tramite ripam,
Lenta minutatim abradit res morsibus ætas,
Quas Natura parens genuit, voluitque reverti
Collabefactatas ævo, quasque ipsa polorum
Temperies fregit, longos operata per annos.
Ergo ros etiam tibi servit, Tempus, et aër,
Tetraque rubigo, aut moles informis arenæ;
Succubuit Palmyra tibi, tibi mœnia Byrsæ,
Et Tyros, et Babylon: Memphis te antiqua fatetur
Victorem: agnovere novo te littore ponti
Et cursus fluviorum, et motæ viscera terræ.
At citiori ictu humani monumenta laboris
Obruis; heu, per te periit quodcunque Menander
Lusit festivè sapiens; aut pinxit Apelles;
Voxque Sophocleæ dolet interrupta Camœnæ.
Nec vis ulla hominum referet submersa profundo
Temporis Oceano; nec finitum unius horæ

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Ipse Deus diffinget opus: sed imagine nobis
Qualicunque animi revocat vivata facultas.
Quo magis hoc fiat, satis et transacta notentur,
Sumere sæclorum, ut metas, Eventa necesse est
Præcipua, antiquas paces, et prælia, et artes,
Magnaque magnarum speculari exordia rerum.
Hinc et Olympiacas numeravit Græcia palmas,
Conditaque annorum Urbs seriem dedit ipsa Quiriti,
Turcis Hegiram Meccâ Mahumeda relictâ.
Sed nostri annales divina incepta fatentur,
Divinosque ortus, carnem quo tempore Christus
Induit humanam, magnum Patris Incrementum.
Usque adeo stadiis metari tempora certis
Vult mortale genus, casusque evolvere priscos,
Scilicet, ut possint ævum penetrare futurum,
Atque antiqua novis scitari oracula rebus,
Alteraque accedat semper sapientior ætas.
Sed quod adest, illo curæ sit gnaviter uti
Tempore, et exiguam factis extendere vitam;
Nam signa, et monitus quo temporis ala volatu
Prætereat, nostro de corpore discimus omnes
Mutato sensim: primo sine viribus infans
Editur in lucem: mox instat læta juventas,
Et spes inconstans, hominumque inscitia fingit
Gaudia venturos, heu non carpenda per annos:
Fortior inde subest ætas, hanc horrida bella,
Atque fori strepitus, et amor sceleratus habendi
Effrænem rapiunt: dein ingruit ægra senectus,
Morborumque cohors, et mors, avidumque sepulcrum.
Nos ergo Tempus, nos, et quicunque sequentur,
Vincet et eripiet; Tempus Terramque rotundam,
Et circum innumeros interrupto orbe Planetas
Obruet; ast nostri melior pars, nescia fati,

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Naturâ moriente, extincto Tempore, vivet.
Nam, veluti in primo magnorum mane polorum
Sidera viderunt orientia Temporis ortum,
Sic ubi materiæ moles decesserit, ardens
Sol ubi supremas, et nôrit Luna, tenebras,
Ipsum, cum mundo, Tempus, pereunte, peribit.
Ast Animus, fractâ rerum compage, vigebit,
Quum se æterna, quasi immensus sine littore pontus,
Tendet ubique dies; neque temporis amplius ullum
Principium, vel Finis erit; sed Vita perennis,
Omniaque in cœlis unum per sæcula Præsens.

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1829.

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ELIJAH.

"As the LORD liveth, before whom I stand,
These years, nor rain nor dew shall glad the land,
But at my word." Thus spake the holy Man,
Doom'd the dread curse, and, lo, the pest began:
Gaunt famine came. These years, nor dew nor rain
Dropp'd, as of old, to glad the thirsty plain:
While from those scenes of anguish and dismay
The heav'n-led Prophet took his lonely way.
Ev'n now, methinks, by Cherith's wave appears
Elijah rising through the mist of years.
His the pale brow unmark'd by passion's trace,
The holy aspect's grave and simple grace;
The high rapt glance with sacred fervor fraught,
The lines and hues that abstinence has wrought;
While, like the desert Seer of after time,
In want majestic, and in grief sublime,
The camel's hair is o'er his shoulders flung,
And round his loins the leathern girdle strung.
Unseen the Tishbite feeds his spirit's fires,
Far from life's petty toils and low desires;
There dwells with solemn thought and secret pray'r,
Retir'd from Man, but Heav'n's peculiar care.
For him, forgetful of their craving brood,
The fearless ravens bear unfailing food;
And, when the brook no more its draught supplies,
Sarepta gives, what Israel's land denies;

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Shares with the Pilgrim Saint the scanty store;
Then fails the oil, and wastes the meal no more:
Till, when bereft, with bitter anguish wild,
The widow'd Mother mourns her only Child,
To Him for aid the grateful Prophet kneels,
Who chastens pitying, and in mercy heals,
Back to the corse recalls the fleeting breath,
Inspires new life, and triumphs over death.
But see, where, bent at Baäl's idol shrine,
Apostate Israel spurns, O God, at thine;
And, mid her fall'n degen'rate sons, alone
Elijah dares his Fathers' God to own.
Alone, 'gainst hundreds leagued, Elijah stands,
And with firm faith on Carmel's top demands
The sacred trial, which by fire shall prove
Who lives and reigns the God of Gods above.
'Tis done. Those rival Priests, to frenzy wrought,
Prepare the rites by old tradition taught;
From morn to noon they raise the useless cry,
"There comes no voice; none answers from the sky."
They gash their limbs, till streams with blood the ground,
And madly dance their impious altar round.
Vain is the bleeding limb; the dance is vain,
And the wild shriek of agonizing pain.
Oft as their shouts break forth with mad appeal,
Elijah scornful mocks their baffled zeal.
"Yes, cry aloud," exclaims the taunting Seer,
"He is a God: and will a God not hear?
Perchance he talks, or journeys, or too long
He sleeps, and must be wak'd with pray'r and song."
Yet all is vain, till, noontide's glory past,
The sun with length'ning shadows looks his last:
The time, of old devoted to the Lord,
When incense smok'd, and Israel's tribes ador'd:

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The time, when hymns, loud swelling thro' the skies,
Proclaim'd the hour of ev'ning sacrifice.
How chang'd the scene? Since morning's early ray
Rose on the wonders of the coming day,
Those baffled Vot'ries quake with shame and fear.
There kneels the spurn'd, the solitary Seer:
Yet in that prostrate form and humbled mien,
A more than human energy is seen:
The suppliant look, the hand uprais'd in pray'r,
The voice of heav'nly eloquence is there.
And God has heard, and, for his mighty sign,
Hurls the swift flame, and stamps himself divine.
Lo; round the shrine, th' approving lightnings play,
Lick up the water, melt the stones away.
'Twas then the holy faith, too long supprest,
Sprang up tumultuous in each glowing breast;
Then, like swoll'n waters, when they break the mound,
Gush'd Israel's rapture with a mighty sound,
While shook the floor, where wond'ring thousands trod,
"The Lord is God. The Lord, he is the God."
Then fall'n are Baäl's Priests, and Baäl's fane,
Then thousands bend to Israel's God again.
And then ascends on Carmel's top preferr'd
The pray'r for rain, nor is that pray'r unheard.
See, in the heav'n a little cloud, in form
Like a Man's hand, forebodes the coming storm,
Till, big with gath'ring clouds and winds on high,
It bursts in rushing torrents from the sky.
Yes. Heav'n reopens all her pregnant stores,
And on the earth her dewy influence pours:
Lo, valleys, plains, and barren rocks rejoice,
And nature gladdens at Elijah's voice:
Lo, plenty laughs upon the conscious soil,
That scarce requires the Lab'rers' wonted toil,

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Wakes the dead herbage on the sultry plain,
And wafts fresh fragrance on the winds again.
Yet must he flee, who for his country's weal
Had borne each ill, and dar'd th' Oppressor's steel,
And o'er the wide and blist'ring desert roam,
Threaten'd, despis'd, an alien from his home.
  Slow toil'd the Seer the desert region o'er,
Torments behind, and only death before,
Lonely and sad: Despair for once began,
For once he sank, and felt for once as man.
He saw no more the hand of heav'nly care,
No raven's food, no Widow's welcome there:
His vision dimm'd no future scenes descried,
By Horeb's hallow'd mount, or Jordan's tide:
He hop'd not then on Tabor's secret height
To hold dread converse with the Son of Light,
In after time, when Shiloh should appear,
And earth rejoicing hail her happiest year.
But 'neath the tree his fainting limbs he threw,
While fear, want, anguish, hover'd in his view;
To heav'n he turn'd the sad imploring cry,
" It is enough," and ask'd of God to die.
  Awake, arise; the angel hastes to spread
The cake, the cruse of water, at thy head;
Then roam twice twenty days from hunger free,
Portentous Type of wonders yet to be;
For He, who bade thee dare the Despot's rod,
Is still thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy God.
  But say, what unknown Pow'r, what dreadful Name,
What King the troubled elements proclaim?
'Tis He, who made the new-born earth to rise:
'Tis He, who spread on high the boundless skies:
'Tis He, who comes. Proud harbingers appear.
Stupendous thought. The God of Gods is near:

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Rent are the rocks, and quail the mountains high,
And bend beneath th' incumbent Deity.
  Then thro' the hills the mighty tempest past,
But the Lord God, He was not in the blast;
Then yawn'd the trembling earth, and shook around,
But the Lord God, He was not in the sound;
Then the bright fires along the desert came,
But the Lord God, he was not in the flame.
Last came the still small voice: tho' small and still,
It breath'd in hallow'd strains th' Almighty will,
And Nature paus'd, and hung in dread suspense:
Man stood in commune with Omnipotence.
  Then knelt the Prophet on the holy ground,
And wrapt the folded garb his face around;
And felt thro' every limb with sacred fear
The awful presence of Jehovah near.
  What more on earth the holy Seer befell,
What woes, what trials, it were long to tell;
To tell how prostrate, like the broken reed,
Stern Ekron shudd'ring saw her fifties bleed:
How Ahab perish'd on his native shore,
And thirsting dogs lick'd up his streaming gore:
How his fierce Queen, unpitied and abhorr'd,
With awful fate fulfill'd the Prophet's word;
A Minion's vengeance taught at length to feel,
Trampled and crush'd by Jehu's chariot wheel,
Her country's scorn: while, conscious of her doom,
Earth gave her mangled corse a living tomb:
How at Elijah's mandate Jordan fled,
And bar'd the secrets of his oozy bed,
While backward driv'n th' affrighted waves retreat,
And op'd a passage, blest by holy feet:
How pray'd Elisha, faithful to the last,
"Father, on me the kindred spirit cast;"

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Then raptur'd felt some secret pow'r inspire
A double portion of celestial fire;
Just ere Elijah, Heav'n before his view,
His task accomplish'd, bade the world adieu.
Oh, highly favour'd, 'twas not thine to share
The common ills which closing life must bear;
Not thine to languish with slow pangs, and tread
The loathsome mansions of the mould'ring dead.
No, Heav'n prepares unwonted joys for thee,
Free'd from the bonds of human destiny.
Tremendous glory: as aside is thrown
The mystic veil, that shrouds the world unknown;
Tremendous glory: from the azure height
Bursts the red car of Heav'n upon the sight;
Rolls mid the thunder of the shaking sphere,
Rolls girt with flame, and speeds its bright career,
And, ere its upward flight the chariot cleaves,
Elijah fondly turns to those he leaves,
Hails the rapt Friend, who soon with transport's glow
Shall catch the sacred mantle dropp'd below.
He mounts. He mounts. The fi'ry steeds prepare
Their dread return upon the wings of air;
Then, type of Him, who, mercy's mission done,
In clouds ascended to the Father's throne,
Elijah soaring views with fearless eye
The op'ning scenes that dawn beyond the sky,
And thro' the vaulted firmament sublime
Is borne triumphant o'er the gulf of time.

FRANCIS BALLARD WELLS. 1829.

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TRANSLATION.

Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet."—Act IV. Scene 3.

Juliet.

Ὦ χαίρεθ'· ὁ θεὸς οἶδεν, εἶποτ' αὖ πάλιν
ξυνελευσόμεσθα· διατρέχων ψυχρὸς φλεβῶν
θάλπος σχεδὸν πήγνυσι τῆς ζωῆς φόβος·
μεταπέμψομαι σφᾶς αὖθι θελξούσας φρενὸς
λύπην· ἄγ' οὖν μοι τρόφε· τί δ' ἔργον ἐνθάδε
κείνης γε; δρᾶμα γάρ με δρᾷν πάντως χρεὼν
μόνην τὸ λυπρόν· δεῦρο δέπας· εἰ δ' οὖν ποτὸν
κενοῖσιν ὕπνον φαρμάκοις τόδ' οὐ φέρει,
ἆρ' οὖν βιαίων χρὴ φέρειν ὕβριν γάμων;
οὐ δῆτα· κωλύσει δὲ τόδε· σὺ κεῖσ' ἐκεῖ·
εἰ δ' αὖ δέδωκε τήνδε μοι δόλῳ πόσιν
ὁ μόναχος ἕς με μηχανώμενος φόνον,
ἵνα μὴ γένηται τῷδ' ἀτίμητος γάμῳ,
πρότερόν με Ῥωμεῶνι συζεύξας; φόβος
ἔχει με τούτων· τοῖα δ' οὐ πρέπειν δοκῶ,
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἁγνὸς ἐκβέβηκε δεῦρ' ἀεί·
ἦδ' οὖν ἀπέστω φρόντις· εἰ δ' ἐγκειμένην
τύμβῳ, πρὶν ἄν με Ῥωμεὼν λύσων παρῇ,
ὕπνος με λείψει; δεινὸς ἐνθάδ' ἔστ' ἀγών.
πῶς ἐν τάφῳ δύστηνος οὐκ ἀγχθήσομαι,
οὗ στόμα δυσῶδες οὐκ ἐσέρχεται πνοὴ

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γλυκεῖα, καὶ θνήσκουσ' ἐκεῖ πνιγήσομαι,
πρὶν ἂν προσέλθῃ Ῥωμεών; ἢν δ' αὖ πότμον
τύνδ' ἐκφύγωμεν, ἀλλ' ὁμιλίαν φθορᾶς
νυκτός τε δεινῆς καὶ τόπον φοβούμενοι
τοῖον, παλαιὰν ὡς νεκρῶν θήκην, τάφον,
ἔνθ' ἐστὶ προγόνων πάντα τῶν τεθαμμένων
ὀστᾶ, τοσαῦτα νῦν ἔτη, ξυνηγμένα,
φόνιός τε φονίοις σηπόμενος ἐσθήμασι
κεῖται Τυβάλτης ἀρτίως, χλωρός τ' ἔτι·
ἔνθ', ὡς λέγουσι, νυκτίῳ πότ' ἐν χρόνῳ
ψυχαὶ νεκρῶν φοιτῶσιν· ὦ, παπαῖ, παπαί.
ἆρ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐξεγερθέντες γ' ὕπνου
ὡς θᾶσσον ἡμεῖς, ἐν τάφου δυσοσμίᾳ,
οἵους τε μανδραγόρινα κωκυτοὺς φυτὰ
ἐκσπώμεν' ἐξίησιν, ὥστε παραφρονεῖν
βροτοὺς κλύοντας· οὗ νυν ἐκμανούμεθα
ὕπνου 'ξεγερθέντες τότ', ἐκφοβούμενοι
τὰ δεινὰ ταῦτα, μαινάδες τε ῥίψομεν
μέλη τὰ προγόνων, καὶ κατεσπαραγμένον
σπείρων Τυβάλτην σπάσομεν ἐκ λινοκρόκων;
λύσσῃ δὲ ταύτῃ ξυγγενοῦς ὀστῷ τινὸς
κάρα παράφρονες κοψόμεσθ', ὅπως ξύλῳ;
ἰδού· δοκῶ γὰρ τοῦ κάσεως ψυχὴν ὁρᾷν
Ῥωμεῶν' ἀναζητοῦσαν, ὃς ξίφους ἀκμῇ
ἔπειρε τὸ δέμας· ἀλλ' ἔχου Τύβαλτά μοι·
Ἀλλ' ἔρχομαι, πίνουσα τόδε σοί, Ῥωμεόν.

EDWARD ELDER. 1829.

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QUID POTISSUMUM PRÆCIPIAT ODYSSEÆ AUCTOR?

Homerus, quum cæteros omnes poëtas ingenio atque aptâ rerum descriptione antecellere videtur, tum nihilo præstantior elucet, quam eo, quod sapientiam et virtutem mirâ quâdam dulcedine carmina sua legentibus commendat. Sed in Odysseâ, nullum fere rei ethicæ locum non tetigit, nullum non ornavit.

Nam quod ad Deos attinet, non impuram rei theologicæ rationem tradit, neque enim illos humanis vitiis inquinatos exhibet, sed optumo cuique hominum maximè invigilantes, et bona omnia largientes, neque ullius mali auctores, nisi siqui mortales *σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν* meritam in se pœnam arcessunt. Insignem ergo optumo cuique hominum pietatem poëta tribuit: hâc virtute Deorum tutelam meritus ad felicem laborum exitum pervenit Ulysses; hâc Penelope freta redituri mariti spem fovet; Telemachus reprimit petulantiam procorum. His igitur personis nihil in communi vitæ consuetudine nisi auspicato suscipitur; epulæ non carent libatione, neque honore suo Jovis hospitis ara: miserrimus vero iste Cyclops, superbique et injuriosi proci, neglectis sacris, graviore pœna commissa luunt.

Quod vero ad homines et humana officia attinet, nihil omnino deesse videtur, quod antiquis illis temporibus præcipi posse aliquis arbitretur. Nam quanti æstimanda est in parentes pietas? Ulysses ergo Laërten summâ veneratione prosequitur: Ulyssem Telemachus: Telemachum autem mirari licet, Euryclean discessum suum Penelopen ut celet admonentem,

ὡς ἂν μὴ κλαίουσα κατὰ χρόα καλὸν ἰάπτῃ.

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Nec senectuti suus honor non assignatur: neque enim Nestora tantum Pylii Regem venerantur; verum etiam ipsi Eurycleæ paret tota Ulyssis domus. Multa autem in Odysseâ reperiuntur, quæ ad rem politicam spectant: Regum in suos, subjectorum in reges spectantur officia; caventur dissensiones intestinæ, quæ Rege absente nunquam non oriuntur. Neque ullo in loco Regibus quisquam impune dicto audiens esse recusat. Nam non modo Eupithes Regi suo bellum inferens obtruncatur, sed et utribus Æolĭis ob mentem nimis curiosam apertis, gravis exoritur procella; Solisque bubus, vetante Ulysse, cæsis, ipsi comites nautæ plectuntur. Nec vero erga hospites non commendatur benevolentia; advenæ enim ne nomen quidem, nisi dapibus prius apparatis, inquiritur; Pisistratus et Telemachus Menelai domo ignoti excipiuntur, nec, donec jam in eo sit, ut abire paret, Alcinoo nomen suum Ulysses declarat. Unusquisque scilicet pro opibus suis hospitalem se præstat, non Reges tantum, verum etiam pauper ille qui sues curat Eumæus. Neque vero Homericæ personæ Calabrum hospitem agunt, rudem et inconcinnum, qui nec tempora neque homines discernit, sed adest ratio benignitatis, lex æqua hospitii, præsentis amici observantia, nec tamen ut mora decedenti fiat. Donorum porro hospitalium commutatione id agi videtur, ut emollitis animis firmiore quodam vinculo hominum inter se societas devinciatur.

Fœmineo quoque generi honos suus redditur, Penelopes nomine, quæ per tot annos nec minis adducta fuerit nec precibus, ut conjugium prius relinqueret. Neque id non est observandum, quod rei poëticæ summam laudem attribuit vates, summam in moribus fingendis auctoritatem. Quatuor enim annos pudicitiâ per cantus servatâ, non nisi vate prius amoto, adultero cedit Clytæmnestra: apud Phæacas vero Demodocus summâ cultus veneratione, ignem poëticum di-

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vinitus deducit. Neque ulli fere, nisi Phemio poëtæ, procis interemtis, parcitur.

Poëtæ autem vitio datum est, quòd vita apud inferos miserrima depingitur, quum dicat Achilles apud superos servire se malle, quàm inferis imperare. Quid vero mirum est, si Achillis animus imperii et gloriæ appetens, rebusque terrestribus quasi devinctus, inertem pigramque quietas inter umbras vitam vix tolerat? Quòd si credamus ea, quæ Achilli tribuuntur, latius patere, atque ex rerum ignorantiâ ortum ducere, iniquissimum videtur, homini sæculi vitium objicere, atque Homerum ob id ipsum reprehendere, quòd, quæ longâ annorum serie vix elaborârint sapientissimi, multi nunquam crediderint, ea ipse non solus divinârit.

Ulyssis vero persona quid monet, nisi quòd nihil est virtuti, si adsit prudentia, desperandum? Nam ille prudentiam, ne dicam, audaciam, exhibet, cum sociis se ex Cyclopis antro expediens. Circen Sirenasque eludens, vitii illecebris obsisti posse confirmat, non aliter, quàm ut ne nos voluptati et nequitiæ dedamus, mutati in porcos viri, et sparsa circùm scopulos ossa, vehementer commonent.

In eodem verò homine malorum patientiam reperimus nullâ laude æquandam. Melanthii enim verbera et insolentiam, procorum contumelias, omnia denique quæ hominem opprobria possint ad ulciscendum stimulare, tacitus quamdiu occasio postulet, perpetitur. Neque in rebus solum difficillimis, ubi omnis res quasi de filo pendere videtur, stomachum reprimit; nam et apud Alcinoum summa erga juvenem in ludos insolenter provocantem elucet benignitas, et mite pectus, ut qui neminem vel verbis lædere velit et lacessere.

Sunt sane qui lacrymas ob canem effusas Ulyssem mollissimi cordis arguere opinantur, et animi parum virilis. Illæ vero lacrymæ fortem non dedecorant. Quòd nisi fortissimo

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ille pectore summâque animi magnitudine fuisset, immortalitate apud Calypso perfrui, quam per tot tantosque casus Ithacam sciens revehi, maluisset. Ulysses autem unus omnes procos virtute suâ subigit; tum vero nimiæ eum sævitiæ potius accuses, quòd, quum istum gregem penitus diruit, tum et famulas morte multat; quàm effœminari insimules et timore deterreri, quo minus officio virili perfungatur. Exstiterunt sane, qui Ulyssem avaritiæ insimulant, qui tanta Phæacum dona acceperit. Quod vero in paupere Ithacâ splendidum videatur et magnificum, id facillime divites possunt Phæaces donare. Hæc sane perditæ classis et rei familiaris remuneratio, multo ante a Dîs fuerat promissa. Neque unquam in astutiam, quod a nonnullis fictum est, Ulyssis sapientia degenerat. Quum enim veteres honestissimum existimârint, dolis omnimodis in hostes uti, non est ille incusandus, qui neque vetitos, et eximie laudatos, in rebus valde arduis dolos exerceat. Quanta vero in eodem homine fortitudo admiscetur sapientiæ, quippe qui omnes animi affectus ita rationi subjecerit, ut vultu minime mutato querelas, Penelopes, et sollicitos de seipso timores audiat.

Ex Odysseâ igitur discere licet, quantum prosit patientia, quid Dîs, quid generi humano officii debeatur, quid possit virtus, quid amor patriæ, denique, "quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes." Siquis ergo perfectæ sapientiæ perfecto munere fungi velit, hic Odysseam perlegat: quod si plurimum inde boni percipi posse idem neget, ad haram Circeam abigatur protinus; neque enim, non modo inter philosophos, sed ne inter homines quidem rationis participes habendus esse videatur.

WILLIAM MACPHERSON. 1829.

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ΕΙΣ ΜΝΑΜΟΣΥΝΑΝ.

Φροντίδων μᾶτερ γλυκερᾶν, βαρείας
ἦ φιλεῖς τὺ, Μναμοσύνα, μερίμνας,
κοιμάοισ' ἐν στάθεσι καρδίαν βρο-
τοῖσιν ἰαίνειν.
τὶς, θεὰ, μεσαμερίναις ἐν ὥραις,
δυσφόροις βίω μελέταισι κάμνων,
οὐ πόνων κουφίζεται, ἐν τεοῖς ὀ-
ράμασι τερφθείς;
αὖθι δ' αἰθύσσειν δοκέοντιν αὖραι
ἐν παρείαις, αἵ τε περιπνέοντι
παιδίας ἠῶ ῥοδέαν· γέροντα δ'
ἰσχύος ἀκμὰ
αὖθ' ἔχει νεανίδος, εἰ βιὰν τὺ,
ἁδονὰν γλήναις ὁράοισ' ἐρανναῖς,
ἐμπνέεις, καὶ πλασίον ἰσδάνοισα
στᾶθος ἐγείρεις·
χαρμάτων στίλβει προτέρων ἀγαστὰ
φάσμαθ', ὡς ὄναρ, φρανὸς ἐν κατόπτρῳ·
τὼς, δυόντος Ἀλίω ἀλμυρᾶς ἐς
λέκτρα θαλάσσας,
ἐμμένει φάους ἐρύθημα πόντω
λαμπρὸν ἐν νώτῳ· διὰ νυκτὸς ὄρφναν
τώς γε φαίνεταί τις ἀριπρεπὴς ἐν
ὀρράνῳ ἀστήρ.
ἠνίδ', ἐστίας φυγὰς ἐκ πατρῴας,
βαρβάροις πλανώμενος ἐν δόμοισιν,
ἄδεται, τεῦ πλασίον ἀδὺ φωνοί-
σας ὑπακούων,

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μοῦνος, οὐ μοῦνος, τὺ γὰρ οἰκτίσαισα,
φιλτάτων ἐς θυμὸν ἄγεις ὅμιλον
ἀλίκων, τέρψιν τε τέκνων, ἐᾶς τε
πατρίδος αἴας.
καί τις, οὐ παροῖσα πάρεντ' ἐρῶντι
παρθένος, μάτηρ ἐτὶ παῖδα δέρκει,
οὐδ' ἀποκρύπτει θανάτῳ δαμέντα
τύμβος ἑταῖρον.
τώς ποκ' ἐν δόμοις Ἰθάκας ἄκασσα,
ἥρωος μνασθεῖσα φίλω, παρείας
οὐ πικροῖς τέγξεν δακρύοις, ἀκοίτα
τόξον ἰδοῖσα.
τὼς λέων πάλαι βασιλεὺς, Βρεταννᾶς
ταλόθ' ἐκ γαίας, κάτεδεν φίλον δὴ
θυμὸν, ἀγρία δὲ βάρυνε νοῦσος
δέσμα τ' ἀεικῆ,
ἕως τεὰν τὺ προσκαλέσαισα παῖδα,
ξύντροφόν ποκ' ἀγλαΐαισι Μοῖσαν,
τὸν πρὶν ὕμνον πλέξας ἄνακτι, καὶ θελκ-
τήριον αὐδάν.
ἔντι δ' οἷς νέμεις χαλέπαν ὀϊζύν.
δεινὰ μοῖσ' ἀποτρέπεται λέγοισα
κήδε' ἀνδρῶν, οὐδὲ λύρᾳ πέλοι κε
ταῦτα συνῳδά.
ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ δὴ, Μναμοσύνα, παρείης,
μηδὲν ἀλγέων φρασὶν ἐμπνέοισα.
μηδὲ, θεὰ, τεοῖσι βρύοιεν ἐν βρύδ-
οισιν ἄκανθαι·
αἰὲς ὧν με, καὶ θανάτω τέλοσδε,
εὐμενὴς στέργοις ἀρετᾷ ξύνεδρος,
μηδὲ προσβαίης κακιὰν ἄγοισα,
μάτερ' ἀνιᾶν.

EDWARD ELDER. 1829.

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MORS SISERÆ.

Unus peremtis Sisera millibus
Lecto superstes sterneris? At magis
  Victore tu debes Baraco
    In medio cecidisse campo
Super tuorum funera. Tu magis
Pressusque debes hostibus, et siti
  Languens, fatigatusque longâ
    Militiâ, per inhospitalem
Errasse noctem. O, surge, tui memor,
O, surge, miles, dum licet. At minus
  Externa ventorum perîcli
    Vis habet, et tenebræ viarum,
Quam grata lactis munera, quam torus,
Stratæque vestes, quam manus hospitis
  Infida fallaci salutem
    Pollicitæ requiemque linguâ.
Nam sola lasso cum duce, malleum
Jaëla torquens, concipit, intimo
  Secreta sub tecto, dolosâ
    Egregiam pietate fraudem:
Lenemque mentem, plena Dei, suos
Sentire motus dedocet: et novâ
  Afflata cœlestique flammâ
    Fœmina fœmineum pavorem

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Deponit audax. Nec mora: dexterâ
Plusquam virili, sed priùs et lyræ
Lanæque consuetâ labori,
Haud dubium meditatur ictum.
Tangente terram vix pede, Siseram
Non suscitat, sed tempora perforans
Jacentis in somno trabalem
Non opifex inhonora clavum
Defigit. Hinc insigne ciet melos
Debora: "Inibant prælia principes,
Pontusque et immensi tremebant
Arva poli, solidique montes;
Bellum gerebant cœlicolæ, suis
Bellum gerebant sidera cursubus
Adversa; et exsurgens, ut agmen
Obrueret male destinatum
Insanienti gurgite Siseræ,
Rex fluminum, rex nobilis, et pater.
Kishonus, antiquum per agros
Sanguineos agitabat amnem.
Jaëla vicit. Te populus frequens,
Jaëla, laudet: cum juvenum choro
Festæ puellarum catervæ
Te celebrent, et ubique ovantes
Tutâ parentes prole. Caput tuum
Laurus sacratis cingat honoribus,
Carumque in æternum coronet
Fama recens, stabilisque, nomen.
Stans in fenestrâ turris, et anxia
Mater vocabat, prospiciens, ducem,
'Quid pompa? quid currus moratur?
Quid minus approperat rotarum
Stridor ruentum?' Mox famulæ dabant

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Sagæque, mox, hæc, ipsa dabat sibi
  Responsa: 'Nonne ergo triumphus
    Eximius, spoliumque lautum
Accessit? Ipsi quæ bene serviat
Captiva virgo, et purpura textilis,
  Acuque picturata vestis
    Digna meum decorare natum.'
Sic, omnium, o, sic intereat, precor,
Spes impiorum: sed vigeant pii,
  Et, qualis emittens potentes
    Sol radios per aperta, regnent."

WILLIAM GEORGE ROSE. 1829.

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LADURLAS DIRIS AGITATUS.

See "Curse of Kehama," by R. Southey.

"Te non sævus aper, scelerate, impastaque tigris
Insanusque leo perimet, neque letifer anguis,
Non lapis aut lignum, neque cuspis ferrea lædet,
Non elementorum rabies, non unda, neque ignis,
Nulla dies oberit, nulla inclementia morbi;
Sed tibi in æternum, sceptris subjecta Kehamæ,
Frugum terra parens genialia dona negabit.
Unda sitim eludet. Nullâ recreaberis aurâ,
Nec rores poteris sentire. En mortis adempta est
Conditio; vives, mortemque miserrimus orans,
Immortalis eris; vives, regnante Kehamâ:
Nec dormire volens, poteris requiescere somno:
Immortale jecur, flamma, immortale cerebrum,
Perfuret, indomitos agitans sine fine labores."
Talibus horribilem Omnipotens dum projicit iram,
Pallidus in medio conspectu insana Ladurlas
Lumina contorquet, dubitans, an vera per aures
Vox sonet. At subito, infelix, per pectus adustum,
Per cerebrum, tormenta mali bacchantia sentit;
Et flammis crepitare rogos, et murmure rivum
Responsare gravis venti plangoribus audit.
Quid faciat? deserta subit, jam non sua, mentem
Cailyal: ille, viæ ignarus, per litora raptim
It lacrymans, "Ergo vindex tibi, nata, pudoris

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Ipse necis tibi causa fui, spes una senectæ,
Nec te iterum aspiciam? Nunc alte vulnus adactum."
Sic ait, et natæ agnoscens in gurgite vestem,
Insilit; ante pedes fluctus fremit, ima recurrens
In vada cum gemitu, penitusque relinquit arenas.
At pater ereptum fluvio miserabile corpus
Ut fovet amplectens, auditâ voce parentis
Illa levat collum, cubito subnixa; salutis
Spes inopina ægris infundit robora membris.
  Infelix, furiisne, oblitum funera nati,
Parcere, vel speras odia exsaturasse Kehamam?
Sed fuge, funestum litus fuge, linque tyranni
Invisas sedes, dum præcipitare potestas.
  Nec mora: sed ducit meditantem fata Ladurlan
Nata tenens dextrâ; flabris nemus ille moveri,
Impatiensque audit salientis murmura rivi.
Irridet Natura malis; Natura levamen
Non oriente die, non decedente, ministrat;
Non, medio quum sole pater Gangeticus undas
Immotus silet, et tranquillo dormit in alveo.
Ast, ubi roriferis nox cœlum amplectitur alis,
Ille, sub intextæ procumbens tegmine palmæ,
Corde premit gemitum; superans patientia sævos
Dissimulare potest luctus. O quanta paterno
Vis in amore viget? Fraudis sedet inscia, patri
Immisisse Deos somni lenimina credens,
Filia. Tum lacrymis oculos pia complet obortis,
Pectoraque inviso tradit devicta sopori.
Quam pater, ut solus fato se opponere possit,
Deserit; audendo stat vincere, quicquid acerbi est;
Deserit; at fugisse parans, ter amore paterno
Tardatur, natæque diu timet. Omnia versans,
Vix tandem auxiliis audet confidere Divûm:

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Evolat, obductâque usus caligine noctis,
Nec fletu stetit, aut pietatis imagine victus,
Nec dedit amplexus, aut verba novissima dixit.
  Ritibus intereà infandis cœleste Kehama
Affectare audet solium: tremit Indra, supremi
Indra potens cœli, neque vindex fulmina jactat
Dum licet. Insuetus spumantia mandere fræna,
Liber adhuc, cervice jubas effundit in auras
Inviolatus equus, munus cœlestibus aptum.
Sed jam tempus adest, horret Natura, genusque
Infernum exultat; cultrum tenet, ecce, Kehama,
Votivumque focis ardet libare cruorem;
Quum subito nova forma viri procurrit, equumque
Corripuit. Telis licet obrutus, ille periclum
Spernit, adhuc instans; velut ex adamante repulsis,
Ferrea tempestas super intonat irrita telis.
"Adsum ego, qui feci; me, me dabit ira Kehamæ
Morti," ait: accenditque oculos spes horrida mortis.
Artibus ipse suis victus, turpisque repulsæ
Conscius Omnipotens gemit, agnoscitque Ladurlan.
Tum graviter frendens, vultu subridet amaro.
"Nil pejus vindicta potest: i, protrahe fatum:
Vive," ait, "atque odia exhauri insaturata Kehamæ."
  Tu tamen o felix, inter tormenta beatus,
Cura Deûm, salve: tibi quamvis ordine fata
Volvantur graviora; tuâ virtute, Ladurla,
Macte. Tibi præsens succurrit Ereenia dextra:
Ergo ubi disjectosque Lares, avulsaque saxis
Saxa, elementorum furiis obnoxius, atri
Fulminis afflatus ventis, et turbine mœres,
En divina ratis cœlesti animata vigore,
Advolat, et vivo quasi numine navigat auras,
Teque onus ad sacrum ætherii caput eripit amnis.

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Ergo beatorum sedes ubi florea, Veris
Horarumque pedes subter, summittit honores,
Pocula fas haurire tibi cœlestia vitæ,
Fas tibi colloquium Divum, luctûsque levamen
Excipere; hic, lucos inter nemorumque vireta
Filia labe carens habitat; datur ora tueri
Conjugis ereptæ, dulces quoque reddere voces.
Tristior hinc series, rerumque expanditur ordo:
Audiit innixus solio pater Indra, per arces,
Audiit armorum sonitum, cœlumque Kehamæ
Victoris memori cernens violarier irâ,
Regnis exul abit: fugiunt pia nata, paterque,
Et tangunt terrestre solum; tum flammea pestis
Volvitur in venas iterum rediviva Ladurlæ.
Haud secus arentis Libyæ spatiatus arenis,
Constitit ad puteos, et adhuc iteranda viator
Æquora metitur, sed amat restinguere lætus
Fonte sitim, priscosque parat renovare labores.
Quis tamen, infelix virgo, tua fata secutus,
Temperet à lacrymis, possitve æquare dolendo?
Præcipue, incestos rabies quum ardebat amores
Sollicitans, tuque in flammas peritura ruebas,
Te pater eripiens numen confessa Kehamæ
Ante pedes ignis resilire volumina vidit.
Sed graviora vocant; video discedere late
Oceani ridentis aquas, terraque refusas
Murmure composito ignavos languere sub æstus.
Quis tamen ille procul, motu imperterritus, æquor
Sic violare potest? frontem incessumque Ladurlæ
Agnosco: jam divini monumenta laboris,
Æternasque domos, et vivo pumice mirans
Speluncas, subiit deserta Palatia regis.
Ecce immane, oculos exardens sanguine, monstrum

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Corripit immensis spiris, et squamea circum
Terga ligans, collum divellere dentibus ardet:
Nequidquam: manet ille suâ stans mole, suisque
Viribus enixus; monstro indefessus inhæret
Præliaque instaurat, prohibetque resumere vires:
Nec mora, devictos impar jam deficit artus
Bellua, procumbensque suo se in sanguine volvit.
Sed neque sola tibi ætheriæ, vir magne, patescit
Porta domûs, neque sola tuos maris æquora gressus
Testantur: majora Deus tibi fata reservat.
En, ducente Deo, tristes sine sole cavernas,
Mœnia, quæ flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Igneus, et manes adiit: clamore Kehamam,
Vincla adamanteis luctans evellere lectis,
Infernum genus infremuit, quos Pœna flagello
Vix quatit insultans; mœstus pavor undique regnat.
Sed procul insolitis rutilantia motibus Urbis
Fundamenta tremunt; cessant lamenta, silentî
Ingruit alta quies, aditus præsaga Kehamæ.
Ille venit, summo accinctus terrore, refulgens
Majestate Deus; tonitru prænuntia mittit
Tela; sub adventum stupuerunt limina Læti;
Pervolat, atque aditus, vento velocior, omnes
Undique perrumpit, divino numine præsens:
Undique multiplici circumstat imagine regem.
Exoritur nox atra irâ, nox imminet umbris,
Et piceâ infandam velat caligine pugnam.
Verum ubi diffusæ tenebræ fugere, Vameenum
En, pede mortali calcat, victorque Kehama
Marmoreo sedet in tumulo; exsultantia vultu
Lumina subrident; qualis, qui lætus Iacchi
Occultos gustans tentat prius ore sapores,
Quam cyathum exsiccet: sic fastu pectoris ille

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Præmia contemplans sedet exoptata laboris.
Mox tamen exsurgens Amreetica pocula poscit,
Nescius ille amensque bibit. Tum Seeva per umbras
Emicat, immittens iram: sero ille tremiscit,
Jam ventura horrens. Sero immortalia vitæ
Dona piget petiisse, Deûmque hausisse liquorem.
Immortalis erit: pariter jam vita dolorque,
Nullo fine manent: bacchantia flumina torquent,
Exustisque ruunt venis; et corpus, ut æris
Massa liquescentis, sub vivo exæstuat igne.
Illum ergo meritis tandem per sæcula pœnis
Fatorum Vindicta premit, soliumque Vameenus
Rursus habet proprium, et Padali dominatur Averno.
Sed Deus arridens obductâ nocte Ladurlæ
Luminibus requiem infundit mortisque soporem,
Qualis ubi violas et verna papavera fessus
Texendo, ad fontes, ubi somno mollior halat
Herba, puer recubat cervicem fultus acantho.
Sic felix jacet; at surget felicior; illum
Excipiet cæleste jubar, dulcesque propinqui,
Et vigor ætherii numquam extinguendus amoris.

CHARLES JAMES SCRATCHLEY. 1830.

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THE CRUSADES.

Countless, as billows on the rocky strand,
On Clermont's plain assembled nations stand.
But whose that form, in manhood's fullest prime,
Yet bent, and grey, with travel more than time?
Not with earth's glow that thin pale cheek is bright,
Those dark eyes glitter with no worldly light;
The feet still bleeding, and the palmer's shell,
And tatter'd garb, the hermit's office tell
Of zealot Peter, as with accents loud,
And hand uprais'd, he thrills the circling crowd.
"To arms. By breezes borne midst ocean's roar
Let Echo waft the sound from shore to shore.
To arms. To arms. Let the false Pagan feel
The Heav'n-sent vengeance of the Christian steel.
Heav'n calls us on. Has that base bosom life
Which burns not eager for the glorious strife?
Where is the pride of Judah? prostrate low
Judah now weeps beneath the invet'rate foe,
While heathen feet Christ's sepulcre deface,
While heathens spoil Jehovah's dwelling-place.
And miserable Salem makes her moan;
Mourns all her glory sunk, her fanes o'erthrown,
Her sun and moon in deepest darkness set.
Ye hear her cry, and, oh, ye linger yet."
No; no; they linger not; each warrior hand
Clasps the bright spear, and half unsheathes the brand:

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Each heart, responsive to the hermit's cry,
Impatient throbs to conquer or to die;
And bursts o'er that wide plain by myriads trod,
From ev'ry tongue, "It is the will of God."

Oh, 'twas a noble spirit, that could bind
In one firm league the souls of half mankind;
Could bid to battle rush, with eager joy,
Th' unwarlike burgher, and the stripling boy;
Could make ev'n gentler woman cease to feel
Her weak heart beating 'neath the corslet's steel;
And strike with fearless hand th' unerring blow,
That drank the life-blood of the Pagan foe.

The proud may spurn, the cold of heart may blame
That zeal, which puts their selfish souls to shame:
But call it madness, call it, what ye will,
Fanatic, foolish, it was noble still.

Yet some there were of spirit cold and base,
Their land's dishonor, and their name's disgrace,
Whom bloodiest crimes appall'd not, and who bore
Redemption's symbol stain'd with guiltless gore.
Rest thou on them, Oblivion. Who would speak
Of that wild crew, the ruthless and the weak,
Who pass'd and perish'd, hurrying but to die,
Heralds unfit for Christian chivalry?
Disown'd they fell. Unjust it were to shame
By such vile comrades noble Godfrey's fame;
Unjust to veil, 'neath such a cloud, the light
Of Tancred's valor, and of Raymond's might;
Or dim the fame, in after time, that shed
Her brightest ray o'er royal Baldwin's head;
Names dear to glory, chieftains hallow'd long
In Europe's annals, and in Tasso's song.

Far from such tales of sorrow and of crime
The Muse will gladly turn to deeds sublime;

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Will trace those nobler warriors on their way
Where Stamboul glitters in the eastern ray,
Safe from pretended friendship's with'ring smile,
Unhurt by Grecian arms and Grecian guile;
And in her swift career will pause, to tell
How yielded Nice, and haughty Antioch fell:
How on Edessa's ramparts rais'd on high
The red cross wav'd triumphant in the sky.
But, onward, now, the weary fainting throng
Press the burnt desert's scorching waste along,
By the dark confines of that doomed deep
Whose spell-bound waves in death-like torpor sleep.
Then quail the hearts that battle could not tame,
The spirit drooping with th' enfeebled frame;
Then mail-clad hosts beneath a torrid sky,
In thirst's fierce anguish, sadly sink and die.
Then too, while ev'n Religion's ardent zeal
Yields to the pang expiring exiles feel,
Fond Mem'ry wanders o'er the distant main,
And thoughts of home rush o'er the soul again.
How do those chiefs on Asia's burning sand
Sigh for the breezes of some western land;
For joyous Italy's Elysian smile,
Or cooler gales from Britain's sea-girt isle;
For Gallia's balmy airs and sunny glow,
Or Sweden's mountains of unmelted snow;
Or vine-clad cots, and flow'ry vales that shine
By the bright current of the rapid Rhine?
But, ah, how beat each bosom, as the height
Of Salem's tow'rs first rose upon their sight?
Their toils, their dangers at that sacred scene
Forgotten fade, as if they ne'er had been:
They weep, where erst had wept the Son of God;
Breathe the same air, and tread the ground he trod.

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Soon shall they conquer; many a helm and shield
Are brightly spreading o'er the varied field:
Then roars the din of war: with glittering lance
And threat'ning mien the hostile lines advance;
And hark, from out the battle comes a cry,
The shout of victory. The heathen fly.
Therefore rejoice, proud Salem; for on thee
Glory has dawn'd, and thou art once more free.
Therefore rejoice: but, hark, what piteous wail
Floats with the sound of triumph on the gale?
Is mercy banish'd? Though the battle 's won,
Unsated yet, foul slaughter rages on;
And quiv'ring still, their blood-stain'd corses show
Th' insatiate fury of the Christian foe.
Christian? ah no; their nature could not feel
The holier impulse of a Christian's zeal.
Vengeful and fierce they joy in human gore,
And at each draught, like vampires, thirst for more;
Their blood-stain'd hands in pray'r to Heav'n they raise,
And slay God's image, while they sing God's praise.
Forthwith through Salem's rescu'd courts there ring
Those joyful sounds, that hail great Godfrey king;
And yet no chaplet decks the Monarch's head
Refusing triumph, where his Saviour bled:
His is a heav'nly crown, whose smallest gem
Surpasses far earth's brightest diadem.
And thus he reigns, and after him a line
Of Salem's kings on Salem's throne shall shine.
But years roll on: again must Salem mourn
Her children vanquish'd, and her lot forlorn.
Thine was the work, proud Saladin. Thy hand
Dealt desolation forth throughout the land.
Yet Salem's sinking star, now dark, now bright,
Beams forth at times, ere all is lost in night.

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I see assembled Europe's princes pour
Their conqu'ring legions o'er her gladden'd shore;
The crushing war-axe and the pond'rous brand
Strike the light sabre from the Moslem's hand;
And Europe's war-steeds, and her steel-clad men,
O'erwhelm the coursers of the Saracen.
Lo, midst that noble band, one warrior form
Shines forth, like lightning, in the battle's storm:
One giant arm points out the glorious way;
One blood-stain'd sword waves foremost in the fray;
Now in the breach alone I see him stand,
And thousands quail beneath his single hand;
Far o'er the rest his mightier banners fly,
His war-cry loudest swells upon the sky.
Go, trace his course where thickest lie the slain,
And bloodiest is the turf on Jaffa's plain:
Go, seek where Acre's shatter'd walls declare,
That he, the Lion-hearted, has been there.
And must that might, which dar'd war's fiercest blast,
'Neath envy's dark designings fall at last?
Sedition comes; not 'neath the heathen foe,
But English Richard sinks by Philip's blow.
Thus soars the eagle heedless of the dart,
That soon shall quiver in his bounding heart.
How sank the monarch's spirit, as he threw
One glance on Salem for a last adieu,
Then veil'd that brow in agony, nor deign'd
To view the tomb, that heathen steps profan'd;
When his proud soul for once gave way to man,
And traitors finish'd what disease began?
Yet Judah still is captive: though the gore
Of slaughter'd nations dyes the desert shore;
Though with fresh waves from age to age supplied
War rolls on Syria's beach his western tide;

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Still all is vain; still Salem weeps her doom,
And heathens trample on a Saviour's tomb.
But coming ages brighten as they roll,
And lovelier visions open on the soul.
Methinks I see a long returning train,
And Salem rising from the dust again;
Methinks, with lustre spreading fast and far,
O'er Eastern plains ascends the Christian star;
Pale Islam trembles, and, with shatter'd pow'r,
Crumbles ev'n now before the vengeful Giaour.
And, what? though long, by later chieftains led,
Fresh hosts of steel-sheath'd zealots fought and bled;
Though Europe, pour'd on Asia, throng'd the coast
With baffled valor's unsuccessful host;
Go, learn the moral truth, ye sternly proud,
Go, hear the voice divine, that cries aloud;
"Not thus, not thus, the Cross of Christ must spread,
Begirt with banners and with carnage red,
Or angels would rush on in bright array
Countless as stars that pave the heav'nly way:
Far other arms the saving sign demands
Than proudly blazon'd shields, and reeking brands;
Far other bands it claims, as Glory's heirs,
Salvation's helm, and Mercy's breastplate theirs;
Theirs the blest onset bidding discord cease,
And theirs the sacred panoply of peace."
O come, secure of favor from the skies,
Soldiers of Christ, Religion's warriors, rise.
Prepare, prepare, but not with flame or sword,
The tranquil triumphs of God's hallow'd word.
Speed on, ye years; be swift, thou rolling sun;
Let the last, holiest Crusade be begun.
It is begun: the sainted ranks appear,
With bloodless laurels bought without a tear.

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See, with bright banner Faith and Hope advance;
See, Truth uplifts her heav'nly-temper'd lance;
See, meek-ey'd Love leads on the glorious strife,
That smiles at death, and gives eternal life;
Doubt, Error, Darkness, feel the certain blow,
Yet bless the weapons that have laid them low:
Victorious arms the Christian champions wield;
Yet more than conquerors are they that yield:
Earth's utmost limits hail Salvation's day,
And own Messiah's universal sway.

JOHN WILLIAM WING. 1830

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD THE SECOND."—Act IV. Scene 1.

Εἴθ' ὤφελ' εἶναι τοῖσδε γενναίοις μέτα
γενναῖος εἷς τις εἰς τόδ', ὡς ἂν ἔνδικος
Ῥιχαρδέως γένοιτο γενναίου κριτής.
τοίονδ' ἂν εἴρξαι γνησία γενναιότης
οὕτως ἀεικοῦς μήποθ' ἅψασθαι βλάβης.
τίς γάρ κρίσιν τοῦ βασιλέως ὑπηκόων
ἔχει ποιεῖσθαι; τίς δὲ τάσδε νῦν ἕδρας
θάσσει Ῥιχαρδέως μὴ κυρῶν ὑπήκοος;
τίς φῶρας, εἰ μὴ πάντ' ἀκούουσιν παρὰ,
ἔκρινε, κἂν σφιν αἰτία σαφὴς ἐνῇ;
σεμνὴν δὲ θείας σεμνότητος εἰκόνα,
τὸν δεσπότην, τὸν ἐκ Θεοῦ τεταγμένον
ταμίαν, ἐπιστάτην τε, πρὸς δ', ἱδρυμένον
πάλαι, κεχρισμένον τε, κἀξεστεμμένον,
οἵδ' ἥσσονες κρινοῦσιν, οἵδ' ὑπήκοοι
αὐτόν περ οὐ παρόντα; κωλύοι Θεὸς
ψυχὰς θεοσεβεῖς εὐπρεπῶς τ' ἠσκημένας
οὕτως ἀεικὲς ἔργον ἐκδεῖξαί ποτε,
αἰσχρόν τε, μιαρόν θ'· ὧδε πρὸς Θεοῦ θρασὺς
ὠρμημένος τοῦ βασιλέως ὕπερ λέγω
ὑπηκόοισιν αὐτὸς ὢν ὑπήκοος·
βασιλέα γὰρ ὑμεῖς ὃν καλεῖθ', ὃδ' Ἐρφροδος
προδίδωσι βασιλέα τὸν φίλον κακὸς κακῶς·

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μαντεύομαί τε τοίαδ', ἣν στέψητέ νιν·
ταύτας Βρεταννὸν αἷμα πιανεῖ γύας,
οἵ τ' ἔκγονοι στενοῦσι τοῦδ' ἔργον πέρι·
κοιμήσεται πρόσωθεν εἰρήνη δόμοις
ἐν βαρβάροισιν, ἔν τε δυσσεβεῖ χθονὶ,
κλονόεις δὲ πόλεμος τῇδ' ἐν εἰρήνης ἕδρᾳ
ἔθνος τ' ἔθνει, γένει τε συγχεύσει γένος·
στάσις δὲ δεῖμά τ' ἐνθάδ' οἰκισθήσεται,
ὀρῳδία τε, κρανίων δ' ἀγρὸς τότε
καὶ νεκροδέγμων ἥδε γῆ κεκλήσεται·
εἰ δ' οἶκον οἴκῳ τόνδε τῷδ' ἀνθίστατε,
διαίρεσις τῶν πρόσθε δυσχερεστέρα
ἔπεισι γαίᾳ τῇδε τῇ δυσδαίμονι.
ἐναντιοῦσθε, πρὸς Θεοῦ, κωλύετε,
ὡς μὴ τά τ' ὄντα τέκνα, τά τ' ἐσόμεν' ἐκ τέκνων
ὑμῖν ἀρᾶται τοῖσιν ἀνοσίοις ἀράς.

EDWARD ELDER. 1830.

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REGUM ROMANORUM QUID QUISQUE OPTIMUM PRÆSTITERIT, QUIS REIPUBLICÆ OPTIME CONSULUERIT.

Quum magno ex omni parte usui sit rerum antiquitùs gestarum monumenta ab historiæ scriptoribus tradita scrutari, tum non minima inde commoda percipere poterit, siquis diversas magnorum virorum virtutes diligenter comparans, quùm mentis suæ vires exerceat, tum, ex iis quæ ad rem politicam spectent, optima regendæ reipublicæ præcepta colligat. Quod si ad Romani populi primordia respicimus, Regesque septem illos inter se collatos, ea quàm latè pateant, quis non videt? Ut tamen id certè difficillimum videtur, regnare, ita varias regnantium virtutes examinare nec facile omninò est neque promtum. Sed quoniam de hoc non parva oritur quæstio, quis scilicet regum Romanorum civitati optimè consuluerit, omnes enim, ne Superbo quidem excepto, quodammodo consuluerunt, mea de cujusque meritis qualiscunque sententia proferenda est, omnibusque, quæ ad rem tantam spectare videantur, graviter diligenterque perpensis, judicandum.

Ac de Romulo, qui primus regnabat, ita primùm dicatur. Cui quidem, eam in primis laudem tribuamus, quæ omnibus jure debetur, quicunque nulli priùs obnoxios societati homines unum in populum congregârint, novisque legibus novam multitudinem devinxerint. Neque Romulum non veneramur; quippe quo auctore, quo auspice, illa Roma

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orta sit, quæ mox una sibi orbis terrarum imperium vindicârit. Sed ille, ad bellum naturâ proclivis, gloriæ cupiditatem eâ primùm prudentiâ temperavit, ut nulla cum vicinis populis certamina priùs committeret, quàm facta tandem fortior res Romana hostilem impetum vel sustinere posset vel facere. Quùm autem quæ ad rectos Deorum cultus, quæque ad rempublicam benè ordinandam necessaria viderentur, ritè instituisset; quùm senatores ad consilia regis firmanda, lictores ad auctoritatem defendendam creâsset, urbemque et munitionibus et hominibus, asylo advenis aperto, auxisset; tum demum animo suo indulgebat, et, debellatis cum Cæninensibus, Antemnatibus, Crustuminisque, Martis se filium ostentabat.

Tum demum fœminas rapere ausus est. Quo quidem facto Romulum civibus futuris prolique consuluisse satis apparet. Neque aliquis eo nomine regem fraudis violatique hospitii temerè incuset. Non enim ille tam injuriam intulisse videtur, quàm, acceptâ injuriâ, homines superbos atque contumeliosos ulcisci debuisse. Id saltem Romulus curabat, ut raptæ humanissime tractarentur; quod quidem ipsæ declaraverunt matronæ, non minùs maritorum saluti quàm fratrum patrumque metuentes. Ita qui sese bello cum Sabinis agendo satis aptum monstrârat, idem pacem decoram et civibus profuturam non invitus accepit. Si quis autem id Romulo objiciat, quòd Tatii mortem minùs ægrè tulerit, Tatium meminerit *, violato jure gentium, læsisque legatis, non injuriâ interfectum; nec letum ejus Romulum potuisse ulcisci, quin eidem se sceleri obnoxium faceret. Tum quid de populo in tribus curiasque benè diviso, quid de Fidenatibus devictis Veientibusque dicamus? Quibus scilicet triumphis eò certè Romulus reipublicæ profuit, quòd nomen

* Liv. lib. i. cap. 14.

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saltem Romanum finitimis gentibus magis venerabile reddidit. Quæ quùm immortalia opera edidisset, quid mirum, si (quâ ætate tales non rarò obtinuerunt opiniones) Patrum invidiâ amotus divinis honoribus atque immortalitate per virtutem partâ non indignus visus est Quiritibus Quirinus?

Sin autem Romulum cum Numâ comparare volumus, id in primis videndum est, pacisne an belli studia populo magis prodesse soleant. Quâ de re rectiùs forsitan judicare poterimus, si M. Tullium * audiamus res urbanas majores sæpiùs clarioresque exstitisse quàm bellicas adfirmantem. Plura igitur inter exempla idem Themistocli Solona anteponit, cujus, constitutis Areopagitis, consilium Atheniensium civitati dicit semper profuturum: Themistocles autem semel tantùm Salaminiâ profuit victoriâ. Quæ quidem legentes, facilè nobis persuadere possumus, ut illud collaudemus:

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea laudi.

Quæ vero inter Themistoclem exstat et Solona, eadem inter Pompilium Romulumque ratio exstare videtur. Nec tamen id non animadvertendum est, horum utrumque regum illud fecisse quod temporibus reipublicæ maximè profuturum esset: Romulo enim regnante, pacificas artes novo populo minùs aptas fuisse quis neget? Numâ autem suffecto, pax bello civitati utilior visa est. Sed ne hoc quidem Romulum Pompilio parem reddere potest; neque in his conferendis nimia temporum rerumque ratio habenda videtur. Ipsa facta cum factis comparanda sunt, judicandumque an Numæ instituta civitati potiùs, quàm præclara Romuli virtus re verâ prodessent. Nec si Romulum gentis tam inclytæ conditorem laudamus, id saltem Pompilio non tribuendum est, ut alter Romæ fundator appelletur, qui, ut Livii verbis utamur, "urbem novam, conditam vi et armis, jure eam

* De Officiis, lib. i. cap. 22.

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legibusque ac moribus de integro condiderit." Qualia igitur instituta Deæ monitis edita iis temporibus facilè viderentur, talibus, seu ad civiles res, sive ad relligiosas respicimus, primo alterum conditorem credamus præstitisse, his scilicet in rebus Alfredo illi nostro, quæ non minima laus est, haud dissimilem. Nam cum creatis Flaminibus Saliisque et Pontifice, ordinatisque sacerdotiis et ceremoniis, quæ Quirini facta comparemus? Vel quis bellicas Romuli fortitudines cum pietate Pompilii et justitiâ conferat? Ambo quidem vicinis nationibus urbem Romanam venerandam, alius tamen aliâ viâ, fecerunt: metu Romulus, Numa injectâ per tot tantasque virtutes verecundiâ.

Ex quo factum est, ut finitimi illum timerent, ut qui pacem sollicitare et vellet et posset; hunc quasi mortalibus superiorem colerent, qualem in cultum Deorum omninò versum violare nefas duxissent. Quid, quòd Quiritum conditio, regnante Numâ, melior magisque hominibus ratione præditis digna fuisse videtur, quippe qui violentiâ priùs longâque militiâ efferati novi regis exemplo ita mitigarentur, animosque eâ Deorum curâ, eâ pietate imbutos haberent, ut "fides ac jusjurandum, proximo legum ac pœnarum metu, civitatem regerent?" Si quis igitur Romuli bellicis factis "quietum Pompilî regnum" anteponere volet, id facere videbitur, rectam omninò secutus rationem; nam Romulum quidem non possumus non admirari; Numam, quùm admiramur, tum amamus.

Nec minùs eundem, cum Hostilio collatum, eminere credamus: quod ad confirmandum subtilioribus quidem argumentis nihil opus esse satis apparet. Quantò enim Numa Romulo, tantò Tullo Romulus videtur præstare. Certa tamen stent sua cuique merita; neve eam laudem inviti Hostilio adsignemus, quòd urbem Romanam gloriâ armisque auxerit. Sit idem fortis, sit ob bellicas virtutes

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venerandus. Eum autem animadvertendum est bella videri suscepisse potiùs ut suæ gratificaretur ferocitati, quàm ut reipublicæ prodesset. Neque negandum est eam, quæ huic regi procul dubio inerat fortitudo, tali immistam esse immanitate, qualis ipso Pelidâ, vel Alexandro * sævum sæpiùs Peliden imitante non indigna fuisset; quod quidem de Romulo dicere nequaquàm licet, qui triumphos suos clementiâ quâdam regiâ ferè videtur ornavisse. Quamvis igitur præsentem Tulli animum in illo cum Fidenatibus prælio admiramur, quippe qui ipsam sociorum defectionem in suam utilitatem hostiumque terrorem † verterit, istam tamen crudelitatem detestamur, quæ turpem Metti Fuffetii perfidiam pœnâ adeò ab humanitate abhorrenit affecit ‡. Ipsius quidem Albæ ruinam flagitasse videatur necessitas, et prior Albanorum fraus: sed quem non miseret civium "larem, ac Penates, tectaque, in quibus natus quisque educatusque erat" tam mœstè relinquentium? Num ullam horum misericordiam regi cetera tam feroci inesse credimus? Deorum autem templis Tullum, Albâ dirutâ, pepercisse probabile est, universæ potiùs consuetudini obsequentem, quàm dignâ numinum veneratione imbutum. Nam, quæ ferociorem istum animum potuisset mitigare, relligionis curam per totum regnum omninò defuisse accepimus: cujus in locum (quod quidem in talibus sæpe fit) menti tandem successit prava quædam et tetrica superstitio, et spiritus illos feroces jam simul cum corpore fractos humillimus stravit pavor. Neque idem culpandus est ob id tantùm quòd sibi suoque animo, sed quòd toti jam immutatæ civitati neglectâ nocuit

* Alluding particularly to the cruel punishment inflicted on Bœtis, governor of Gaza, whom Alexander fastened to his chariot, and dragged round the walls of the city, in the manner in which Achilles is represented by Homer as having dragged Hector round the walls of Troy.

† Liv. lib. i. cap. 27. ‡ Liv. lib. i. cap. 28.

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relligione. Hunc igitur et Numâ et Romulo inferiorem fuisse placet.

Neque, eundem si quis Anco quoque successori postponendum censeat, sententia ejus causis non probabilibus niti videtur. Nam Tulli si qua laus est, eam omnem in bellicâ positam fortitudine constat. Sed quis aliquem eò extollat, quòd impetus animi sui eosque ferociores secutus sit? Maximè autem Anci et pietas et sapientia elucet, qui tanto nepos avo non indignus, Numæque ipsius ingenio aliquâ saltem ex parte præditus, quæ mala ex neglectis à proximo rege relligionibus orta erant, iis præcipuè recto cultu rectisque institutis mederi sibi proponeret. Quòd autem neque finitimis dignam, ut avus, verecundiam his deditus studiis injecit, nec relligioni colendæ inviolatus potuit vacare, an hoc diversa tempora effecisse credendum est, an quæ Numam vicinis adeò venerandum reddiderat cum pietate immista dignitas quædam, eâ nepos videtur caruisse? Quæ tamen laus est, voluisse, illa saltem Anco tribuenda est, quamvis, quæ Pompilio contigerat, huic defuit servandæ pacis potestas. Neque illi ad bella Latinorum injuriis provocato non minorem quàm ipsi Tullo virtutem infuisse arbitremur. Inerat certè virtus nullâ ferocitate dedecorata; inerant quæ bonum ducem maximè efficiunt, prudentia et fortitudo. Nec justitiæ quam rationem vel inter arma Ancus habuerit in eo non apparet, quòd ceremonias rectosque belli indicendi ritus primus instituerit, ut in talibus etiam relligionis reverentia conservaretur, et Diis à læsâ parte ritè priùs invocatis ad "purum piumque duellum" non injuriâ adiretur. Ancum igitur, quippe qui vel ad bellum vel ad pacem paratus fuerit, ac relligionis præcipuè memor vixerit, fortem bonumque censeamus; dignamque eidem prudentiæ laudem tribuamus, qui, victis præclarè Latinis, ad artes et instituta, quæ reipublicæ maximè prodesse possent, sese applicuerit; deterritisque hostibus, prolatoque imperio, urbem belli pacisque

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studiis auctam maturè moriens reliquerit. Id quidem huic regi à quibusdam vitio objectum est, quod his verbis expressit Virgilius :

jactantior Ancus
Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens popularibus auris *.

Sunt etiam qui eundem vel pejoribus obnoxium culpis finxerunt ; adfirmantes scilicet illum ægrè ferentem Tullum sibi è stirpe regiâ orto prælatum, statuisse Hostilium cum totâ familiâ occidere. Sed nihil tale a Livio, cujus maxima est auctoritas, commemoratur, neque igitur Anco aliud tribuamus, quàm quod ille gratum populi amorem rebus benè gestis et virtute merebatur.

Rectiùs quidem tali crimini obnoxius est huic injuriâ suffectus Tarquinius Priscus ; qui, Anci filiis per fraudem amotis, regnum peregrinus ambitu adfectârit, et popularem captârit favorem spectaculis in Circo Maximo tum primùm exhibitis. Ergo viri cetera egregii præclaras actiones ista ambitio, atque injustitia quasi denigrare videtur. Sit tamen Tarquinio sua laus ; id saltem illi tribuatur quòd regnum, utcunque partum, non malè administraverit : quod quidem ad munus superioribus ingenii viribus instructus accessit. Rebus enim militaribus vix ullo priorum inferior, Sabinis Latinisque superatis, pacis opera majore animo inchoavit. Quem reipublicæ consuluisse non negandum est, urbe scilicet muro lapideo munitâ, cloacisque, quod inter alia maximè eminet, in Tiberim deductis. Sed quem ob has artes venerandum non extollere non possumus, eundem, prioris adhuc injustitiæ memores, à pastoribus ab Anci sobole missis quasi non omninò injuriâ occisum vix lugemus ; eâque pœnâ regem nimis ambitiosum non sine irâ divinâ affectum libenter credimus. Atque hæc quidem hactenus.

Omnibus igitur, quos memoravi, superiorem fuisse Pomdilium nemo non confitebitur. Si autem Numa cum Servio

* Æn. lib. vi. ver. 816.

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comparetur, paullò difficilior oritur quæstio, uter utri sit anteferendus. Uterque suo genere summus, uterque pacificarum cultor artium, uterque Pater Patriæ dignus est qui appelletur. Servii quidem ea fuisse videtur indoles, quæ, bellicâ licet virtute imbuta, ad pacis opera et rempublicam legibus informandam multò aptior esset. In talibus maximè enituisse gloriam constat et sapientiam. Neque ab ullo Romanæ urbis rege, ne Numâ quidem excepto, ullum opus exhibitum accepimus, quod cum censu à Servio instituto conferendum sit. Nam, quod ubique in maximis ducendum est, inter cives aliquid discriminis exstare, id Romæ servus, ille à servâ natus *, (si modò hoc verum sit) primus fecisse laudatur, primus idem varia variis ordinibus privilegia benè adsignâsse. Ita onera pæne omnia à pauperibus ad divites inclinata; ita maxima vis suffragii penes primores civitatis posita est. Ex quo factum est ut quæ cuique essent utiliora, iis quisque, auctore Servio, frueretur.

In hac autem comparatione non ad singulas actiones, sed ad totum totius regni tenorem respiciendum est, videndumque an Numæ an Servii administratio omninò civitati magis profuerit. Relligiosis maximè Pompilius institutis, Tullius civilibus reipublicæ consulere conatus est. Judicandum igitur est, an relligio rebus civilibus populo sit utilior. Quod quis negare audeat? Constat certè, ut suprà dictum est, si de singulis factis agatur, ne unum quidem inter Numæ opera cum institutis ordinibus classibusque posse certare. Sed utrius regnum populo Romano re verâ utilius fuisse credimus? Utrum meliores beatioresque reliquisse Quirites? Urbis mœnia Servius, Numa ipsas civium mentes auxisse videtur. Servium quidem irrelligiosum dicere non audemus; id tantùm adfirmamus, hujus nusquam in regno eam relligionis curam, quæ Numæ inerat, enituisse. Idem autem

* Liv. lib. i. cap. 39.

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Dianæ fanum videtur cum Latinis Romæ condidisse, non ut cultum Deorum augeret, sed potiùs ut ea esset confessio "caput rerum Romam esse, de quo toties armis certatum erat." Quæ quùm ita sint, quantò divina humanis, quantò relligiosa civilibus, tantò Pompilium Servio præstare credamus. Numam omninò, qui inter tot tantosque egregius emineat, Servium, qui unus ferè videatur cum Numâ comparandus, veneramur.

Nam quod ad ultimum istum regem pertinet, nulla bonorum cum malis potest esse comparatio; nemo Pompilium conferre audebit Tarquinio. De quo tamen possumus dubitare, an egregias ingenii vires magis admiremur, an tantam sævitiem detestemur et superbiam. Odimus quidem Tarquinium, quippe qui parricida et tyrannus, regnum vi ac cæde partum metu firmaverit et crudelitate. Eundem autem bellicis egregium virtutibus, ducemque Romano nomine haud indignum non possumus non laudare; quamvis "degeneratum in aliis huic quoque decori" videtur obficere. Quod ad alia spectat, sive ad ædem Jovis in monte Tarpeio erectam, sive ad foros in Circo factos, seu denique ad cloacam maximam, "receptaculum omnium purgamentorum urbis," sub terram actam, respicitur, quis horum operum et utilitatem et magnificentiam non confitetur? Sed Tarquinium istum, quamvis excellenti præditus ingenio rempublicam benè administrare potuerit; tantâ tamen superbiâ tantâque ferocitate pollutum nec regnantem amamus, nec jure tandem expulsum miseramur.

Quod restat, reges sex priores ita se gessisse judicemus, ut singuli conditores vel partium urbis vel gentis gloriæ rectè numerentur. E quibus unum Numam adeò eminere censendum est, ut inter præstantes non immeritò videatur præstantissimus.

EDWARD ELDER. 1830.

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PUELLA AURELIANENSIS.

"Delicta Galli jam luimus satis
Paterna nostro sanguine; jam satis
Victore cessavit Britanno
Gallia funeribus suorum
Fœdata. Tandem exsurgite, et hostium
Indigna, cives, vincula rumpite;
Nunc, liberi, instaurate lætas
Auspicio meliore pugnas.
Nec sit pudori, me duce. Nam mihi
Diviniores suscitat impetus,
Certosque promittit triumphos
Ipse Deus. Deus ipse vires,
Mentemque, linguamque addidit. Hinc egò
Puella egenis nata parentibus,
Ultrix in æternos vigebo
Francigenis celebranda fastos."
Sic, tardiores voce ciens viros,
Sic, tela vibrans non timidâ manu,
Induta loricâ rigenti,
Et galeâ redimita crines,
Puella fatur; cui poterat neque
Placere gratus fervor amantium,
Nec ducta sub noctem chorea.
Impatiens sed enim rapinas
Injuriosi adspexerat agminis:
Et mista dirâ sollicitudine
Plusquam puellares ciebat
Ira, superstitioque motus.

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Sed Galliæ jam gratior it dies.
Remosque belli primitiæ beant;
  En, sumit optatos honores
    Arbitrio Carolus puellæ.
O, læta virgo, si patrias oves
Fusi foveres nescia sanguinis
  O læta, si nullos triumphos,
    Nec miseræ decora alta famæ
Sperare velles. Desine bellicos
Tentare casus; desine, dum licet.
  Sed prœliantes in catervas
    Illa ruit moritura. Tristi
Vinctæ catenâ quid manet illius,
Quæ sola cœli præsidio ferox,
  Vires redonabat labanti
    Spemque bonam patriæ, timendum
Fulmen Britannis, lux oriens suis?
Heu, tetræ obumbrant pectus imagines,
  Languorque caligoque mentis
    Jam dubiæ, et gelidi timores.
Ergo malignæ turpe veneficæ
Confessa crimen, traditur, et suæ
  Puella detestata genti,
    Vindicibus peritura flammis.
Sed, Musa, blandis talia ne velis
Aptare chordis. Quin potius juvat
  Silere, nec mandare sacris
    Dedecus Angliacum Camœnis.

JOHN WILLIAM WING. 1830.

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CANIS.

Quæ natura Canum, varias quot sparsa per oras
Sint genera, et catulis quæ detur cura colendis,
Expediam. Vos o, quibus est vis strenua cordi,
Firma fides, animusque sagax, audite canentem.
Prima Canis, nemorum, famæ si credere dignum est,
Expetiit latebras, densæque umbracula sylvæ.
Vivas dura feras agitans, defunctaque vitâ
Membra vorans hominum, rabieque sitique cruoris
Usque furens, qualis nunc effera sævit hyæna,
Vel lyncum genus acre: ab eadem stirpe luporum
It jejuna cohors, et nocturno ululatu
Compellat plenam deserta per avia lunam.
Ergo Mæonides heroum corpora vates
Projecit canibus; reginæ et viscera jussi
Sidoniæ absumsere canes. Sed longa tulerunt
Secula mollitiem, et multas diversa creavit
Temperies cœli formas, hominesque sodalem
Elegere canem, et mentem induxere benignam.
Hinc catulus, jam non cæcus, namque incubat atra
Nox oculis, nono dum mane refulserit ortu,
Tractatur manibus; domino mox auspice discit
Prima rudimenta; aut rapidos se mittit in amnes
Præcipitem, baculumque refert, aut jussa capessit,
Atque suum agnoscit nomen, vel lumine læto
Blanditur, caudâque, et amœnæ murmure linguæ,

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Perque locos sequitur solos, et strata viarum.
Ast age, jam canibus vorsas edicere formas
Mens avet, et quantos hominum formentur ad usus.
Hinc ovium proli possis succurrere, et omnem
Amoveas pecori noxam: nec barbara raptor
Prælia dat, tuto aut lupus insidiatur ovili.
Tum canis in pecora exercet palantia curas,
Et vaga latratu turbat: simul agmina tota
Colligit, et junctos cogit convertere gressus.
Acrius est aliis studium: sunt lumine certo
Qui cæcas spectant volucres, vel nare sagaci
Indagant, pedibusve hosti velocibus instant.
Agminis, en, princeps, infectas imbibit auras:
En, cita turba ruit: reboat clamoribus aër:
Non fluvii, vallesque cavæ, non claustra retardant
Invia, quin vulpem sectetur odora canum vis,
Et frustra astutæ satiet se sanguine prædæ.
Sicut ubi Œbalium crebris latratibus implent
Taygetum, et magnis circumdant vocibus agros;
Non secus ac vastum informis circumgemit antrum
Scylla, vel Oceani resonantes perfurit undas,
Cœruleosque canes laxis dat in æquor habenis.
Ne tamen incertus, si quis venabere cervos,
Avia quæsieris, monet Autonoeïus heros
Conspexisse dolens sacras sub marmore nymphas.
At venandi oculis heu tetra occurrit imago.
Naribus hic diram, et membrorum robore, prolem
Mexica mœsta dolet, pascitque cruore suorum.
Illic oppressos, veluti leporemve vel aprum,
Africa deplorat natos. Tum victus, et exlex
Ipse Caledoniæ mutus terrore tyrannus
Auscultat: vocemque, homines quum fallere possit,
Terribilem nigro certi canis horret in antro.

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Contemplator item, quâ clamat parte juventus
Irritans Hispana canes, fususque per herbam
Sævis bos animâ superingemit exhalatâ
Vulneribus; fugere illi, rursusque vocati
Irrita devitant infixo cornua morsu.
Rursus Hyperboreas catulorum currus in undas
Ducitur: at nullum volvens rota concitat orbem,
Levia dum levi radit ratis ipsa carinâ
Marmora, et usque fugâ celeres prævertitur Euros.
Gestat agens hastam, possit quo flectere tutus
Quadrijugos auriga canes, nec parcit habenis.
Quid memorem quantas assignet fabula vires?
Quid memorem Indorum catulos, vastumque leonem,
Post spretas tigres, domitum; atque immania sævi
Pellæos juvenes mirantes robora monstri?
Vera loqui satis est. Nam siquis forte pererrans
Horribiles brumæ jam tempestatibus Alpes,
Culminaque Helveticis superimpendentia campis,
Mole nivis premitur, somnoque et frigore victus,
Decidit, ecce, canis vestigat corpora circum
Per tenebras elementorum rabiemque procellæ.
Amphora dependet collo, fert ille salutem,
Seque ducem præstat sancti ad solatia tecti.
Sed, qui Puteolos, et quæ Tagus alluit auro
Mœnia, Turcarumve domos delubraque visit,
Noverit, ut detrita canes per saxa viarum
Immunda errantes absumant omnia morsu;
Ni faciant, morbo squalentia tempora cœli
Quippe ferant homini mortem pecorique venenum.
At qua ingens effert moles Augusta superbas,
Cernere erit dominum ut ducant cæcumque, senemque,
Ipsique æra rogent; vel, iniquos fingere ludos
Edocti, dent crura modis plaudantque choreas,

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Exiguumve trahant duro conamine plaustrum.
Est et deliciis catulus, quem femina secum
Aut vehit in rhedâ, vel amicis excipit ulnis.
Tum Canis, instrato sub noctem saxa cubili
Dura premens, furesque fugat, servatque Penates;
Tartaream veluti fidus circumfurit aulam
Cerberus, ac frustra exoptant Stygis æquora Manes.
Quod superest, catulis quæ detur cura docebo.
Tu formâ insignem, tu cursibus, elige gentem,
Quorum sæpe patres vincti rediere coronâ.
Proderit et sedem ventis Zephyroque salubri
Objicere, et crebro latices inferre recentes;
Nec minus et stipulâ præstat lignisque recisis
Sternere subter humum: vel, ubi fit mollior æstas,
Sufficitur thalamus sparsis instratus arenis.
Quin propera gelido catulos immittere fonti
Providus, immundum ne fœdent ulcera corpus,
Et febris, et scabies imis infesta medullis.
Nam canibus (sed causa latet) teterrima morti
Additur, heu, rabies, quâ non violentius ullum
Virus edit venas; aut pestis dirior, irâ
Plena Dei, Stygiis unquam sese extulit undis.
Præsertim medio siquando inferbuit æstu
Annus, et in tepidum decrescunt flumina limum:
Tum subitus furor est animis; stant lumina flammâ;
Et gravia ora tument, et spumant labra veneno:
Ipse ruit rabidus; qui si quid læserit, idem
Angor adest miseris, atque ingruit horror aquarum.
O animi tandem majori luce beatus
Exoriare aliquis, qui tantam evincere pestem
Possis, aut magnam morbi depellere partem.
Pectore tu saltem grato, studioque fideli,
Quisquis es, o, catulos foveas: ne verbere vexes,

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Ne pede, ne linguâ immiti, tortove flagello.
Nam quid et utilius natura, aut carius unquam
Præbuit humano generi? quo in corde vigescit
Tantus amor, tanta in dubiis constantia rebus?
Tuque adeo, ratione tuâ ingenioque superbus,
Cerne Canem: ignotum quem spectant turba procorum,
Ignotum famuli, ignotum fidissima conjux,
Procidit ante pedes agnoscens Argus Ulixen.
I, quocunque velis, terrarum curre per orbem;
Curre, ubi longinquis Atlantica cingitur undis
Insula, et hirsutam magno fert corpore prolem:
Mollior, i, tepido qua stirps sub sole calescit
Fertilis Italiæ, aut hyemis vis horrida sævit;
Usque homini custos, socius, solamen, amicus,
It Canis: impavido quoniam jam dente tuetur,
Jam voci obsequitur, vultum jam suspicit ipsum
Interpres, nescitque suo superesse magistro.
Sæpe etenim alterius spernens et dona minasque,
Occisi lambit domini deforme cadaver;
Aut manet, invigilans ipsâ jam in morte, sepulcro.
Ergo Indus sperat vitæ post tædia cœlum
Cum cane, dilectosque una renovare labores.
Sic etiam Isiacis mater fœcunda Deorum
Latrantem adjunxit templis Ægyptus Anubim.
Nec Canis immerito superis admittitur astris
Flammeus, et socio Procyon furit igne minister.

JOHN WELLINGTON FREESE. 1831.

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SHAKSPEARE.

Lord of the thousand spells, that hold in thrall
Th' obedient heart, rouse, melt, absorb, appall;
Hail, Shakspeare, mightiest to evoke or bind
The potent spirits that possess the mind.
Rais'd by thy very name, what groups we view?
How long familiar, yet for ever new?
Lo, where one young, and lovely, bows her head,
A living corse amid the loathsome dead.
No falt'ring pause, no woman's fear is there,
Nor yet the cold, calm sternness of despair;
But passion, fondly firm, bids Juliet know
No thought on earth, but only Romeo;
One all-engrossing dream, so wholly dear,
It makes ev'n death seem sweet, the lov'd one near.
Or, hark, the madd'ning tempest raves on high,
Sweeps o'er the earth, and rends the troubled sky;
And, in this hour of dread, an aged form
Treads the wild waste, and battles with the storm;
Tears his white locks, that catch the whirlwind's ire,
The crownless king, the worse than childless sire.
Who would not bid the rushing lightnings stay
The vengeful gleaming of their swift-wing'd way?
Who would not cry "Yon time-worn bosom spare;
A fiercer dart than yours is rankling there?"
Next, the blood curdles, while the master's art,
With breathless terror, stills the beating heart;

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While the weird sisters, stain'd with infant gore,
Hold their foul revels on the dark'ning moor;
Strip from futurity the close-drawn veil,
And bid Macbeth the thrice-repeated "hail!"
Nor vain their dirge; Ambition draws him on,
All reckless of the means, so pow'r be won:
He grasps at dreams his frenzied soul has built,
That beckon onward through red gulfs of guilt.
Yet sins he not unpunish'd; in his breast
Sounds a still voice, that will not be repress'd:
Avenging spectres bode destruction near,
And shake the scourges of remorse and fear.
  Not only, Shakspeare, can thy skill control
With wizard sway the tempests of the soul;
Not only bid the fount of grief o'erflow
At Hamlet's madness, or Ophelia's woe;
Or paint the pity-nurtur'd love, that bore
The jealous ravings of the fiery Moor;
But thine it is to point the moral page
With smiling truth, and maxims gaily sage:
Thine, like a charm, to dry the falling tear,
Bid the bright train of laughing mirth appear,
And teach staid wisdom's philosophic rule
Amid the sallies of the motley fool.
  Hear Dogberry august, hear Audrey wise,
Great Shallow's edicts, silly Slender's sighs,
Hear, how Malvolio schemes of greatness coins,
And Pistol blusters with the Prince and Poins.
But, chief and foremost, Falstaff vaunts his might,
Shows the hack'd sword, and tells how fierce the fight;
Prompt from the battle's raging field to run,
Yet just appearing when the battle 's won;
In war a lamb, a lion in the hall;
Swift from his tongue the lies unheeded fall;

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Till sad mishaps and pealing laughter prove,
How woman's vengeance waits on venal love.
Or see, where heroes tread with stately mien,
The past's long glories crowd th' historic scene.
Here Rome survives; there, England's gallant throng,
Plantagenets and Tudors sweep along;
The rival roses bloom and strive again,
And murd'rous Richard sinks on Bosworth plain.
Yet soon the themes, to earthly bounds confin'd,
Seem all too narrow for his mighty mind:
Swift at his call Creation's pow'rs expand,
And worlds imagin'd rise at his command.
Lo, sits dark Prosper in his magic bow'r,
Stills the loud winds, and chains the flying hour;
Bright Ariel sails upon the bat's swift wing;
Wild music trembles on unearthly string;
And countless forms, in heav'n's bright vesture gay,
Float on the cloud, and pour the melting lay:
While, scarce a beast, yet far beneath a man,
Toils the misshapen form of Caliban.
But chang'd the scene: by Shakspeare's pencil drawn,
See, Cynthia lights the silver-mantled lawn:
There slight Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the bank, or treads the mead unseen:
Around, in pastime gay, her elfin train
Skim on light wing along the dewy plain;
Or to the wanton breeze, in joy, unfold
Their azure pinions, streak'd with beaming gold.
But who can count such marvels? who descry
Each sep'rate star in that bright galaxy?
And, oh, if truth be in that dreamy thought,
Which in old time the sage of Samos taught,
That minds, departing burst the carnal chain,
But to return to bonds of flesh again;

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Many, might Fancy deem, in Shakspeare's frame
Concentring kindled their ethereal flame:
Nature for him, from each most glorious soul
Snatch'd the best gift, to form one mighty whole,
Of all past Genius cull'd the choicest part,
And breath'd its essence o'er his favour'd heart.

For he, the myriad-minded, with his pow'rs
Calls forth, at once, the sunshine and the show'rs;
Blends ev'ry charm, that classic scenes diffuse,
With bolder outline, and more varied hues;
Pregnant with fire divine, and bearing now
Invention's palm from sacred Homer's brow;
Now thrilling bosoms for the "royal Dane,"
Like him who sang of Agamemnon slain;
Now nobly chaste, oh Sophocles, like thee,
Lear's pious child a new Antigone;
Now, as thy rival, tender, while we hail
Restor'd Alcestis in the "Winter's Tale;"
Possess'd of wilder wit than he, who made
Th' Athenian Cleon but a former Cade:
Graceful as Terence in the comic vein,
And breathing fresh Menander's perish'd strain:
All, all in one, still Shakspeare reigns alone,
Ev'n as the sun in heav'n, on glory's throne;
While Alfieri, Corneille, Göthe, Scott,
Revolve in radiance, but approach him not.

Then what though, eagle-like, he dar'd to soar
High o'er each track, that bard had pass'd before?
What though the boundless visions of his mind,
Free as the waves, unshackled as the wind,
Rush'd on, regardless of the rules that throw
An icy coldness o'er poetic glow;
Unlike the strains close shap'd to pedant's law,
Correct, precise, without or fire or flaw?

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Tell the wild bird, too lofty is its flight;
Tell the red sun, too brilliant is his light;
Stay the swift lightning, as it darts along;
But spare, oh, spare the thrilling voice of song.
And o'er his fortunes, whose Promethean fire
Thus breath'd new sweetness on the Muse's lyre,
Ask ye, what grandeur beam'd? what lofty fate?
How high his lot, how noble, or how great?
Few aids were his proud Learning's heights to scan;
His guide was nature, and his book was man:
Untaught he rose, uncultur'd, unconfin'd;
He spurn'd the laws, that should unite mankind;
Yet, as he wander'd, 'neath the midnight shade,
Intent on spoil, o'er some deep forest glade,
Ev'n at that hour, in his young soul would spring
Some dawning thought of wild imagining,
Some glorious thrill, that made the poacher boy
Feel the bright presage of a nobler joy.
And yet, when Honor's beaming ray had spread
With brighest glory circling Shakspeare's head,
Calm he retir'd, nor dream'd of laurels won,
Scarce conscious, what his careless strength had done.
And where in youth he held his joyous way,
Haply his spirit still delights to stray.
For beautiful that vale of calm repose,
Where Shakspeare saw life's op'ning, and its close:
Still graceful willows weep above the stream
Where first he mus'd in inspiration's dream;
And Nature decks the scene with choicest care,
As if to honor him who slumbers there.
Wild flow'rs around their sweetest fragrance breathe;
Hands, not of earth, their brighter garlands wreathe;
While, undisturb'd, within his native glade
His dust reposes, as in death he pray'd;

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And frequent pilgrims seek the humble stone,
Proud in the thought such poet was their own:
Devoted Mem'ry haunts the hallow'd ground;
And Admiration lingers fondly round.
Yet say not, he is dead, for Shakspeare's name
Lives in the volumes dear to lasting Fame.
Fame lifts the sacred leaves, and nations cry,
With one consenting voice, "These cannot die:
These, which nor age can spoil, nor envy blight,
Shall shine, the world's long wonder and delight.
And, what, though Shakspeare sleeps by Avon's wave,
Earth is his tomb, his glory has no grave:
His living image in all hearts enshrin'd;
His epitaph, the homage of mankind."

JOHN WILLIAM WING. 1831.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Act V. Scene 1.

ANTONIO. LEONATO.

ΑΝ. Ἀπολεῖς ἑαυτὸν, ταῦτα δὴ ποιῶν· σὺ δ' αὖ
ματαῖα πράσσεις, ὅστις ὠδ' ἀλγηδόνι
αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτοῦ πρὸς βλαβὴν ὑπηρετεῖς.
ΛΕ. Ἀλλ', ἄντομαί σε, λῆγε νουθετημάτων,
ἃ τοὐμὸν εἰς οὖς, ὕδαθ' ὡς εἰς κόσκινον,
ἀνόνητ' ἔχει στάζοντα· μὴ 'μὲ νουθέτει·
μήδ' ὦτα μηδεὶς τερπέτω θέλκτροις ἐμά,
εἰ μὴ παθών τις ταῦτ' ἐμοῖς ὑβρίσμασιν.
πατὴρ δ', ὃς ὧδε τὴν κόρην στέρξας, ἔχει
ἐν παιδὶ κατακλυσθεῖσαν, ὡς ἐγὼ, χαρὰν,
τόνδ' οὖν κόμιζε, κἂν κακοῖς τὸ καρτερεῖν
εἴπ' αἰνέσαι νιν· κἀντιθέντα, τοῖς ἐμοῖς
τἄλγημαθ', εὗρος ξυμβαλεῖν· μηκός θ' ἅμα·
μέλουσ τε παντὸς ἀντιφωνῆσαι μέλος,
τοῦδ' ἄντι, τόδε, τοιοῦδε, τοιονδ' αὖ κακὸν,
ἅπαντα, μορφὴν, σχῆμ', ὑπογραφὴν, φυήν·
φαιδρωπὸς εἴτις, τοῖος ὢν, ψήσει γένυν,
λέξει τ' ἀνίαις, χαίρετ', ἀντὶ τοῦ στένειν
παίξας, παροιμίαις τε συῤῥάψει κακὰ,
μέθης τε μεστὴν θήσεται ξὺν ξυμποταῖς

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νυχίοισιν Ἄτην, δεῦρό νιν κόμιζε δή,
ἵν' ἐκδιδαχθεὶς τοῦδε καρτερεῖν μάθῃ.
καὶ τὶς τοιοῦτός ἐστι; νουθετεῖν ἔχει,
ἄδελφε, πᾶς τις, καὶ λόγοις θελκτηρίοις
κηλεῖν, ἄχους ἄπειρος· ὅς δ' ἐγεύσατο,
βουλὴν χολωθεὶς ἐκχέει, καὶ πρὶν θέλων
ἄκος πρὸς ὀργὴν νουθετημάτων φέρειν,
λεπτῷ τε δεινὴν ἐν λίνῳ λύσσαν πεδᾶν,
ἄχος τ' ἐπῳδαις κὠδύνην θέλγειν λόγοις.
οὐ δῆτα· πάντων ἐστὶ καρτερεῖν κακὰ
εἰπεῖν τὸν ὠδίνοντα συμφορᾶς βάρος.
ἀλλ' οὕτις ἀρετῆς εἰς τόδ' ἀρκούντως ἔχει,
ὡς αὐτὸν ὧδε σώφρον' ἐξ ἴσου κυρεῖν,
παθόντα γ'· ἀλλ' οὖν μὴ 'μὲ νουθέτει· βοᾷ
μείζω τὰ πήματ', ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον φρενοῦν.

ΑΝ. παίδων τάδ' ἄνδρες οὐδὲν εἰσὶ διαφόροι.

ΛΕ. Ἀλλ' οὖν ἔα· τὰ θνητὰ, θνητὸς ὢν, φρονῶ·
οὐ γὰρ σοφῶν τις εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας ἔφυ,
ἔχων ὀδόντων τλημόνως ἀνασχέθειν
ἄλγημα, κἂν γράψωσι σήμαθ', ὡς θεοὶ,
τύχης τε καταγελῶσι καὶ παθημάτων.

ΑΝ. Καὶ μὴν ἅπασαν μὴ στρέφ' εἰς σαυτὸν βλαβὴν,
ξὺν σοὶ βίαζε τοὺς σε λυποῦντας πονεῖν.

ΛΕ. Ξυνετὰ τάδ' εἶπας· καὶ τάδ' ὧδε πράξεται·
Ἥρωνα διαβάλλουσι, νοῦς ὁρᾷ, μάτην·
καὶ ταῦτά γ' ἄναξ, Κλαυδίων τε, γνώσεται,
καὶ πάντες, οἵπερ ὧδ' ἀτιμάζουσί νιν.

C. J. SCRATCHLEY. 1831

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IN ILIADE QUID PROPRIUM, QUID PRÆSTANTISSIMUM EMINEAT; IN SINGULIS EJUS RHAPSODIIS QUID SIT PULCHERRIMUM, QUID PRÆCEPTUM AD MORES CONFIRMANDOS OPTIME CONDUCAT.

HOMERUS omnium consensu principatum inter poëtas tenet, "atque omnes in omni genere eloquentiæ post se reliquisse, atque in dispositione totius operis humani ingenii modum excessisse*" dicitur. Cujus sane carmina veterrime post Sacras Literas scripta, simplices ac rudes antiquorum mores, motusque animorum nondum politiori societate refrænatos exhibent.

In Iliade autem quum emineant maxime ardor et simplicitas, eorum utrum magis sit proprium, id si scrutari velimus, nemo non videt quam magna occurrat quæstio. Sed contemplantibus ipsam operis naturam, et bella quæ sola fere tractantur, ac barbarorum heroum personas, videtur res ipsa acrem atque excitatam orationem flagitare. Sit magna laus simplicitatis: sed, Iliada qui condidit, illi vivis opus erat verbis, qui recitando audientium animos commovere, junioresque ad patrum virtutes imitandas impellere vellet. Nec sane legentibus non iidem nobis, quibus poëta ipse videtur caluisse, motus excitantur: nos vero in alienis rebus toties dolere aut gaudere, toties sperare aut metuere, illud vim

* Quinctilian.

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magnam Homeri comprobat, qui sane idem facit, ac Pericles *, qui in eorum mentibus, qui audissent, aculeos quosdam reliquisse dicitur. Nec vero in exordio ardor ille clarissimus apparet; sed cum rebus progressus gradatim splendescit, et inflammatur, neque unquam languere videtur, nisi ut obscuritas ipsa fulgorem, qui sequatur, adaugeat. Qui quidem fervor orationis magnâ ex parte efficitur, quod in Iliade agantur omnia aut dicantur †, moveri omnia et spirare, atque eloqui videantur. Admiranda igitur in Iliade apparet varietas, rerumque copia, quas sane Homerus ita expinxit, ut quas ipse non viderit, nos ut videremus, effecerit ‡. Quod si qua sint Iliados vitia, ea ad hoc referenda sunt, quod quo ipsa sit audacior, quo magis animata, eo magis maculis incuriâ et negligentiâ effusis sit obnoxia: quod limatiori scribendi generi minus accidere solet. Quod constat, si Æneida compares a Virgilio, qui animos conciliare potius quam terrere vellet, delectare quam percellere, magis expolitam: nam, magna Homerus, grata Virgilius expressit: nihil est illius Jove magnificentius §, nihil hujus Venere amabilius ‖. Ergo in depingenda Deorum majestate, vel præliantium hominum multitudine, summa Iliados vis exponitur. Neque igitur non justis laudibus Longinus ¶ illum locum extollit, quo Neptunus** ad certamen progrediens montes et silvas concutit, junctisque equis per Oceanum vehitur. Quid vero sublimius est illo Deorum prælio, in quo quicquid ubique est agitatur; Jupiter tonat e cœlo; terris tridente diffissis ††, Neptunus urbem, montes, navesque tremefacit; atque e solio suo Orcus exsilit, veritus ne

* Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. 34.
† οὐδὲν ἄηθες, ἀλλ' ἔχον ἦθος.—Arist. de Poet. μβ'.
‡ Cic. Tusc. Dis. lib. v. 39. § Il. A'. 530.
‖ Æn. i. 402. ¶ Long. ix. 10.
** N'. 10. †† Υ'. 47. 66.

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inferorum secreta reserentur. Quam fervidus, quam acer Hector*, perruptis Græcorum munimentis, viam sibi ad Ajacis classem dissecat†? qualis quantusque Achilles cum Scamandri vorticibus luctatur‡? Neque vero ea adducamus, quæ in antiquâ fabulâ Homerus, cum Hesiodo contendens, ipse elegisse fingitur§, quibus maxime excellentem se comprobaret. Nam sententiam nostram non minime confirmare videtur, accincta ad bellum, Minerva gestans

> *Αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,*
> *δεινὴν, ἣν περὶ μὲν πάντῃ φόβος ἐστεφανῶτο,*
> *ἐν δ' Ἔρις, ἐν δ' Ἀλκὴ, ἐν δὲ κρυόεσσα Ἰωκή.*
> *ἐν δέ τε Γοργείη κεφαλὴ δεινοῖο πελώρου*
> *δεινή τε, σμερδνή τε*||.

In Iliade igitur ardorem orationis proprium eminere censemus.

Quod si, quid sit præstantissimum, scrutari velimus, major oritur quæstio: tot enim ex omni parte occurrunt præstantia, ut, quid maxime excellat, non facile judicetur. Nam inventionis summa laus ab omnibus Homero data est, rerum, orationum, personarum humanarum ac divinarum miram varietatem exhibenti. Qui, quum vim omnem artium et naturæ, ex quibus sententias hauriret, motusque animorum, quibus personas formaret, externasque imagines, quas describeret, comprendisset, tum, inventâ fabulâ, quam Aristoteles "poëticæ animum" appellat, rebusque in obscuri-

* M'. 7. † O'. 15. ‡ Φ'. 233.

§ "In the old work, entitled the 'Contest of Homer and Hesiod,' the story is, that the two poets were ordered, as a finishing trial of merit, to recite the most beautiful passage that each had, in his own opinion, composed; and that Homer selected the lines found in book N' 126-133, and 339-344: which run together very well."—Coleridge.

|| E'. 738. According to Eustathius, the critics marked these verses with an asterisk, to denote their transcendent sublimity.

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tatem quamdam delapsis vera cum falsis commiscendi licentiam tribuentibus, immensum ingenio suo campum expandit.

Nec minus judicium ejus admiramur, qui, quum fabulæ argumentum elegisset, quo nullum majus esse potuit aut melius, tamen non omne bellum voluit comprendere, sed, a principum contentione exorsus, ea quæ inde oriantur gravissima explicavit. Quare variæ partes inter se arctius cohærent, et unus omnino præ aliis Pelides supereminet *. Tum fabula summo artificio administratur, et gradatim assurgit. Quod vero Achilles in inertiam recedit, quum injuriâ affectus benevolentiam a nobis conciliaverit, id non minime consilium exhibet; quia singuli heroës vicissim proferuntur, quod quamvis fiat, fluctus tamen, diu per Peliden depulsi, confestim redundant, quod ad evehendam ejus gloriam, id quod voluit poëta, optime conducit.

Præstantissima autem videtur ipsa personarum descriptio. Sed humanitatis admirabilis illa exhibitio magnâ ex parte variis orationibus efficitur, ex quibus familiariter heroibus uti videmur, cum illis vivere ac colloqui, atque eorum animos penitus perspicere. Tum quamvis nemo plures personas induxerit, tamen unicuique quidquam ita proprium Homerus tribuit, ut si quando ab oculis recedant, reversi, iisdem coloribus cognoscantur. Iracundus et ferox Achilles, modestus et constans Diomedes, atrox et temerarius Ajax, comis et affabilis Ulysses, μεσαιπόλιος † Idomeneus, Phœnix a Nestore, alter ab altero quam subtilibus lineamentis differunt? Sed nihil præstabilius, quam qui furiosum Peliden, eundem teneram atque elegantem Helenam depinxisse, atque illam nunquam non generosam, sermone et gestu decoram, sententiis excellentem, admirandam senibus. Siquis autem,

* καὶ ταύτῃ θεσπέσιος ἂν φανείη Ὅμηρος παρὰ τοῖς ἄλλοις, τῷ μηδὲ τὸν πόλεμον καίπερ ἔχοντα ἀρχὴν καὶ τέλος, ἐπιχειρῆσαι ποιεῖν ὅλον. Arist. de Poet. κγ'. † N', 361.

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quod nonnulli arbitrantur, Iliada allegoriam esse credat, concedat necesse est personas eas esse, quæ, si vera esset fabula, partes ascriptas agere possent. Personis vero semper aliquid præcipitur, quod aut ad mores confirmandos conducat, aut ad rem politicam spectet. Neque, si Longinum audiamus, aliquid est sententiis ipsis præstantius, quas personis suis tribuens Homerus exemplis potius quam præceptis docere videtur. Atque hæc quidem hactenus.

Quid vero sit in singulis rhapsodiis pulcherrimum, et illud quærendum est. Tot vero in Iliade venusta occurrunt, ut nemo fere omnia comprendat. Quis autem Hectora cum Andromacha colloquentem *, quis Helenam † et Andromachen cæsum heroa lugentes, non admiratur? In Achillis tentorio cum Priamo nocte quæ fuerint acta quis satis magna prosequitur laude ‡? Quid venustius depingitur quam Naturæ ipsius opera? quale illud est,

> *ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην*
> *φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθὴρ,*
> *ἔκ τ' ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι,*
> *καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,*
> *πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν §.*

Jam vero præcepta quæ ad mores confirmandos conducant, quum ex singulis personis colligenda sunt, tum ex ipso fabulæ argumento, quod, quæ mala ex dissensione oriantur, aperte monet. Nestor ‖, magna omnia gerens consilio, auctoritate, et sententiâ, illud docet, quantum corporis viribus prudentia atque experientia sit anteferenda.

Achilles veras voces commendat, illa enuncians

> *ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν*
> *ὅς χ' ἕτερον μέν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ ¶.*

Sed nulla per totum opus amabilior est quam Hectoris

* Z'. 320. † Ω'. 725—762. ‡ Ω'. 486—512.
§ Θ'. 551. ‖ A'. 254. ¶ I'. 311.

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persona; nulla quæ melius præcipit, quid sit filii munus, quid mariti, quid parentis, quali denique in patriam amore inflammari debeamus. Quæ si quis nolit confiteri, ea respiciat, quæ ille cum uxore loquitur, ea, quæ suum Astyanacta amplexus, Deos precatur, et ea, quæ de filii sui pietate testatur Priamus ad Achillis pedes projectus*. Neque non summa erga Deos pietas inculcatur, quorum magna in omni re ita apparet potestas, ut heroes nihil suscipiant, nec pugnam committant, nisi Diis adhibitis; tum quicquid in fabulâ eveniat, id efficit, ut Jupiter consilium suum ad finem perducat.

Sed longiora hæc. Trojani belli scriptorem, ea præcipientem, quæ quamvis non perfecta, ad virtutem tamen excolendam rectosque mores confirmandos certissime conducant, 'quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore†', dixisse cum Horatio fateamur.

C. J. SCRATCHLEY. 1831.

* Ω'. 486—512. † Hor. Epist. i. 2. 3.

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MAHUMEDA.

Meccæ relictis mœnibus exulat
Propheta magni nominis. O dies
  Præclara, venturos in annos
    Perpetuis renovanda fastis.
Quid, quod suorum præsidio Deûm,
Spreto Prophetâ, Mecca superbiat?
  En, ultor, en, qualis columbæ
    Rex avium meditans ruinam,
Injuriarum haud immemor, imminet,
Qui nuper, antri sub latebris, tremens,
  Debebat intextis Arachnes
    Ipse dolis Mahumeda vitam.
Ergo redibit victor, ubi puer
Fovebat altas mentis imagines
  Secretus, et magnos honores
    Præcipiens venientis ævi.
Fallor? sed hastas agminis horridi
Cerno micantes fulgere, dum sacra
  Vexilla dat ventis, morantes
    Voce ciens Mahumeda turmas,
Et verba mittens ignea, "Vicimus,
Ducente verò Numine, vicimus;
  At rursus instaurate bellum, et
    Magnificas iterate palmas.

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Beatus, O quem funeris auferat
Furvus satelles, vallibus Elysî
Chorisque Nympharum, et sub umbrâ
Muneribus fruiturus uvæ.
Quod si quis ultro fugerit, ignibus
Istum æstuosi gurgitis oppriment
Tormenta, nec linguæ furentis
Ulla sitim recreabit unda.
Sed mortis horam sors dedit omnibus
Immota. Tandem exsurgite. Jam manus
Divina in obstantem catervam
Fulmineas jaculatur iras."
Ergo arma miles corripit impetu
Ardentiori, quem neque torridus
Deterret æstus, nec procella
Lethiferis violenta pennis.
Mox et virorum volvitur exteras
Torrens in oras, quà tumet aureis
Undis Erythræum profundum,
Quà rapidus secat arva Tigris.
Esto; at nefastæ frœna libidini
Incontinens das, poculaque ebrius
Amoris exsiccas, triumphos
Usque novos referensque laudes,
Propheta, fati nescius heu tui.
Quid nomen ergo? insignia quid valent
Tropæa? quid raptum per auras
Ætherias penetrâsse sedes,
Dum cæca venas implicat ignibus
Pestis veneni? Scilicet, occidit,
Qui nuper, immîti propagans
Ense Fidem, in medios tumultus

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Audax ruebat; credula quo colit
Auctore vanos gens Arabum libros,
  Ac templa Medinæ frequentans,
    Turba hominum veneratur Allam.
Adhuc: sed olim discutiet gravem
Lux vera noctem, et cœlitus ultimas
  Demissa tranquillâ beabit
    Relligio ditione terras.

CHARLES JAMES SCRATCHLEY. 1831.

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AQUA.

Naturam atque opera, et ductarum ab origine rerum
Semina mens hominum læta admiratur, avetque
Nosse Deum. Terram hinc scrutari, atque aera, et ignem,
Cæteraque inspectare juvat primordia mundi.
Ergo et aquæ varias mihi, nunc, cognoscere formas,
Et vires, cordi est, et contemplarier usus.
Principio æternus secerni jussit et infra
Humorem supraque Opifex, metasque fluendi
Addidit, et certo conjunxit fœdere guttas.
Idcirco, Parium quamvis ceu marmor, aquai
Sit facies, liquidumve vitrum, ne forte rearis,
Quæ videas inter sese compressa teneri
Et condensa, exstare eadem duntaxat et una
Corpora; nam globulis, innatâ lege, vaporum
Binæ insunt partes, quarum hæc subtilior acri
Vi viget, illa gravis crasso se pondere miscet.
His ortus latè tellurem possidet humor;
Seu de monte ruit torrens, seu rivus in agris
Rosve nitet, torpentve lacus, nigræque paludes,
Sive mare innumeris immane revolvitur undis.
Adde quod abruptos quamvis in pectore montes
Terra habeat vallesque cavas, diversaque constent
Corpora, planitiem, nullo discrimine, lymphæ
Campi semper amant; et eodem pondere liquor
Æquus se extendit, mensura et regula rerum.

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His animadversis, genera hinc diversa docebo
Continuasque vices: namque attenuatus in auras
Aeraque humor abit, calidoque expanditur æstu.
Hinc imbris, primos ubi Sol induxerit ortus,
Semina consurgunt; nubes tum mittere certant
Dupliciter pluviam: ventus contrudit, et ipsa
Copia nimborum premit: exinde agmen aquarum
Nascitur, et largam diffundit Aquarius urnam.
Verum ubi temperies atque inclementia cœli
Dura riget, solidam assumit sibi lympha figuram,
Contrahiturque gelu: glacies, canæque pruinæ,
Nixque solum velant; subito refrænat euntes
Vis undas, Berecyna, tuas, te, Volga, soporat,
Longaque duratos constringit inertia fluctus.
Tempore non alio concretis fulta columnis
Regia surrexit glaucis domus apta catervis,
Et nova regnatrix subter laquearia amavit
Exercere choros, vitreasque errare per aulas.
Tempore non alio navis miseranda sub Arcto
Restat, ubi haud dubiis spatiantur passubus ursæ,
Aut validis saxorum instar colliditur undis.
Tunc homines siccâ percurrunt flumina plantâ,
Sustentantque pigræ stridentia plaustra lacunæ.
Quinetiam humori varios dat terra vigores.
Hîc, si quæris, aquæ minimâ sine labe fluentes
Invenies haustus; illic, velut horrida Lethe,
Fons nigras profundit aquas succosque veneni;
Quinetiam insinuat sese per viscera terræ,
Omnia corradens omni ex regione, novasque
Educit vires, nova semina materiai,
Sulphure commixtus pertentatusve metallo;
Et medicas ægris præbet mortalibus artes.
Quid memorem Baias, jactasque in marmora moles,

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Fluminaque Œtæam subterlabentia terram?
Longe aliter Lernæa palus, nam dirior illic
Incubat, heu, tabes, Stygius ceu donat Avernus
Alitibus, spiratve necem torus Asphaltitæ.
Continuus, causis non apparentibus, implet
Sal mare, quem tempus seriesque immensa laborum
Percolare nequit. Digno quis carmine pontum
Innumerosque canat risus? fert terra virorum
Scilicet imperium; humanas mox vortice classes
Proluit Oceanus: circum genus omne natantum
Cærula percurrit, multâque aspergine rorans
Vertitur huc illuc informis more gigantis,
Et mare conceptum delphinus naribus efflat.
Tempus cæruleâ rugas in fronte seniles
Inscripsisse negat: juvenili robore præstans
Volvitur Oceanus, renovatque in sæcla vigorem,
Fluminaque assiduo referunt stipendia cursu.
Quid mirum? sub aquâ veteres finxere poetæ
Regna habitare Deos, regemque errare sub aulis
Neptunum, effusum crines liquentibus undis;
Atque inter conchas cæcique arcana profundi,
Coraliique toros, consueta cubilia secum
Ducere Nereidas; spumâ hinc exorta sonanti
Ipsa Venus surgit, pulcrum maris incrementum.
Nec me animi fallit, quales ab origine mundi
Fecerit unda vices, quanto se robore fundat:
Nam mutare docet terras Sapientia lympham,
Saxaque inexhausto tandem decrescere pulsu.
Italiam Zancle quærit divisa sororem;
Et Pelusiaci Delta obstupuere coloni.
Quinetiam, quum movit aquam Deus ipse sequentem,
Heu, vires rabiemque docent immania aperti
Post scelera Oceani fontes, cœlique fenestræ,

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Totaque gens hominum immensâ submersa ruinâ.
Esto: at securam veluti spes morte sub ipsâ
Nuncia promittit requiem mortalibus Iris:
Ergo quid referam, mersâ tellure, labores
Deucalioneos? ergo maria alta tumescunt,
Et placidè redeunt, Lunâ dominante, vicissim.
Sæpius at contra subito demissa columna
In mare descendit, vel tempestate coortâ
Sævit aqua, et defrænato quatit impete classes.
O ubi nunc mitis species gratissima lymphæ,
Quæ nitidum certâ reddebat imagine cœlum?
Jam certum movet exitium, horrisonoque tumultu
Colligit ex alto socios; nox atra vocantem
Consequitur, parentque Eurus Boreasque tyranno.
Tota procella ruit; projecta cadavera circum
Insanos inter fluctus et gurgitis iras,
Quassatæque rates testantur momina ponti.
Sæpius et Phlegethontæo cataracta sonore
Crescit, et Helveticis præceps devolvitur agris
Insatiabiliter, stragemque agit ante metumque.
Non aliter quam quum, visu mirabile, marmor
Sparsit Erythræum resolutis mœnibus hostes,
Et Pharia horribili perierunt agmina leto.
Has tamen undarum vires cæcosque furores
Mens humana suos sollers deduxit ad usus.
O si possem animos, qui primum hæc commoda nobis
Invenere, humili saltem decorare Camœnâ,
Græcia quos genuit, quos artis Gallia nutrix,
Quique tuum lauro cinxerunt, Anglia, nomen:
Non mihi tantus honos: propriâ sed laude vigetis,
Virque Syracosius nullo damnabitur ævo.
Scilicet ignavo quondam exanimata veterno
Gens hominum vixit, fragilem nunc robore cymbam

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Egit inops, traxitve lacus fallacibus hamis;
Non tamen hîc sistit, tanto satiata triumpho,
Vis animi; junctis volitat ratis illa vaporum
Viribus impulsa, insultatque obstantibus undis
Remigio veloque carens: silet undique flabrum.
Frustra, nam currit visens Gangetis arenas,
Aut ripas, Oronooka, tuas, Serasve remotos
Persarumve domos: trepidus fugit incola visu,
Imploratque Deos patrios, Geniumque locorum.
Quinetiam latices compressi mille figuras,
Mille modos reddunt, celerique volubilis undâ
Machina continuat gyros. Clepsydra volantes
Præmonet horarum lapsus, (Sapientia nobis
Talia monstravit) necnon per strata viarum
Ducitur auxilium humoris, jam deprimit ignes,
Exiguosque Lares servat, torpentve canales,
Ingentesque ferunt angusto in pectore merces.
Cætera quid memorem? longis celebratur in oris
Ipse Pater Thamesis, clarumque suprema triumphum
Arrogat in fastis dominatrix Anglia fluctus.
Carior hinc nobis, titulo et sublimior æquo est
Optima semper aqua, atque eadem pulcherrima rerum.
O decus, eximium lymphæ decus. O quis in arcem
Tollet me ætheriam spectatum, ubi Jura Lemanum
Prospicit, aut flavus leni fluit agmine Tybris,
Aut ubi cæruleus Rhodanus, præstansve superbâ
Majestate Padus molem provolvit aquarum.
O vivi fontes, amnesque, lacusque perennes,
Vos, et grata salus homini et medicina laborum,
Vos teneam, vivamque inglorius. O, ubi rivus
Inter agros virides Mæandri more susurrat,
Sit mihi, mane novo, salientem findere fluctum,
Aut tractare hamos, remisve impellere cymbam.

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Non alio in speculo decerpens lilia dextrâ
Fœmina gaudebat passos ornare capillos.
Flumina, dum Libyæ peragrat deserta, viator
Mente videt, minimoque sitim restinguere potu
Sperat, et optatos moriens reminiscitur haustus.
Sic multi pereunt: quanto felicior ille,
Quisquis aquâ longos poterit recreare labores,
Et relevare febrim: secum fert lympha soporis
Munera, fert valido tranquillam in corpore mentem,
Dum malè purpureos profert vindemia fructus,
Morborumque comes venit ista licentia Bacchi.
At lymphâ Natura viget, dum Copia pleno
Larga rubet cornu, ridentque rosaria circum,
Dædalaque immensâ floret dulcedine tellus.
  Ergo vox Arabis, rapiens ad bella cohortes,
Pingit in Elysio labentes undique rivos;
Ergo perpetuum instaurat Mahumeda piâclum,
Placanturque dato errantes libamine Manes.
Scilicet indicium nobis et janua veræ
Religionis aqua est, ex quo mysteria vidit
Pura sacer præsenti expletus Numine rivus.

GORDON WHITBREAD. 1832.

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MOSES ON MOUNT NEBO.

Erect, unbroken by the shock of years,
A lordly form on Pisgah's brow appears:
In quick succession heav'nly visions roll
O'er his lit features, and display his soul;
While beaming rapture fires his undimm'd eye,
Swells in his veins, and bears him to the sky.
Age has but gently mark'd him; it has shed
So soft a halo on his unchang'd head,
That one might deem, for him, some wizard's wand
Had stay'd the force of Time's destroying hand,
Or a kind Angel's tutelary arm
Had robb'd e'en Death of all his pow'r to harm.
  On Pisgah's brow he stands: for, from on high,
His God has call'd him to the mount to die.
What, tho' his ever-comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew;
What, tho' he heard, amid the bush of flame,
Unscath'd, the mandates of the dread "I Am;"
Though, lov'd of Heav'n, in conscious pride he trod
Sinai's veil'd steep in converse with his God,
When awestruck Israel trembled at the glow
Of God's own glory on his dazzling brow;
Tho', at his pray'r, Jeshurun saw the wreck
Of haughty Sihon, Og, and Amalek;
Tho' at his word, despite each magic spell,
Destruction's tenfold weight on Egypt fell;

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Tho' at his word, the waves their course delay'd,
And palsied Nature heard him and obey'd;
Still must he yield his consecrated life,
For rocky Meribah's unhallow'd strife,
When he, presumptuous, struck the pregnant stone,
And call'd the heav'n-sent miracle his own.
  Yet, ere he dies, he takes a long farewell
Of the lov'd tents of cherish'd Israel;
While all his hopes could fancy, picture, dream,
In Canaan's long-sought land concentred seem,
Which, like a rainbow, cheers his soul at last,
Life's boist'rous sea and stormy billows past;
Entranc'd he views, amid the northern skies,
The cedar crests of Lebanon arise;
And turns exulting, where the sunbeams play
O'er the bright waves that tremble in their ray;
Where vine-clad Carmel glitters in the west,
In all the spring-tide's verdant glories drest;
Where swift Ardeni winds his silver rills,
And Siloe leaps near Salem's echoing hills;
Where murm'ring Kedron's pearly currents flow
By the fresh plains of palm-girt Jericho;
Where sparkling dews on honey'd pinions ride,
And milky waves in snow-white streamlets glide;
Where Almotana, with polluting waves,
The noiseless shore in stilly silence laves,
And fills with venom'd death each breezy gale,
That slowly sweeps o'er Siddim's tainted vale,
Like the all-with'ring, all-destroying snake,
That, nestling, coil'd in Eden's loveliest brake.
  Still, as he gazes, on his bursting soul
He feels the stream of inspiration roll,
While his glad sight with thrilling joy surveys
The deeds of future times and future days:

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Prophetic frenzy fires his throbbing brain,
And thus to God bursts forth the glorious strain :—
"Hear, O ye heav'ns; and, O earth, give ear,
And joy Jehovah's mightiness to hear:
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, is he,
He, Jacob's Rock, eternal Deity,
On eagle wing who bore him thro' the wild,
Like the fond mother cherishing her child.
Then nations trembled, when Jeshurun frown'd;
Then was he blest with wealth, with plenty crown'd;
Then was he seated high on glory's throne,
The Lord his King, the Lord his God, alone.
But, Oh, there madly rush before my eyes
Unhallow'd scenes of godless sacrifice;
And in sad pomp the guilty myriads raise
To unknown deities the hymn of praise.
"Does then th' Almighty slumber? No; from far
Glares the red beacon of approaching war.
I see, I see Jehovah's fire arise;
It burns the mountains, it consumes the skies;
Pours its dread terrors in avenging show'rs,
With plague and famine on Judæa's tow'rs.
The sword without, and fear within, destroy
The youth, the maid, the old man, and the boy.
Yet now, adown the misty vale of years,
Angelic hope with smiling peace appears;
While grateful Israel, with exulting voice,
In God's all-glorious majesty rejoice."
The prophet ceas'd, and from the mountain's brow
He bent o'er Canaan's fertile plains below;
But when on Israel's tribes his gaze he turn'd,
A mighty spirit in his bosom burn'd,
A patriot's ardor fill'd his glowing breast;
And thus the tented wanderers he blest:

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" God, who, enshrin'd in radiance and in flame,
With cherub hosts from trembling Sinai came,
Shall crown with might majestic Judah's race,
And pour on Levi's head his mystic grace;
Shall bless thee, Reuben; and shall keep from sin
Thy cherish'd tribe, O much-lov'd Benjamin;
And upon thee, triumphant Joseph, all
The goods of earth, the gifts of Heav'n shall fall:
For thee, the sun shall brightly shine by day;
For thee, the moon shall shed her softest ray:
Then, fill'd with gold from many a distant strand,
The ships of Zebulon shall seek the land;
Then in his tents shall Issachar be glad,
And on the hills shall roam the wolf of Gad;
Then on his prey shall Dan's young lion leap,
With Asher's warrior sons from Bashan's steep;
And crown'd with plenty and with wealth shall be
The fruitful coasts of goodly Naphtali.
Then with the Lord in safety shalt thou dwell,
Belov'd of Heav'n, thrice-favor'd Israel:
Then, wearied Jacob, thou at length shalt rest,
In everlasting peace and glory blest;
Blest by that mighty God, who rides on high,
His steeds the whirlwinds, and his car the sky."
The glad song ceas'd, when, lo, an ebon cloud
Hid the rapt prophet in its sable shroud;
And veil'd, for ever veil'd, from mortal eye,
The coming pangs of life's last agony.
Yet must that form of grandeur and of might
Unburied whiten on the mountain's height?
Shall the bold eagle, from his rock-built nest,
Exulting dart upon that holy breast?
Shall the hill-fox and greedy ravens there,
With howling wolves, their midnight revel share?

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Shall the bright sun, on his unwearied way,
Behold that form in ruin and decay?
  No, God forbids; from heav'n's empyreal dome,
Seraphic hosts and cherub myriads come;
Angelic accents soothe the pangs of death,
Angelic hands receive his latest breath,
Angelic trains, 'mid Pisgah's shadowy gloom,
Smooth the death-stiffen'd limbs, and lay them in the tomb.
  Ye trembling spheres, ye hallow'd mountains, say,
Where went his spirit on that awful day,
When Heav'n's bright pow'rs with hell's dark legions strove,
Near the steep confines of the cedar grove,
That casts, in solemn peace, its gloomy shade,
Where he, the Prophet chief, the man of God, is laid.
  Perchance on high he found eternal peace,
Where cares alarm not, and where sorrows cease;
Perchance in Palestine his guardian shade,
From age to age, with ling'ring love, delay'd.
He view'd, with prescient ardor, from afar,
The first bless'd ray of "Bethl'hem's morning star;"
He hail'd the coming of Messiah near;
He saw the day-spring burst, the Christ appear;
He heard the choir of lauding angels sing
A peaceful welcome to the promis'd King,
And in sweet commune Tabor's summit trod
With him, th' Immortal Man, th' Incarnate God,
When he, the Virgin-born, Jehovah's Son,
In all his own unshrouded radiance shone.
  E'en now perchance the venerable seer
O'er widow'd Salem pours the silent tear,
And grieves to hear the Moslem's vaunting cry
'Mid the fall'n scenes of Israel's majesty.
Yet weep no more: for soon, before thine eyes
The Lamb shall come, a second Salem rise;

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Soon shalt thou see the em'rald rainbow throne,
Begirt with jasper and with sardine stone;
Shalt view the red waves of the sea of fire,
Shalt hear the harpings of the saintly quire,
Shalt join the chorus of the white-rob'd train,
That sing for aye the same unvaried strain;—
"Honor and Glory to the Holy Three,
Who were, who are, who shall for ever be."

JOHN RUSSELL, 1832.

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TRANSLATION.

SHAKSPEARE'S "HENRY THE FIFTH."—Act I. Scene 2.

Καλῶς νομίζεις· τοιγαροῦν θεὸς ἀνδράσιν
ἄλλοισιν ἄλλα δὴ διώρισεν τέλη,
πειρῶνταs αἰὲν εἰs τὸ κινεῖσθαι τρέπων,
σκοπόν τιν', ἡδὲ τέρμα, θεὶs, πειθαρχίαν·
τόδ' ἐν μελίσσαις ἐστ' ἰδεῖν πονουμέναις,
αἱ δὴ, τρέφουσαι πρὸs φύσεωs νόμον τινα,
πολύανδρον εὖ πείθουσι κοσμῆσαι λεών.
βασιλεὺs γάρ ἐστί σφιν, γένη θ' ὑπηρετῶν,
ἄλλοι μὲν οὖν εὔκοσμον ἔνδοθεν πόλιν,
δικασπόλοι, νέμουσι· τἀμπολήματα
ἄλλοι θύραθεν ἐκπονοῦσιν ἔμποροι·
ἄλλοι, δορυφόροι, σώματ' ἐξωπλισμένοι
κέντροισιν ἄνθη μαλακὰ λῄζονται θέρουs,
λείαν τ' ἄγοντεs, ἐν κεχαρμένοις ποσὶ,
στείχουσι κλισίαν βασιλικὴν στρατηλάτου·
ὁ δ' αὖ, μεγίστην ἀμφέπων τυραννίδα,
ἐπισκοπεῖ μὲν τέκτονας, χρύσεα 'ν δόμοις
στεγάσματ' ἐκπλάσσονταs οὐχ ὕμνων ἄνευ·
τοὺs δ' αὖ πολίταs σωφρονεστέρους μέλι
δεψυῦνταs· ἐργάταs δὲ, τοὺs ἀχρημάτους,
βαρὺν τιθέντας ἐν στεναῖs φόρτον πύλαις·
τὸν δὲ σκυθρωπὸν ἀγρίῳ 'ν κελεύσματι
ὠχροῖs κολαστὴν παραδιδόντα δημίοις

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κηφῆνας ἄργους· ὧν τάδ' ἐκδιδάσκομαι·
πολλ' ἂν φέροντ' εἰς ταὐτὸ συμφώνως τέλος
ἐναντίοισι τοῖς τρόποις ἂν ξυμπεσεῖν.
ὡς πολλὰ πολλῶν ἐκ χερῶν βεβλημένα
ἑνὸς σκοποῦ τοξεύματ' εὖ στοχάζεται,
πόλλ' ὡς κέλευθα πρὸς μίαν φέρει πόλιν,
πολλοὶ δὲ ποταμοὶ κοινὸν ἐς πόντου σάλον,
πολλαὶ δὲ γραμμαὶ ταὐτὸ πρὸς κέντρον κύκλου,
ὥς μυρί' ἔργα, ταὐτὸ, κινηθέν θ' ἅπαξ,
πρὸς τέρμα βαίνοντ', ἀσφαλῶς ἂν εὐτυχοῖ.
ἄγ' οὖν, ἄναξ, πρὸς Γαλλίαν ἰὼν σὺ μὲν,
καὶ σῶν Βρετάννων τέσσαρ' εὖ νείμας μέρη,
ἔχων στρατηλάτησον ἓν πρὸς Γαλλίαν,
ᾧ πᾶσαν ἕξεις ἐκπεπληγμένην χθόνα·
ἣν δ' ἡμὶν, ἔνθα μηδὲ τρὶς τόσος στόλος
ἐξαρκέσῃ τὸν θῆρ' ἀπειργάθειν πυλῶν,
ἤδη' πιθωυσσώμεθ', ἐκ δὲ τῆσδε γῆς
ἀλκῆς ὅληται τοὔνομ' ἥδ' εὐβουλίας.

GODFREY MILNES SYKES. 1832.

THE END.

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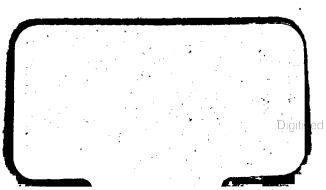

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